

FROM THE FIRST SHOT



A PICTURE HISTORY OF THE GREAT WAR





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OF THE GREAT WAR



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WILLIAM BAILEY HOWLAND

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BY WAY OF INTRODUCTION



THIS book is a news record of the Great War, since "ancient history closed at midnight of July 31, 1914." It consists of pictures, poetry and prose, made and written for *The Independent* during this period. Perhaps its most striking claim to distinction is its difference from the conventional history we studied in school. The history in this book was written at the time of the event and its pictures were made on the spot—photographs of the events themselves. So in this book one follows the vivid drama of the war just as *The Independent* has followed it week by week.

In the days of peace—now so strangely remote—when the magazines of entertainment flooded the land with their garish girl covers and their plethora of fiction and when the sensational dailies maintained their vast circulations by featuring "sport" for the men and "love" for the women, *The Independent* pursued the path it had set for itself, proud in the conviction that it was exerting a vital influence on the thought and action of the times and leaving to its rivals the cultivation of romance rather than reality.

But the Great War has changed the situation. Now truth is stranger than fiction. Now the simple narration of war's valor and sacrifice grips the mind and heart as no imaginary tale of adventure can possibly do. If war is the greatest of all games, as Ruskin has said, because the stake is death, who would now prefer to read an article on the strategy of the Yale-Harvard football game, when the correspondents are telling us of Pershing's preparations to match his might with Hindenburg? And who cares to dally with the cooing of Phyllis and Adonis when the little tear-stained war brides are bidding their khaki-clad husbands good-by?

As nowadays the old files of *The Independent* and *Harper's Weekly* are recognized everywhere as containing the best interpretation of the times that tried men's souls from '61 to '65, so today these two magazines, now united in one, are doing again a similar public service, not only for this generation, but for those to come.

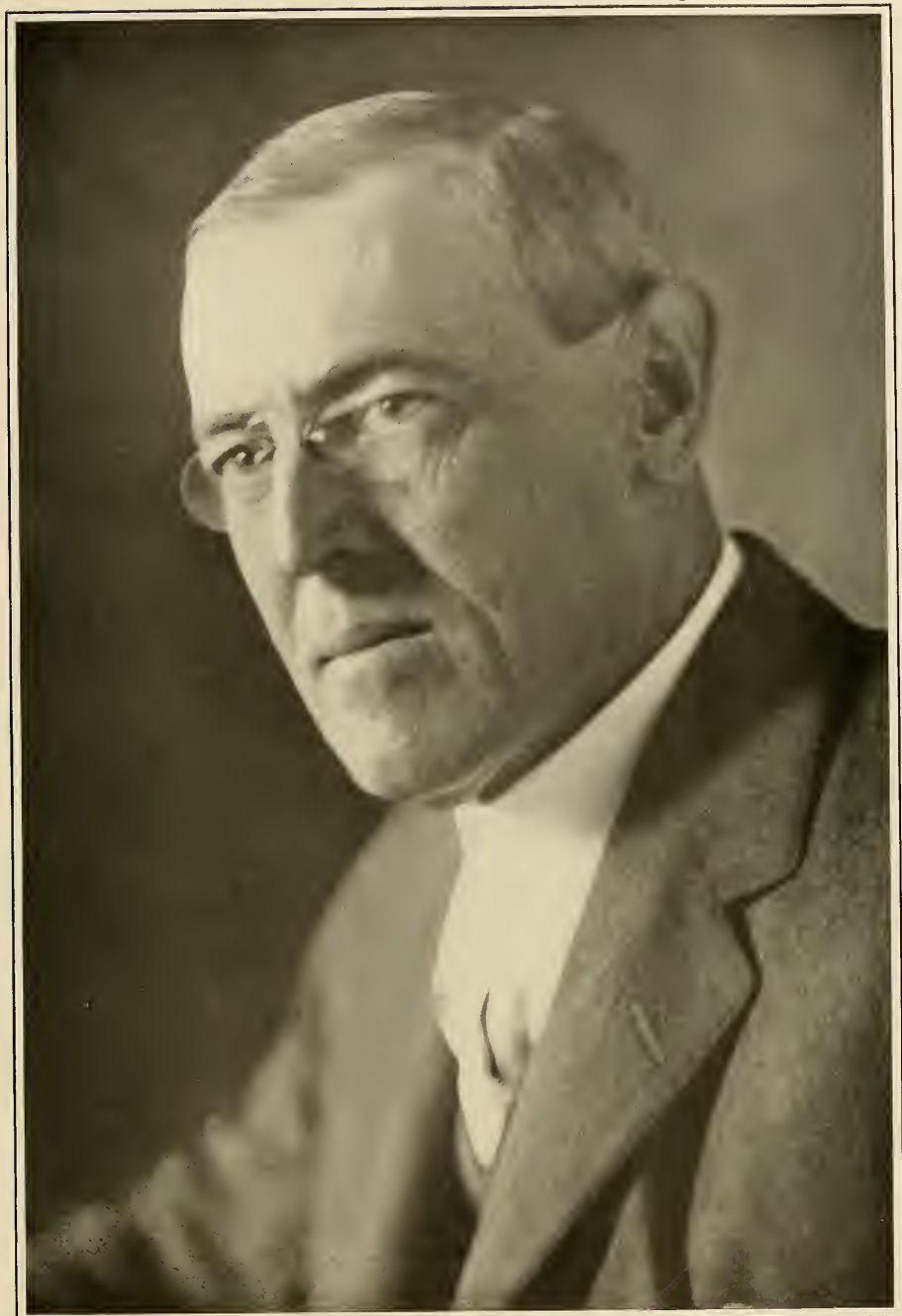
The present book, assembled and edited by my discriminating and efficient colleague, Miss Hannah White, is an attempt to preserve in permanent and convenient form the moving picture of the Great War from its beginning to January 1, 1918. It opens with a brief history of the war. The successes and failures of each year are separately summarized. A day-to-day chronology is also added which should prove of unique value for historical reference. It

concludes with a brief section of editorial comment entitled "The Kings Must Go," a prophecy by H. G. Wells on "Reconstruction After the War," an article by William H. Taft on "The Last Great War," and my editorial "The League to Enforce Peace." I would especially call attention to the editorial "Whom the Gods Would Destroy" written by Professor Franklin H. Giddings and published as the leader in the first issue of *The Independent* after the declaration of war. In my opinion, this is the greatest editorial, all things considered, that has appeared in *The Independent* during the twenty-four years that I have been connected with the magazine. Perhaps I may be pardoned for adding that my editorial was one of the primary factors in the establishment of the League to Enforce Peace, whose program, first given to the world at Independence Hall, Philadelphia, June 17, 1915, has now been accepted by most of the responsible statesmen of the world as the cornerstone of the war's aims.

Since the issues of *Harper's Weekly* during the Civil War are most highly prized for their illustrations we have made the main portion of this book chiefly pictorial. There is a section on "The War in the Air," "The Fight at Sea," "The Men in the Trenches," "Come Across—The United States Answers the Call," "War—By the Way," "War Time Leaders," and a particularly good collection of original and reproduced cartoons. Scattered among these are a few special war articles: "Follow the Flag" by Theodore Marburg, "The First Ten Thousand" by Herbert Reed, "Sailing Past Submarines" by Harold Howland, "Courage, Mon Vieux" by Henry G. Dodge, "The Aerial Coast Patrol" by John Hays Hammond, Jr., and others. I would especially call the reader's attention to the touching episode of French heroism in the true incident narrated by Mr. Dodge in "Courage, Mon Vieux." Shall we, too, see such scenes in the coming months in our beloved United States?

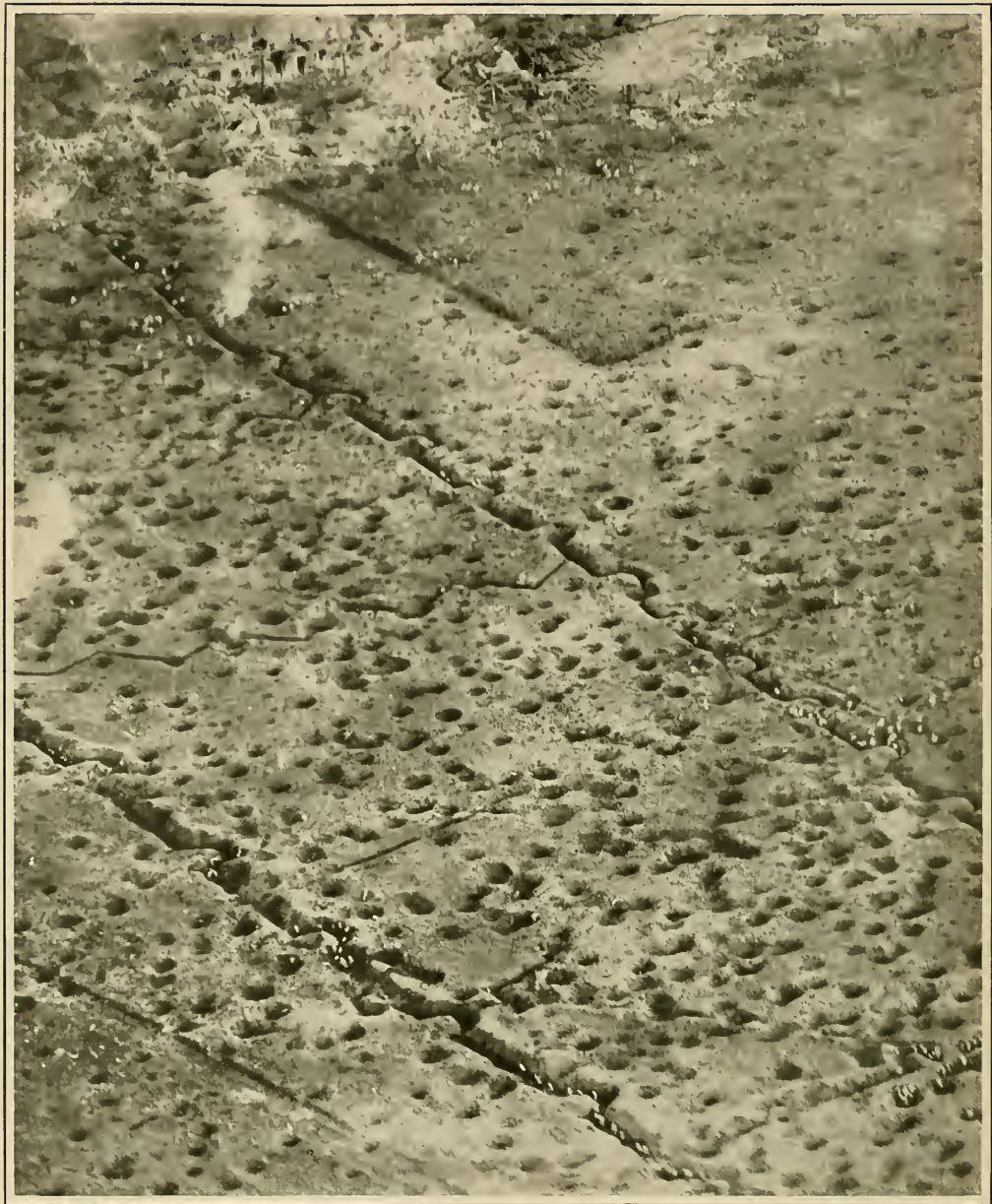
But this Holy War is not yet won. It is plain, therefore, that we must follow this volume with another. This we hope and expect to do. But let us pray that the third volume may deal with the happier days of the coming reconstruction, when the stricken but rejoicing people will be busied rearing their new civilization on the ashes of the old, and when, as Victor Hugo prophesied, "the only battlefield will be the market opening to commerce and the mind opening to new ideas."

HAMILTON HOLT
Editor of *The Independent*



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THE LEADER OF DEMOCRACY



© Underwood & Underwood

ABOVE THE BATTLE

Shell holes and bayonet charge—the battle of Soyécourt, photographed by an air scout. After days of artillery fire the French soldiers are leaving their trenches in the foreground to attack. In the distance is the burning village

IN BRIEF

Year by Year Summaries of the Great War's Progress

THE FIRST YEAR OF THE WAR

BY WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON

August, 1915

NEITHER party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Each looked for an easier triumph." These words of Abraham Lincoln, uttered after nearly four years of our Civil War, might with equal fitness be applied to the Great War and its belligerents at the ending of its first year. A month of declarations of war, a year of waging war, inestimable months or years of war yet to be waged, and generations of slow and incomplete recovery from the results of war: Such in epitome is the record of the past, present and future of the Great War.

Between July 28 and August 28, 1914, no fewer than fourteen individual wars, "all parts of one stupendous whole," were declared or recognized to exist; and half a dozen more at later dates. They were: Austria-Hungary against Serbia, against Russia, against Japan, and against Belgium; Germany against Russia, against France, and against Belgium; Great Britain against Germany, and against Austria-Hungary; Montenegro against Austria-Hungary, and against Germany; Serbia against Germany; France against Austria-Hungary; and Japan against Germany. Later acts of war involved Turkey as an ally of Germany and Austria-Hungary, and Portugal and Italy on the side of the Allies.

The grand plan of campaign was Germany's. That was to fight her three great foes separately and crush them in succession. She was herself ready "to the last shoe-button," while not one of her adversaries was even measurably prepared for war. She therefore aimed to strike first at the least unprepared, and planned to leave the most unready to be dealt with last. Therefore she tore up her treaty with Belgium as a "scrap of paper" and violated the neutrality and integrity of that country in order to launch her first tremendous blow at France on an undefended frontier. Thus she hoped to dictate peace at Paris and to eliminate France from the problem before Russia, unready and slow-mov-

THE WAR BY SEA

Submarine Exploits

September 2—British cruisers "Cressy," "La Hague," "Aboukir" sunk in North Sea by German submarine "U-9." Captain Otto Weddigen in command

October 10—Russian cruiser "Pallada" sunk in Baltic by German submarine

October 16—British cruiser "Hawke" sunk in North Sea by "U-9"

December 14—British submarine "B-11" dove under five lines of mines at Dardanelles and sank Turkish cruiser "Messoudiyeh"

January 1—British battleship "Formidable" sunk in English Channel

January 30—Three merchantmen sunk in Irish Sea by German submarine

February 18—German war zone around British Isles in effect. Germany threatens to sink all enemy merchantmen in this area. 225 vessels sunk to date

March 28—British liner "Falaba" sunk in St. George's Channel. One American citizen lost

May 1—American tanker "Gulflight" sunk off Scilly Islands. Three deaths. Germany promises indemnification

May 7—British liner "Lusitania" sunk west of Queenstown by German submarine. 1152 deaths, including 114 Americans

May 25—American merchantman "Nebraska" torpedoed but not sunk, off Fastnet, Ireland

May 25 and 27—German submarine "U-51" sinks "Triumph" and "Majestic" at Dardanelles after voyage of four thousand miles from Wilhelmshaven

June 17—Italian submarine sunk by Austrian submarine—first such event in history

July 2—German battleship "Pommern" sunk by British submarine at Bay of Dantzig, 900 miles from British base

July 18—Italian cruiser "Giuseppe Garibaldi" sunk by Austrian submarine near Ragusa

the spoils of France, to her eastern marches, smash Russia, crush Serbia, and dictate a second peace at Warsaw. Finally, with the Continent subdued, she would try conclusions with her most hated foe, Great Britain, which she regarded as the most unready of them all, and indeed as a power which could never be formidable on land, but would be dealt with on the sea alone.

One city spoiled that plan. Liège was the new Thermopylae. The four days' delay of the German advance, in hurling first men and then eleven-inch shells at Brialmont's domed fortresses, was brief, but it served. It gave France time to awaken to her needs and Great Britain time to respond to the call of her ally. The German tide flowed on, bearing all before it, all thru that month of August, headed straight for Paris, which the Germans expected to occupy by mid-September. The French Government fled to Bordeaux, and Paris, with the thunder of German guns heard in her streets again after forty-four years, grimly awaited siege and storm. The German van was within four days' march of the city. But the four days which would have carried them to its walls had been lost at Liège; and now a million French and British troops were massed along the Marne, under orders to die rather than to retreat.

Another decisive battle of the world, and probably the greatest in human history, began on September 6 and raged for five whole days; and at its end the German tide ebbed from its high-water mark, never to regain it. The French and British prest forward, hoping to transform repulse into hopeless rout. But they had not calculated German thorniness. As if anticipating just such operations, the Germans had already prepared behind them elaborate defensive works upon which they could fall back and to these they did fall back and there turned at bay. A vast but indecisive battle followed, on the Aisne, and then the combatants settled down to a grim rivalry in long endurance. The battle line which was drawn at the west at the end of the first six weeks of war has changed but little, merely

ing, could give her serious trouble at the east. Next she would transfer her vast and victorious armies, rich with



International Film

The war at sunset—an Anzac sentinel, probably a veteran of Gallipoli, patrolling the outworks on the Somme front



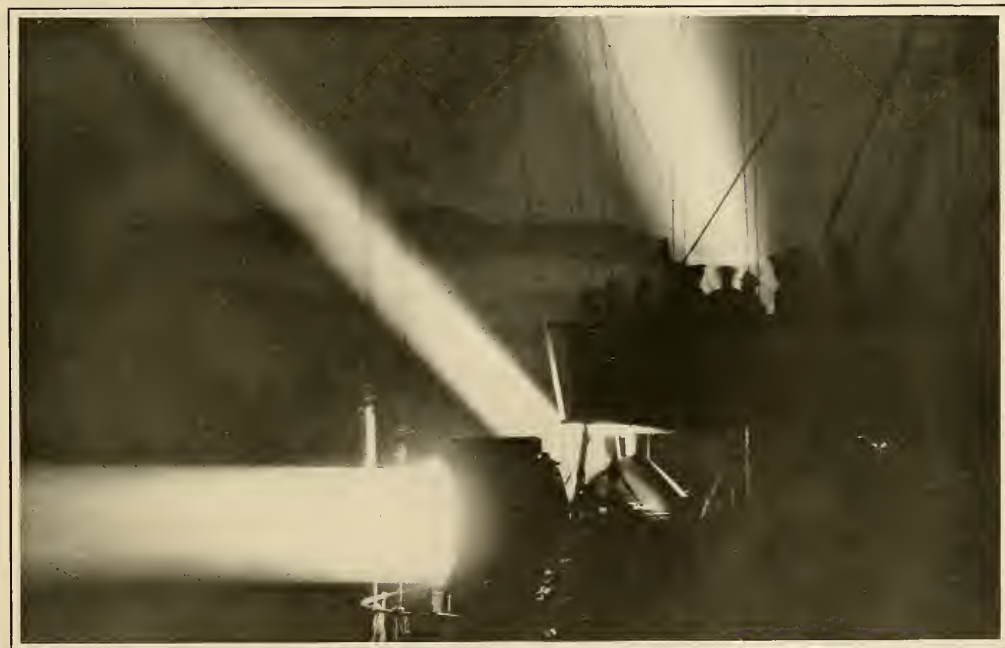
Central News

The war at dawn—bringing in British wounded early in the morning after a day of stiff fighting along the Somme



International Film

The war by night—shells from British batteries dropping a curtain in front of captured positions as the "push" began



The war by night—the eyes of the British battleships off Saloniki keep close watch on the city while it is dark

THE WAR BY SEA

Clearing the Sea of Germans

August 13—German battle-cruiser "Goeben" and cruiser "Breslau" sold to Turkey to avoid capture in Mediterranean

August 27—German auxiliary cruiser "Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse" sunk north of Cape Verde Islands by British cruiser "Highflyer"

November 10—German light cruiser "Emden" destroyed at Cocos Island in Indian Ocean by Australian cruiser "Sydney," after having captured twenty-six merchantmen

March 10—German auxiliary cruiser "Prinz Eitel Friedrich" put into Hampton Roads after sinking eleven merchantmen, including the American ship "William P. Frye." Subsequently interned, Germany consented to pay for the "Frye"

March 15—German cruiser "Dresden," survivor of the Falkland Islands fight, blown up at Juan Fernandez Island to avoid capture

April 11—Lost commerce raider, auxiliary cruiser "Kronprinz Wilhelm," put into Hampton Roads and was subsequently interned

vibrating to and fro in distances measured by yards rather than miles, thru all the weary year.

The chief changes have been at the extreme northwest. Baffled in the direct rush toward Paris, the German armies again and again have striven to turn the left flank of the Allies and to gain the French shore of the British Channel; aiming thus to break the directest line of communication between France and Great Britain, and to secure a base from which to attack and to invade the latter country. For weeks the fiercest fighting of the war was near and on the coast at the Franco-Belgian boundary. On the ground and under the ground, on the sea and under the sea, and in the air, it raged relentlessly; and even the sea itself was let in, to swallow the land and to drown the combatants. But in the end, as at the Marne, the line of last defense held good and the German advance was checked.

Meantime another disaster befell the German plans at the eastern borders. Russia mobilized her armies more slowly than did France, but she did mobilize them and sent them surging across the frontiers into both Austria-Hungary and Germany. By the end of August, when the Germans were pressing toward Paris and needed every man and gun to make that drive successful, the Russians had invaded East Prussia as far as Allenstein and Tannenberg, and were threatening Königsberg, Dantzic and Posen. Then came disaster, when they were routed and driven back with appalling losses, while the Germans

poured into Poland in a drive at Warsaw. At the south the Russians were more successful. They overran Galicia and Bukovina, captured Lemberg, Przemyśl and Czernowitz, threatened Cracow, and crossed the Carpathians to the borders of the great plain of Hungary. But here, too, were reverses. Lack of munitions, which left tens of thousands of Russians to fight with clubbed rifles and sticks and stones, led to disaster and compelled defeat. Przemyśl and Lemberg were abandoned and nearly all of Galicia and Bukovina were evacuated. Vast and repeated fluctuations to and fro marked the story of the eastern battle line all thru the year.

THE WAR BY SEA

Two Mysteries

October 27—British superdreadnought "Audacious" reported sunk off north coast of Ireland. Disaster unexplained and not admitted by British Admiralty

November 26—British battleship "Bulwark" blown up in Thames. British Admiralty gives internal explosion as cause

THE WAR BY SEA

Naval Battles

August 28—Off Heligoland, Rear-Admiral Sir David Beatty with squadron of British battle-cruisers, light cruisers and destroyers sunk three German light cruisers and two destroyers

November 1—Off Coronel, Chile, German squadron—armored cruisers "Scharnhorst," "Gneisenau," third-class cruisers "Leipzig," "Dresden," "Nürnberg," Admiral Count von Spee in command—defeated British cruisers "Good Hope," "Glasgow," "Monmouth" and transport "Otranto." Admiral Sir Christopher Cradock in command; sinking "Good Hope" and "Monmouth"

December 8—Off Falkland Islands, British squadron—battle-cruisers "Inflexible," "Invincible," battleship "Canopus," armored cruisers "Caronaron," "Cornwall," "Kent," second-class cruisers "Glasgow," "Bristol," Rear-Admiral Sir Frederick Sturdee in command—defeated Admiral von Spee's squadron, sinking "Leipzig," "Scharnhorst," "Gneisenau" and "Nürnberg"

January 24—In North Sea, British squadron—battle-cruisers "Tiger," "Lion," "Princess Royal," "New Zealand," "Indomitable," Vice-Admiral Sir David Beatty in command—pursued German raiding squadron—battle-cruisers "Derfflinger," "Seydlitz," "Moltke," "Blücher," Admiral Hipper in command—sinking "Blücher"

THE WAR BY SEA

Threatening Constantinople

February 19-21—General attack on forts at entrance to Dardanelles begun by fleet of forty warships, Vice-Admiral Sackville Hamilton Garden in command, including British superdreadnought "Queen Elizabeth" and a number of French battleships

March 5—Forts near Kilid Bahr shelled by "Queen Elizabeth" firing across Gallipoli peninsula

March 18—French battleship "Bouvet," British battleships "Irresistible," "Ocean" sunk by floating mines. British battle-cruiser "Inflexible," French battleship "Gaulois" disabled by gunfire. Attack suspended. Occasional bombardment and mine-sweeping in following weeks. Ten warships reinforce fleet

March 28 and intermittently thereafter—Russian fleet bombards Bosphorus forts

April 25—Anglo-French fleet renews bombardment to cover landing of troops on Gallipoli

May 12—British battleship "Goliath" torpedoed by Turkish destroyer

May 25 and 27—British battleships "Triumph" and "Majestic" sunk by German submarine

June—Larger warships withdrawn from Dardanelles

At the end of the year the Russians have lost nearly all that they gained, while the victorious Teutons have overrun the bulk of Poland, have put an iron ring three-fourths of the way around Warsaw, and are sweeping with little resistance thru the Baltic Provinces toward Riga if not toward Petrograd itself.

Advance on one side means, however, inertia if not peril of disaster on the other; and Germany thus suffers the immense disadvantage of having to fight all her foes at once instead of one at a time, a circumstance which has transformed the whole aspect of the war. As for the auxiliary campaigns, they have been of minor interest. After many violent fluctuations of fortune, the Serbs and Montenegrins at last expelled the Austrian invaders and themselves became the aggressors in Austro-Hungarian territory. Turkey entered the war at Germany's command, but has been handicapped by the impossibility of getting supplies across the barrier of Rumanian and Bulgarian neutrality. She has consequently been chiefly on the defensive, with her strength steadily waning, and with a prospect that the Straits will soon be in the hands of the Allies and be opened as an avenue for Russia's much-needed supplies. Japan wrested from Germany the latter's Chinese holdings; Australia took New Guinea and other islands; and France and Great Britain or their colonies took



Central News

REHEARSING A BATTLE

This model of the terrain to be captured was made from aeroplane observation and studied by the soldiers who took Messines Ridge

THE LOSSES IN THE FIRST YEAR OF THE WAR

As Reported in Official Statistics and Reckoned by the Red Cross
and Other Relief Organizations

	Killed	Wounded	Prisoners and Missing	Total
Russia	800,000	2,000,000	800,000	3,600,000
France	450,000	800,000	310,000	1,560,000
Great Britain	125,000	250,000	90,000	465,000
Belgium	50,000	165,000	45,000	260,000
Serbia	65,000	113,000	50,000	228,000
Montenegro	8,000	15,000	5,000	28,000
Italy	5,000	12,000	2,000	19,000
Totals	1,503,000	3,355,000	1,302,000	6,160,000
Germany	500,000	900,000	250,000	1,650,000
Austria-Hungary	355,000	800,000	200,000	1,355,000
Turkey	50,000	100,000	50,000	200,000
Totals	905,000	1,800,000	500,000	3,205,000
Grand totals	2,408,000	5,155,000	1,802,000	9,365,000

all of Germany's extensive African possessions save one, which also seems doomed soon to be taken. Last, Italy entered the war, fighting, however, not against the Teutonic powers in aid of the Allies but simply against Austria-

Hungary for the advancement of her own interests and especially for the recovery of "Italia Irredenta," in the Alps and on the Adriatic.

The first year of the war has therefore produced conditions quite different from

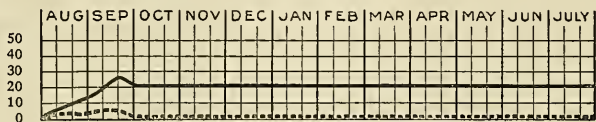
those which were confidently anticipated, and probably a comparably great change in the attitude of the belligerents toward the issues involved. At the beginning, exulting in their known strength and never having tasted defeat, the Germans, even the foremost men of light and leading, talked of nothing less than the annexation of Belgium, northern France, Poland, the Baltic Provinces, and the bulk of Great Britain's colonies, and the exaction of indemnities which would "bleed white" all their antagonists. Now, with their plan of campaign defeated, and with their empire surrounded by an iron ring of foes threatening at once to starve and to crush it, they speak of an "honorable peace" without annexations or indemnities but on the basis of the *status quo ante bellum*. That Germany can be starved is doubtful. That she can be beaten thru failure of military supplies also seems doubtful. That she will in the course of another year suffer grave embarrassment if not disaster thru monetary famine—in brief, bankruptcy—seems far less doubtful if not, indeed, quite probable. It is this aspect of the situation and of the outlook which now causes most concern and the most zealous desire to press the war with some speedy and decisive stroke.

The tone of the Allies, too, has greatly changed. The first hot flush of wrath at the violation of Belgium may not have cooled, but the expectation of wreaking speedy and overwhelming vengeance has been disappointed. There is no more talk of a swift march to Berlin, of the fall of the Hohenzollerns, and of the dissolution of the German Empire. The Allied Powers are, indeed, bound by a common pledge to make no peace until all are agreed upon its terms. But they are thoughtfully considering the question of how long it will take to march to Berlin if a year of such furious and costly fighting as the world has never seen before has not sufficed to drive the invading Germans out of France and Belgium.

Great Britain is of all the Allies the most belligerent in sentiment, tho the least so in action. Also, she has suffered least. She is the least inclined toward peace, and insists upon the *sine qua non* of the restoration and full indemnifying of Belgium, the surrender or destruction of the German navy, and the adoption of such measures as will make impossible another German attack upon her. It is yet to be seen how heavier losses and increasing financial burdens will affect her.

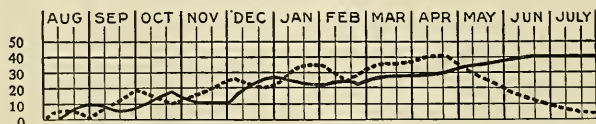
France has been waging a war with immeasurably greater losses to herself than either of her great allies has suffered, but with a fortitude and resolution never surpassed by any nation in history. Her first spontaneous demand

THE FLUCTUATING INVASIONS



ON THE WESTERN FRONT

The figures at the left indicate the area of alien territory conquered, in thousands of square miles



ON THE EASTERN FRONT

These diagrams indicate approximately the fluctuations of the tides of invasion and occupation of territory by the belligerents in the west of Europe—Belgium, France and the Reichsland of Germany—and in the chief eastern seat of war—Poland, Galicia, Bukovina, East Prussia and the Baltic provinces. In the upper diagram the continuous line shows the area occupied by the Germans in Luxemburg, Belgium and northern France, the high-water mark of about 25,000 square miles being at the beginning of the Battle of the Marne in the second week of September. Since November the changes have been inconsiderable. The dotted line indicates the gains of the French in Alsace and Lorraine, amounting at most to only a few hundred square miles, and exaggerated for the sake of clearness on this diagram. Much greater gains on both sides, and greater fluctuations, appear in the lower diagram. The continuous line shows the advance of the Germans and Austrians in Russian Poland and the Baltic provinces, now higher than ever before and approximating 40,000 square miles. The dotted line indicates the occupation by the Russians of German territory in East Prussia and Silesia and of Austro-Hungarian territory in Galicia, Bukovina and Hungary; reaching a maximum of about 40,000 square miles in April and now ebbing toward the vanishing point

LANDMARKS OF THE CAMPAIGNS

On the Eastern Front

August 12—Austrians invaded Serbia and bombarded Belgrade
 August 23—Battle of the Jador River. Austrians driven out of Serbia with great loss
 August 24—Russians penetrated far into East Prussia, threatening Königsberg, Dantzig and Posen
 August 30—Russians routed at Allenstein and Tannenberg and driven out of East Prussia with tremendous losses
 September 2—Russians took the Galician capital, Lemberg, resuming it Lvov
 September 5-15—Serbians invaded Austria-Hungary, captured Scutari and threatened Sarajevo
 September 23—Russians captured Jaroslav and overran most of Galicia, threatening Cracow
 October 1—Russians cross the Carpathians and threatened Hungary with invasion
 December 2—Austrians occupied the Serbian capital, Belgrade
 December 14—Serbians reoccupied Belgrade and assumed the aggressive against Austria-Hungary
 January 1-5—Russians invaded Hungary, occupied Bukovina, and threatened Transylvania with invasion
 February 4—Great German drive at Warsaw, directed by von Hindenburg
 February 10-12—Germans under von Hindenburg inflicted crushing defeat upon the Russians in the Mazurian Lakes region, driving them out of East Prussia
 March 19—Russians occupied Memel and threatened Tilsit
 March 23—After a siege lasting since September the Russians captured the Galician fortress of Przemyśl
 April 2-15—Tremendous battles in the Carpathians
 April 30—Germans invaded the Baltic provinces
 May 3—Great German and Austrian victory in Galicia, in consequence of which the Russians began to retire
 May 14—German and Austrian armies began attacks upon Przemyśl
 June 3—Germans and Austrians retook Przemyśl from the Russians and moved toward Lemberg
 June 23—Germans and Austrians retook Lemberg, and soon afterward drove the Russians out of most of Galicia and Bukovina
 June 15—Great German drive at Warsaw simultaneously from west, north and south, and German invasion of Courland threatening Riga

LANDMARKS OF THE CAMPAIGNS

On the Fringes of the War

August 26—Germans surrendered Togoland to French and British
 September 25—Australians captured New Guinea
 September 28—French and British seized the German Congo Colony
 July 9—British Union of South Africa completed conquest of German Southwest Africa
 November 7—Germans surrendered Tsing-tau to the Japanese
 April 21—Armies of the Allies landed on Gallipoli Peninsula for conquest of the Straits
 May 26—Italians began their invasion of Austria, moving simultaneously toward Trent, Görz and Trieste
 July 12—Italian raiders penetrated to within three miles of Trieste

so positively maintained is open to question.

Austria-Hungary planned at the outset to crush and spoliat Serbia, to dominate the Balkans, and to gain an outlet upon the Aegean Sea. Now she is confessedly ready to assent to anything which her greater partner may deem expedient or necessary; even to the granting of guarantees to Serbia and of actual concessions of territory to Italy and Rumania.

Russia entered the war as the defender and champion of all the Slavs. She meant to crush Austria, to shatter Germany's military power, to annex Galicia and perhaps Silesia and Posen to her own Poland, and to magnify Rumania, Serbia and Bulgaria as her minor allies. Doubtless that is still her purpose. But Muscovite ways are not the ways of western Europe. Her policy may not break, but it often bends; she may not abandon her designs, but she may postpone them. Suffering heavy losses and with declining credit, a readiness on her part to temporize is not beyond the pale of possibility.

Italy is fighting for her own hand. She wants to redeem "Italia Irredenta," to remove the menace of Austria at Lake Garda, and to establish a greater influence for herself on the Albanian shore of the Adriatic. But she is not at war with Germany, and she is not bound to make peace with Austria collectively with the Allies.

Turkey, at least in Europe, is probably doomed; not so much thru the aggressions of the Allies as thru the refusal of Rumania and Bulgaria to let the military supplies which she needs pass to her from Germany across their neutral territory. The fall of Constantinople and the opening of the Straits to the Allies will be chiefly important

LANDMARKS OF THE CAMPAIGNS

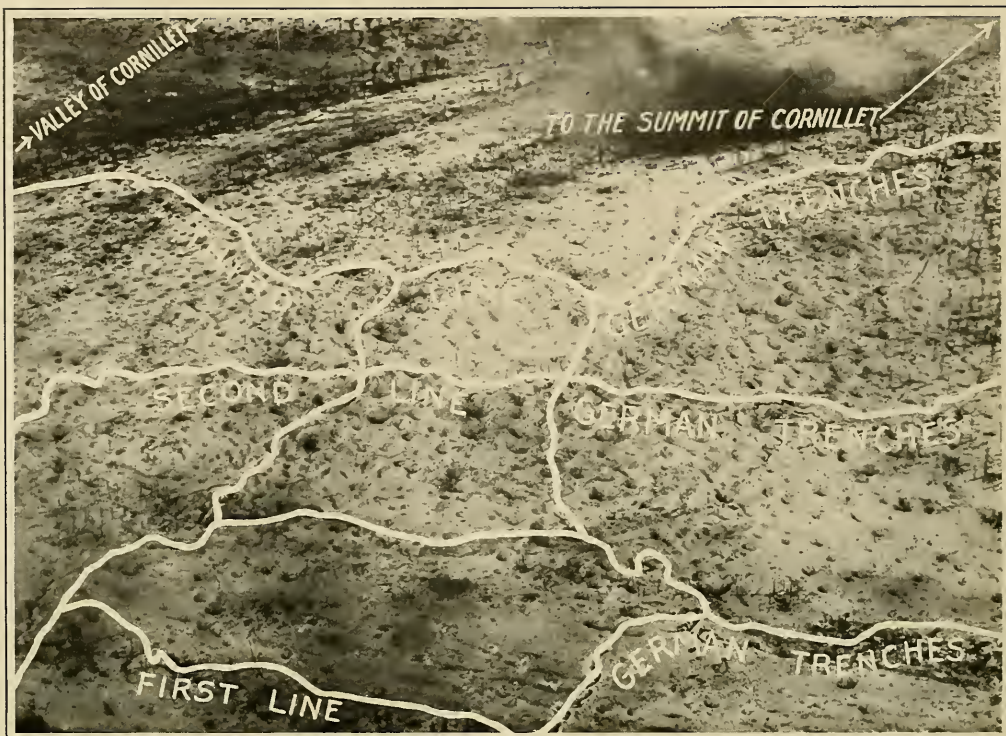
In France and Belgium

August 2—Germans took possession of Luxembourg in violation of its neutrality, and thus gained unobstructed entrance into France
 August 7—Germans entered Liège, tho some of its forts remained unconquered, and passed on thru Belgium toward France
 August 8—French troops occupied Mülhausen and advanced as far as Colmar, in Alsace
 August 19—Germans destroyed Louvain
 August 20—Germans passed thru Brussels, unopposed, on their "way to Paris"
 August 21-23—French driven from Namur and British from Mons, slowly retreating into France before the oncoming Germans
 September 2—French Government retired from Paris to Bordeaux and Paris prepared for siege
 September 6-10—Battle of the Marne, in which the French and British, under orders to "die rather than retreat," checked and turned back the Germans at the high water mark of their invasion of France and drive toward Paris
 September 16-28—Battle of the Aisne, in which the Germans held their ground against the attempt of the Allies to drive them out of France
 October 10—Germans captured Antwerp, completing their conquest of Belgium, and the remains of the Belgian army retired into France and joined the Allies
 October 15-25—Five-fold battles of four nations in western Flanders in which the first great German drive at Calais and the Channel coast was baffled
 October 30—Belgians flooded western Flanders to drive out Germans
 December 30—German aviators bombarded Dunkirk
 March 11—British capture Neuve Chapelle after several days' fighting with heavy losses on both sides
 April 22—In great battle near Ypres the Germans began the use of asphyxiating and poisonous gases in warfare, with effective results
 June 2—Battles in the "Labyrinth" begun

because it will enable Russia to be far more readily supplied with the military munitions which her backward industrialism makes her unable to provide for herself.

Rumania, Bulgaria and Greece have so long kept out of the struggle that they may succeed in doing so to the end, unless they gratuitously inject themselves into it for the sake of seeking a share in the spoils. However that may be, there can be little doubt that the set-

was for a restoration of Alsace and Lorraine and repayment of the two milliards wrested from her in 1871. Whether the latter part of this demand is still



Pictorial Press

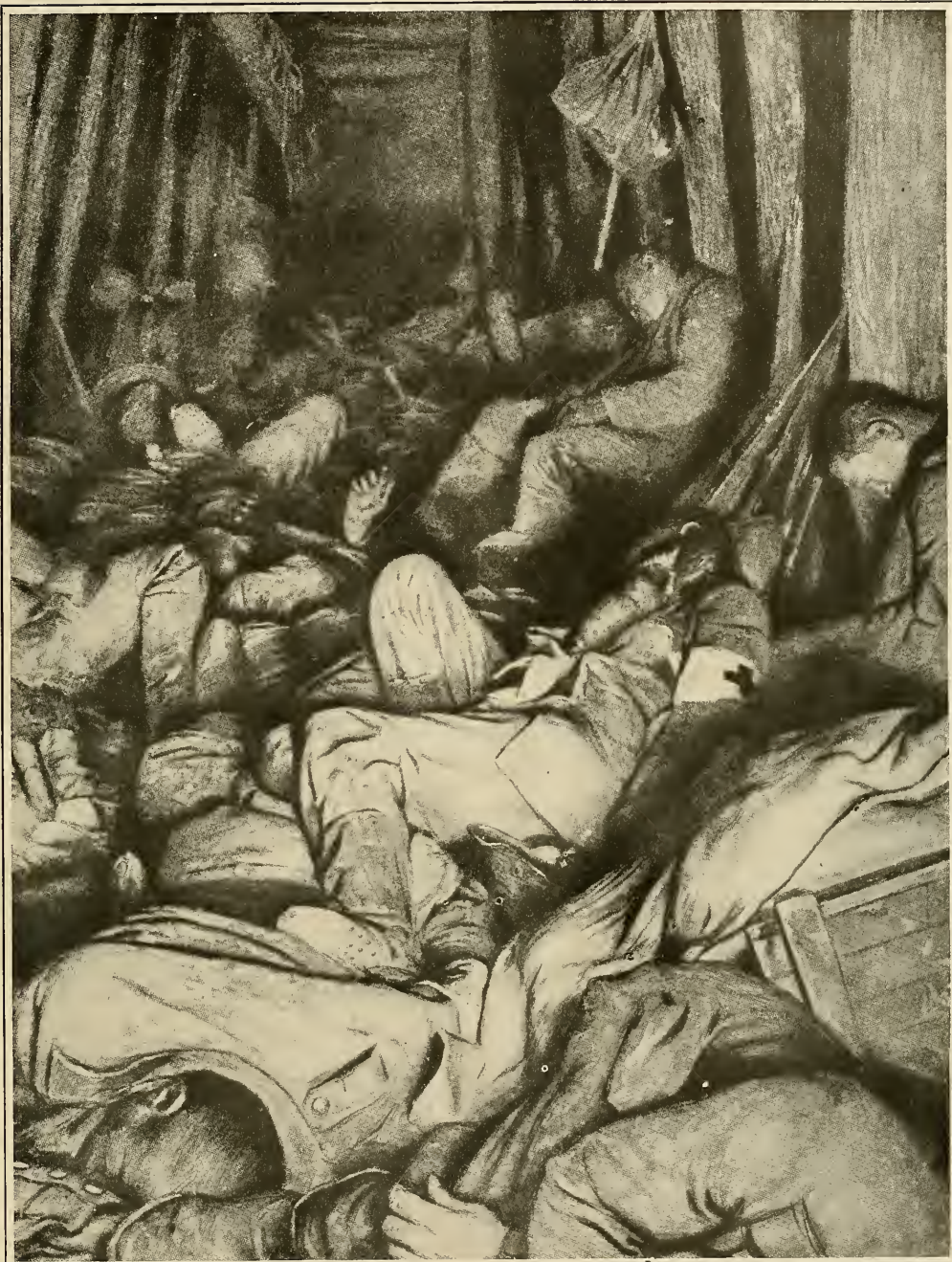
HOW THE ALLIES ADVANCE IN FRANCE

The photograph above shows one of the important German positions taken by the Allies in 1917 on the western front. The lines of trenches have been retraced and lettered to bring out exactly the problem that their capture offered and the direction of the attack, to the summit of Cornillet, indicated. During the preliminary bombardment the French gunners fired over fifty thousand shells into this one spot. The attack, successful only after a month of hard fighting, was carried on under the direction of General Anthoine (whose photograph is published on this page). After the battle of Morne the Germans occupied an uninterrupted line of observations starting at Notre Dame-de-Lorette, extending to Vimy, Chemin des Dames, Moronvilliers, Montfaucon and Les Eparges, down to Hartmannsweilerkopf. One of the strongest points on this line was Mont Cornillet, which was a dominating point to the plains of Châlons. Under the direct command of General Anthoine the costly battle of Moronvilliers began on April 17, 1917, and lasted till May 20 of the same year. The capture of Mont Cornillet, which changed hands a score of times, was the



THE CAPTURE OF MONT CORNILLET

key to the rest of the "massifs" which protected Moronvilliers. German genius in putting up a strong defensive observation post on the summit of the hill was discovered after a survey by a major of Fifty-first Infantry. There he found a shaft thirty meters deep cut in the center of the hill and a connecting tunnel dug thru from the eastern slope leading directly to the shaft. An elaborate series of barracks and commanding posts large enough to house three infantry regiments safe from the most terrific bombardment had been built there, yet a single shot from the 400 French mortars demolished the whole structure and the German dead were found piled on top of each other for ten meters deep. A French engineer, sent in to explore the German tunnel-redoubt under Mont Cornillet after the Allies had captured it, took the photograph on the opposite page by the light of a German flare. At least six hundred corpses, piled five or six deep, were lying in heaps in various parts of the long underground galleries; the French bombardment had choked the entrances and ventilation shafts in such a manner that almost the entire garrison were killed by suffocation



London Sphere, © New York Herald,

AFTER THE BATTLE

This flashlight photograph of the tunnel under Mont Cornillet was taken by a Frenchman sent in to reconnoiter after its capture

WAR SURPRISES

Temperance and abstinence as measures for military efficiency
 Sixteen-inch siege howitzers throwing ton shell fifteen miles
 Failure of steel and concrete fortifications hitherto considered impregnable
 Submarines 300 feet long with cruising radius of 4000 miles
 Aerial warfare with aeroplanes, Zeppelins and Zeppelin destroyers; using artillery and showers of steel darts
 Armored and armed motor cars
 Incendiary grenades
 Searchlight bombs
 Use of asphyxiating gases
 Photography from rockets
 Five-fold warfare: Terrestrial, subterranean, aerial, marine and submarine

THE ARMIES AT WAR

When they entered the war the belligerents were possessors of the following approximate numbers of trained soldiers:

Russia	5,962,000
France	3,878,000
Italy	1,115,000
Great Britain	633,000
Serbia	240,000
Belgium	222,000
Montenegro	50,000
Total of Allies	12,100,000
Germany	4,000,000
Austria-Hungary	1,820,000
Turkey	1,100,000

Total

Grand total 19,020,000
 During the first year of the war these forces have suffered total losses of approximately nine million men, as indicated in another table. New levies have filled the places of these losses and have made the armies at the end of the year probably larger than at the beginning.

tlement at the end of the war will comprise a radical readjustment of affairs in that much-troubled corner of the continent. The ostensible pretext, tho not the actual cause, of the war was in that region, and there, too, must be felt its results.

The United States, altho so far removed from the scene of war and from interest in its issues, has been subjected to belligerent influences and considerations far more than in any preceding foreign war; more, even, than in that Napoleonic war of more than a century ago which led to our becoming involved in our second war with Great Britain. Our interest arose from a variety of causes—the large number of our population of foreign origin and sympathies, the extensive purchase of supplies in this country by the belligerents, the widely different conceptions and interpretations of neutrality held by this country and by some of the belligerents, and above all, perhaps, the corresponding differences in regard for international law.

The United States has from the beginning insisted upon maintaining the same principles of neutrality which have consistently governed its course, and upon observance of the international rules of warfare which have hitherto been agreed to and respected by all nations. Some of the belligerents, on the contrary, have demanded a radical abandonment of some of our fundamental principles of neutrality, and have insisted upon arbitrarily changing the rules of warfare without our consent and to our great injury. The result is that the close of the year of war finds our relations with some European powers more seriously strained than they have ever been before without actual breakage.

MONEY COST OF THE FIRST YEAR OF THE WAR

William Michaelis, of Berlin, an eminent German statistician, is quoted as estimating the present cost of the war to the chief belligerents as \$42,250,000 a day, or at the rate of nearly \$15,500,000,000 a year. Stupendous as these figures are, they are more probably under than over the truth. Mr. Asquith recently reported to Parliament that Great Britain alone was spending \$15,000,000 a day. It has been credibly estimated that France and Russia are spending at least \$12,000,000 a day each. Such figures, carried thru the list, would make the total cost something like twice the figures of Mr. Michaelis. The loans issued and subscribed by the chief belligerents down to the present date have been as follows:

Great Britain, two loans	\$5,525,000,000
France, two loans	3,203,000,000
Russia, one loan	1,065,000,000
Total for Allies	\$9,793,000,000
Germany, two loans	\$3,491,000,000
Prussia, one loan	2,500,000,000
Austria-Hungary, two loans	1,260,000,000

Total for Teutonic powers

Grand total \$17,044,000,000

The minor powers and neutrals have also made loans on account of the war. Belgium has borrowed \$50,000,000 and Serbia \$4,000,000 from Great Britain without interest until the end of the war. Rumania has borrowed \$25,000,000 from the same source. Switzerland has raised \$36,000,000 in three loans to improve her defenses against violation of her neutrality. The figures cited do not, of course, indicate the whole cost of the war, as other large expenses are met from increased taxation. It has recently been estimated by careful and competent authority that the first year of the war will have cost \$25,000,000,000, or more than the sum of the public debts of all the nations concerned at the beginning of the war.



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The modern way of marching. Sending troops to the front is managed now without recurring out the men by tedious marches



International Film

SOWING THE DRAGON'S TEETH—A MODERN VERSION

Bayonets fixed, these English troops are lined up for inspection—and probably applause—just before leaving for the front



Central News

THE BIG BRITISH HAMMERS

An unusual photograph of actual fighting. This is one of the batteries of British heavy howitzers pounding away at the Hindenburg line



Underwood

The end of the second year of war found the boy-soldiers of the class of 1916 fighting in the French trenches



THE WORLD AT THE END OF THE SECOND YEAR OF WAR

All of the German colonies have been conquered except a narrowing strip in the middle of German East Africa. The black area is that now held by the Central Powers; the shaded belongs to the Entente Allies. Neutral countries are left white.

THE SECOND YEAR OF THE GREAT WAR

August, 1916

BY EDWIN E. SLOSSON

AFTER another year of warfare in which the area of conflict has widened, the number engaged are more numerous, the losses have increased and the expense has multiplied enormously, the issue of the conflict still remains in doubt and there is no more evidence of a speedy peace than there was on August 1, 1914, or August 1, 1915. In men and money the odds in favor of the Allies are greater than ever and so their ultimate victory seems inevitable if they keep up the fight, but on the other hand, all the campaigns of the past year in Europe have gone to the advantage of Germany and her allies and their powers of resistance show no evidence yet of being exhausted.

Since the Great War is being fought on fields whose operations are quite distinct it will be most convenient to consider the various campaigns separately, giving in each case a few memorable dates and a brief summary of the results.

THE CAMPAIGN IN FRANCE AND BELGIUM

August 3, 1914—Germans enter Belgium.
August 7—Germans take Liège.
August 23-25—French defeated at Charleroi and British at Mons.
September 6-10—Germans defeated on the Marne.
September 14-28—Germans make a stand on the Aisne.
October 8—Germans take Antwerp.
March 10-14, 1915—British attack at Neuve Chapelle but gain little ground.
April 22-May 9—Germans attack at Ypres but gain little ground.
May 9-14—French and British attack in Artois but gain little ground.
September 25-27—British attack at Loos and French in Champagne, but gain little ground.
February 21, 1916—Germans begin attack upon Verdun that still continues.
July 1—French and British begin attack on the Somme that still continues.

COUNTRIES IN CONFLICT

Territory now in possession of Allied Powers

31,332,000 square miles

Territory now in possession of Central Powers

1,245,000 square miles

Superiority of Allies over Central Powers in area more than

25 to 1

PEOPLE IN CONFLICT

Population of territory now in possession of Allied Powers

846,000,000

Population of territory now in possession of Central Powers

177,000,000

Superiority of Allies over Central Powers in population nearly

5 to 1

The battle line in France and Belgium remains substantially where it was drawn in the fall of 1914, although more than a million men have been sacrificed in the effort to shove it one way or the other. Determined and long prepared attacks have been made upon it three times by the British, three times by the French, and twice by the Germans, but nowhere yet has the line budged more than five miles or so from where it was first fixed. In the spring of 1915 the British took the village of Neuve Chapelle at a cost of 12,000 men, and in the fall they took the village of Loos at a cost of 50,000 men. The Germans made a desperate attempt with the aid of gas to smash their way thru the low land of Flanders to Calais, but the British, French and Belgians held the line about Ypres. The French struck

at the same time as the British in Artois and Champagne, but with no better success. That, in brief, was the history of 1915.

In 1916 it was expected that an Anglo-French offensive would open the campaign in the spring, but the Germans forestalled it by a furious attack upon Verdun, the corner fortress of France. Since February 21 the fighting has been incessant here, and half a million men have been sacrificed but the French still hold to the ruined town and its inner circle of forts.

Finally at 7:30 in the morning of the first day of July, 1916, the Anglo-French offensive was launched. The attack was directed at the German lines on both sides of the Somme opposite Peronne, a battlefield familiar to every reader of Scott's "Quentin Durward." At the end of a month the French and British have each advanced three or four miles—but here the cautious chronicler must stay his hand and not attempt to forecast the fate of the virgin fortress, Peronne la Pucelle.

Whatever may be thought of future prospects, the campaign in France at the end of the second year must be pronounced a deadlock if not a stalemate.

THE RUSSIAN CAMPAIGN

August 26-31, 1914—Russians defeated at Tannenberg, East Prussia; limit of Russian advance westward into Germany.
May 1, 1915—Russians driven back from Dunaie River, Galicia; limit of Russian advance westward into Austria.
August 5, 1915—Germans take Warsaw, capital of Poland.
September 16-19, 1915—Germans take Pinsk and Vilna; limit of German advance eastward into Russia.
June 1, 1916—Russian drive begins.
June 17, 1916—Russians take Czernovitz, capital of Bukovina.

The eastern front presents a great contrast to the western. Instead of a line practically stationary for a year and a half, the contending armies have swept back and forth over a strip nearly three hundred miles wide and eight hundred miles long. Some cities have changed hands two or three times, and no country has been more thoroughly devastated. The Russians on their retreat adopted the same tactics as they did against Napoleon, and destroyed factories, stores and crops so far as they were able to. Three million refugees fled into the interior of Russia, causing great distress and embarrassment, but incidentally breaking down the Pale which has hitherto restricted the Jews to the western provinces.

The war began by a swift advance of the Russians into East Prussia, but this was checked by the victory of General von Hindenburg on the historic field of Tannenberg. Thus the Germans took the offensive and penetrated Poland almost to Warsaw, but here they were stopped in midwinter.

Then the Russians turned their attention to the Austrian front, where they were more successful. Lemberg, the capital of Galicia, and Przemyśl, its chief fortress, were captured, and the spring of 1915 found the Russian armies in possession of the mountain wall of the Carpathians, looking down upon the Hungarian plains to the south.

But the German general, Mackensen, with a large army of Austrian and German troops, swept the Russians back three hundred miles during May and June, and so recovered all of Bukovina and Galicia except one corner.

In the north the Germans were still more successful. One year after the war began Prince Leopold of Bavaria entered Warsaw in triumph. A dozen fortresses fell in quick succession. All Poland was conquered and also Russian territory for two hundred miles north of it and a hundred miles east of it. The Baltic province of Courland, largely inhabited by Germans, fell into German hands except the port of Riga, which, protected by its swamps, resisted capture. By the fall of 1915 the Germans held a line running almost straight south from the Dvina River to the Rumanian border and at least a third shorter than their old Russian frontier. This line remained stationary until the following June.

The Russian armies were badly demoralized. They had lost heavily in casualties and prisoners. They were out of ammunition and the transportation system had broken down. The Grand Duke Nicholas, who as commander-in-chief was, rightly or wrongly, held responsible for the disaster, was removed to the Caucasus and the Czar himself assumed nominal command of the Russian forces. During the winter the armies were completely reorganized and equipped for a new campaign. Munitions were received in large quantities from Japan and the United States by way of the Siberian railroad. British, French, Belgian and Japanese contingents were sent to take charge of armored motor cars, aeroplanes and other expert services. In exchange Russia sent six detachments of her surplus troops, unequipped, to France.

General Kuropatkin, of Manchurian

fame, was placed in charge of the northern army group and General Brusiloff in charge of the southern. On June 1 the Russian offensive started in the south and in the two months since has attained a considerable success. The Russians have reconquered the crownland of Bukovina and reached the Carpathians beyond. The Austrians in Galicia and the Germans just north of it have both been driven back fifty miles from their winter front. The Russians claim the capture of over 300,000 prisoners in the last two months.

As it stands at the end of the second year of war the Germans hold over 100,000 square miles of Russian territory and the Russians hold about 10,000 square miles of Austrian territory.

THE ITALIAN CAMPAIGN

May 23, 1915—Italy declares war on Austria.
May 15, 1916—Austrians advance from Trentino.
June 20, 1916—Italians drive Austrians back toward Trentino.

The entrance of Italy into the war did not make so much difference as the Allies had hoped. The boundary line, which was drawn in 1866 so as to give Austria a strategic advantage, proved to be all that was expected of it. The Austrians were able to hold their frontier, protected as it was on the one side by the Tyrolean Alps and on the other by the Isonzo River, with three or four hundred thousand men against a million or more troops at the command of General Cadorna. The Italians have not taken any town of importance, and until recently the fighting has mostly been confined to a strip of four or five miles inside the Austrian border.

But in the middle of last May the Austrians undertook an offensive movement from the Trentino and had advanced about ten miles into the Venetian Valley when the Russian drive began, and they were obliged to withdraw their troops to their mountain shelter.

So, after more than twenty-two months of war, the Austrians and Italians stand about where they started, except for the heavy losses both have sustained.

THE BALKAN CAMPAIGN

July 28, 1914—Austria declares war upon Serbia.
August 23, 1914—First Austrian invasion repulsed.
December 10, 1914—Second Austrian invasion repulsed.
September 20, 1915—Bulgaria mobilizes.
September 23, 1915—Greece mobilizes.
October 5, 1915—French and British troops land at Salonica.
October 8, 1915—Austrians take Belgrade.
November 5, 1915—Bulgars take Nish.
November 30, 1915—Conquest of Serbia completed.
January 14, 1916—Austrians enter Cetinje, capital of Montenegro.

Serbia, about which the war began, was the first country to be completely conquered. The armies that Austria sent into Serbia in the summer and winter of 1914 met with such humiliating defeats that no further attempts were made until the fall of 1915. By that time the spectacular success of the Germans in Russia and the failure of the Allies to make any impression upon the German lines in France had inclined the Balkan states toward the Central Powers. Both sides made generous offers of enemy territory to Bulgaria, Greece and Rumania and both had hopes up to the last moment of



THE BATTLEFIELDS

The region over which the war-wave has swept are given in black. Neutral countries are white. The Central Powers are distinguished from the Entente Allies by different shading.

winning over one or all of them. But when it came to the show-down it turned out that Rumania was determined to remain neutral, that Bulgaria would espouse the cause of the Central Powers and that Greece was divided. King Constantine, whose wife is sister to the Kaiser, was pro-German in his sympathies, but Venizelos, his prime minister, was pro-Allies. The King won the political battle and declared Greece neutral, but that did not prevent the British and French troops from using Greek territory for their military and naval operations.

The Bulgarian troops entered Serbia from the eastern side at the same time that the Austrian and German troops entered from the northern side. While the Teutons took Belgrade, the old capital of Serbia, the Bulgars took Nish, the new capital. The Serbs, caught between the two armies and receiving no aid from outside, were defeated on the plain of Kossovo, where the Turks had conquered them five hundred years before. The aged King Peter escaped in a peasant's cart and such of his troops as were not captured or killed took refuge in Greece and Albania.

The tiny kingdom of Montenegro shared the fate of the allied and kindred Serbia. The supposedly impregnable Mount Lovcen, which dominates the Bay of Cattaro, was taken by the Austrians with surprising ease, and King Nicholas went into exile in France.

Albania, which five months before the war had been set up by the powers as an independent nation under a Prussian prince, is now divided among her neighbors. The Austrians are in possession of the northern part and the Bulgars of the eastern; the Italians hold Avlona on the western coast and the Greeks have seized the Epirote provinces on the south.

The British Government, surprised and chagrined at Bulgaria's joining the enemy, thought it too late to intervene in the Balkans, but General Joffre ran over to London, and by his eloquence and earnestness persuaded the cabinet to join with him in the rescue of Serbia. But by the time the French and British troops got there the country was conquered, so they withdrew to Salonica which they have ever since occupied in spite of the protests of the Greek Government at this violation of neutrality. The Allied fleet blockaded the Greek coast and so forced the Greek Government to evacuate the Salonica district and finally to demobilize the Greek army. The Bulgars, claiming the



THE PARTITION OF TURKEY

Asiatic Turkey has been attacked from all four sides. The attempt of the British and French to force the Dardanelles and take Constantinople was frustrated, but on the east the Russians have conquered the greater part of Armenia as well as overrun northern Persia. The British have occupied southern Persia and the coast of the Persian Gulf, and declared a protectorate over Egypt. The British expedition sent up the Tigris to take Bagdad was defeated and captured. Most of the Arab tribes are said to be in revolt against Ottoman rule.

same privilege, have occupied Greek territory to the east of Salonica.

The Balkan campaign, then, has gone altogether against the Allies. The Central Powers have won Bulgaria as an ally and have occupied Serbia, Montenegro and Albania.

THE DARDANELLES CAMPAIGN

February 19, 1915—British warships shell Turkish forts.
March 18, 1915—Three warships lost in Dardanelles; fleet withdrawn.
April 25, 1915—Australasian troops landed on Gallipoli.
August 6, 1915—Second landing made at Suvla, Gallipoli.
December 19, 1915—Troops withdrawn from Gallipoli.

The attempt to force the Dardanelles and take Constantinople was ill-advised and ill-managed. First a fleet of British and French warships, including the largest battleship ever constructed, was sent out to accomplish the feat alone. After a month spent in bombarding the Turkish forts guarding the strait had failed to reduce them, the fleet rashly entered the Dardanelles, where two British and one French battleships were promptly sunk by floating mines.

Then it was decided to try troops, but a month was spent in making the necessary preparations for landing, and by that time the Turks, under German engineers, had fortified the Gallipoli peninsula. The Australian and New Zealand Army Corps was landed on the western shore of the peninsula, called for that reason Anzac Cove, but they were never able to fight their way inland far enough to reach the ridge commanding the strait. Another contingent landed at Suvla Bay, a little farther up the coast, was also forced to keep to the shelter of the beach. Late in the year the enterprise was abandoned and the troops withdrawn. The British losses were 117,549 killed, wounded and missing. There were also 96,683 hospital cases of disease, an unusual feature in the present war.

The Dardanelles campaign accomplished nothing, except, perhaps, to frustrate a Turkish attack upon Egypt.

THE MESOPOTAMIAN CAMPAIGN

November, 1914—British take Basra, near head of Persian Gulf.
January, 1915—Expedition starts up Tigris.
November 22, 1915—British advance checked at Ctesiphon, 18 miles below Bagdad.
December 3, 1915—British expedition retires to Kut-el-Amara and is there besieged.
April 29, 1916—British expedition surrenders at Kut-el-Amara.

Early in the war the British took possession of the Persian and Turkish territory about the Persian Gulf, and in 1915 expeditions were sent up the Tigris and Euphrates rivers. The Tigris expedition had almost reached Bagdad when it encountered a superior force of Turks and was forced to withdraw a hundred miles downstream. Here it was caught in a bend in the river at Kut-el-Amara and was so closely invested that only aeroplanes could reach it. After holding out for nearly five months, the expedition, consisting then of only 10,000 British and Indian troops, surrendered to the Turks.

The failure of the Mesopotamian campaign, tho it involved insignificant numbers compared with the European operations, had a serious effect upon British prestige in the East.

THE CAUCASIAN CAMPAIGN

February 15, 1916—Russians take Erzerum.
April 18, 1916—Russians take Trebizond.
July 26, 1916—Russians take Erzingan.

The only definite success outside of Africa so far achieved by any of the nine Allies is the Russian conquest of Armenia. The Grand Duke Nicholas, transferred to the Caucasus, began from there the invasion of Turkey before the winter was over. The opposition was feeble and the fortresses of Erzerum and Trebizond, renowned from old for their ability to stand a siege, surrendered as soon as they were reached. But the Russian occupation of this region was not soon enough to save the Armenians. The Turks, knowing

TERRITORIAL GAINS

The end of the second year of the war finds the belligerent powers holding the following territories not previously included among their possessions:

	Area Square miles	Normal Population
Great Britain.....	2,510,000	22,000,000
Russia.....	412,000	5,350,000
Germany.....	127,000	29,000,000
France.....	112,600	1,800,000
Austria.....	31,500	3,400,000
Bulgaria.....	17,000	2,270,000

that the Armenians would welcome the advance of the Russians, determined upon their removal, and during the winter a million or more Armenians, Syrians and Greeks were massacred or deported. Northern Persia, which, according to the Anglo-Russian agreement of 1907, was recognized as the Russian "sphere of influence," has now passed under Russian control in spite of the resistance of the Persian Nationalists aided by the Germans and Turks.

Unless, then, the results of this campaign are nullified in Europe, the Russian Empire will incorporate northern Persia and northeastern Turkey.

THE AFRICAN CAMPAIGN

August 26, 1914—British and French conquer Togoland.
 July 9, 1915—General Botha of Union of South Africa conquers German Southwest Africa.
 February 18, 1916—British and French conquer Kamerun.
 March 9, 1916—General Smuts of the Union of South Africa enters upon the conquest of German East Africa.

The German colonies in Africa have an area more than four times that of the Fatherland, but there probably were not more than 25,000 Germans in them when the war broke out. Cut off from Germany, from one another, and from the outside world by the British command of the coast, it was inevitable that they should succumb. The only wonder is that these four isolated groups should be able to hold out as long as they have against enemies on every side. Two of the colonies, Togo and Kamerun, were cleaned up by British and French troops. The other two were left to the Union of South Africa. The Boer generals, Botha and Smuts, who sixteen years ago were fighting against the British, undertook to annex German Southwest Africa to the British Empire. The job was so well done that General Smuts was set at the same task in German East Africa. The region about Mount Kilimanjaro is already in his possession, and with Belgians invading the colony from the west and Portuguese from the south, the handful of Germans in the interior cannot be expected to resist much longer.

With their capitulation will vanish the colonial empire that the German Government has labored ever since 1884 to construct.

THE WAR ON THE SEA

August 5, 1914—Beatty sinks three German cruisers in the *Bight of Helgoland*.
 November 1, 1914—Craddock's squadron defeated off *Ceroneil, Chili*, by Von Spee's squadron.
 December 8, 1914—Sturdee destroys Von Spee's squadron near *Falkland Islands*.
 January 23, 1915—German squadron defeated at *Dogger Bank*.
 February 7, 1915—Germans declare a war-zone about *British Isles*.
 March 11, 1915—British Order-in-Council establishes cordon control shutting off all goods going to or from Germany.
 May 7, 1915—"Lusitania" sunk.
 May 4, 1916—Germany agrees not to sink liners without warning.
 May 31, 1916—Greatest naval battle of history fought off *Jutland*.
 June 5, 1916—"Hampshire" sunk with *Kitchener* on board.
 June 29, 1916—England renounces the Declaration of *London*.

The story of the war on the sea may be summed up in few words: After two years the British supremacy remains unshaken. The German submarines have inflicted heavy losses upon the naval and mercantile shipping of

THE DAILY COST

The leading belligerents were at the end of the second year spending money at the following rates per diem:

Great Britain	\$30,000,000
Germany	22,000,000
France	15,500,000
Russia	16,000,000
Austria	12,000,000
Italy	8,000,000
Turkey	1,500,000
Bulgaria	1,500,000
Belgium	1,500,000
Total	\$108,000,000

the Allies. A few sea-rovers like the "Emden" and the "Möwe" have been for a time at large. The submarine "Deutschland," loaded with dyes, appeared at Baltimore. But German shipping has been virtually shut off from the sea, and German commerce by any channel has been cut down almost to extinction. Without declaring a blockade, because, as Premier Asquith said, "the government are not going to allow their efforts to be strangled in a network of judicial niceties," the British Government inspects the cargo and mails of all ships bound for European ports, whatever their flag or destination, and no goods are allowed to pass if suspected of being intended for Germany. The United States, in maintenance of its historic principle that "free ships make free goods," has protested against the illegality and stringency of the British procedure, but without avail.

The sinking of passenger vessels like the "Lusitania" aroused such indignation in neutral countries that the party in Germany which was opposed to such tactics secured the ascendancy, and the United States was assured that the German submarines would not in the future attack unarmed merchantmen without fair warning. But this promise was made upon the condition that England's blockade practises be brought within the scope of international law, so it is possible that the submarine raids may be resumed at any time that Germany is willing to incur the displeasure of the United States.

The dreadnoughts and battle-cruisers of the two fleets came into conflict for the first time near the mouth of the Skagerrak and off the coast of Jutland on the afternoon of the last day of May. The result is indecisive from the standpoint of naval power. The British losses were about twice those of the Germans, but since the British navy is about twice as strong, the ratio is not materially changed.

THE NATIONS AT WAR IN 1916

THE ENTENTE ALLIES	THE CENTRAL POWERS
Great Britain	Germany
France	Austria-Hungary
Russia	Bulgaria
Italy	Turkey
Japan	
Belgium	
Serbia	
Montenegro	
Portugal	

CHANGES IN THE MAP

Publishers of geographies are holding back on new editions because it is anticipated that there will be many alterations to be made in national boundaries however the war may turn out. A map of the world made now would show that since August, 1914, an area almost equal to the whole of Europe has changed hands at least temporarily. On page 21 we summarize the chief of these changes. The figures given are, of course, only approximate for the area actually held by the armies is not definitely determinable and the population is still more uncertain because millions of people who were in the war zones have fled to other countries or else have perished by war, massacre, privation and plague.

From the table it will be seen that the lion's share of the spoils has gone to Great Britain. With the assistance of the Japanese and Australians she took possession of all of the German islands in the Pacific and with the assistance of the French and Boers she has conquered all of the German colonies in Africa except German East Africa, of which the central portion is still unsubdued. In the conquest of Togo and Kamerun, French and British troops coöperated, so I have calculated these colonies as divided equally between the two powers, altho it is quite likely that France will be given a much larger share in the final settlement. Egypt, Sudan and Cyprus, which before the war belonged nominally to Turkey, altho under the administrative control of England, are now listed as part of the British Empire. The southern half of Persia has now virtually passed under British rule, as well as a considerable part of Arabia. The troops that were sent up the Tigris and Euphrates have control of the vilayet of Busra.

To the French I have tentatively assigned half of the German colonies of Togo and Kamerun. In Alsace the French still hold a strip a few miles wide and about forty-five miles long on the German side of the border.

Germany has Luxemburg, nearly all of Belgium and a large slice of France. On the Russian side the German troops are in possession of all Poland, almost all of Courland and a large part of the governments of Vilna, Kovno, Grodno and Volhynia.

Austrian, Bulgarian and German troops joined in the Balkan campaign. How the territory gained in it will be divided no man knows. The figures given in the table on the preceding page are based upon the assumption that Austria for the present has possession of the northern half of Serbia and Albania and the whole of Montenegro, and that Bulgaria has the balance of Serbia.

PAYING FOR IT

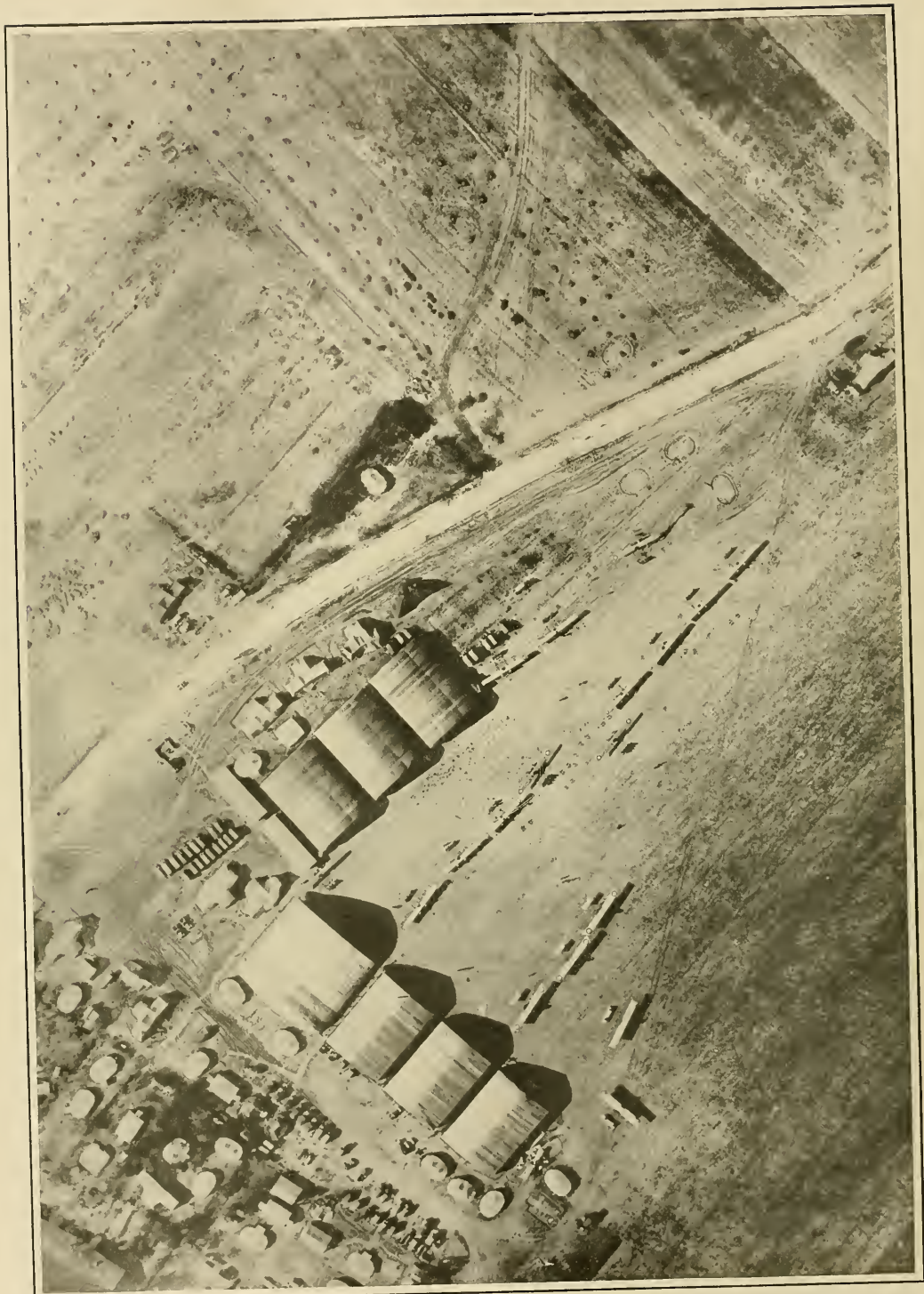
According to David Lloyd George the war will be won by "silver bullets." Since England is the country with the greatest store of this sort of ammunition her part in the burden of war be-



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THE DEATH OF AN AIRMAN

This remarkable photograph of the destruction of the aeroplane in which Flight Lieutenant R. C. Ferrick of the British Aviation Corps was making observations over the enemy lines was taken by a photographer in the German trenches after the aeroplane had been struck by a shell from a German anti-aircraft gun and had burst into flames as it was falling



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AN AVIATION BASE BEHIND THE FRENCH LINES AT VERDUN

This photograph was taken by an aviator 1500 feet high and directly over the camp. It shows with remarkable clearness the French army aeroplanes drawn up before their hangars, and behind these the soldiers' tents and several groups of motor trucks. On the upper and under side of each wing of the French biplanes is painted a red, white and blue circle for identification during flight. German machines show a black cross



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READY FOR THE AIR RAIDS

comes increasingly important as the months drag on. Parliament has just been asked to provide \$2,550,000,000 more, making a total of \$14,160,000,000 appropriated during the past two years. These credits have been granted without opposition and almost without debate and the government has not been required even to specify the various uses for which the money was to be applied. Never before in the history of the world has any government had such enormous sums placed at its disposal without restriction.

It must not be hastily assumed that these billions spent are altogether wasted. In the first place a billion and a quarter of England's expenditure consists of money advanced to her allies and her oversea dominions. These are loans which presumably will be repaid with interest unless the Allies are ruined.

Then, too, the appropriations of Parliament include all of the running expenses of the government, now higher than usual because the government has taken on more functions. The ordinary expenditure of the British Government before the war was about one billion dollars. Of this some \$380,000,000 a year went for army and navy and of course were "wasted" in the same sense as the larger sums now spent for the purpose. But altho soldiering in peace or war must be classed among the unproductive occupations and the money expended for explosives is speedily con-

THE WAR OF RACES The chief races taking part in the Great War are:

Afridis	Kurds
Albanians	Lithuanians
Algerians	Managers
Annamites	Mahrattas
Armenians	Malagasy
Arabs	Maoris
Austrians	Montenegrins
Bantus	Mongols
Belgians	Pathans
Boers	Persians
British	Poles
Bulgars	Portuguese
Circassians	Rumanians
Croations	Russians
Czechs	Ruthenians
Egyptians	Senegalese
Fins	Serbs
French	Sikhs
Gorhwalis	Slovaks
Georgians	Slovenes
Germans	Syrians
Gurkhas	Tartars
Italians	Tonkinese
Japanese	Turks
Jews	West Indians

sumed either fruitlessly or in the destruction of lives and property, yet we must avoid the common fallacy of regarding the expenditures of the belligerent governments as so much wealth lost to the world, in excess of the normal consumption of peaceful times. In large part it represents a transfer of expenditure from individuals to the government. It means, for instance, that there are some two million young Englishmen in France supported by the

government who formerly had to "support themselves." Most of them are being supported more expensively than ever before and in so far as this means better food, clothing and sanitary care it is not to be regretted. Altho they are from an economic standpoint to be considered as idle, yet this also is not an unprecedented strain upon the community. In 1908, according to Kier Hardie, labor member of Parliament, there were 2,250,000 men out of work in England and Scotland, three-fourths of them skilled artisans. Now there are more people working and they are working harder than ever before. Unemployment is wiped out and wages in some industries more than doubled. The cost of living has risen but not so much as the wage rate. The poorer classes are spending money more lavishly than formerly. Imitation jewelry is in great demand and all sorts of cheap amusements are extensively patronized. The consumption of alcoholic liquor in the United Kingdom has risen to the unprecedented high of \$900,000,000 a year, a hundred million more than it was before the war, notwithstanding the fact that a large proportion of the men are in the army where they get only their ration of rum. So far it is chiefly the wealthy and well-to-do who have begun the practise of economy and this under compulsion, since the burden of increased taxation has in many cases cut their income in two.



TWENTY-FOUR TO FOUR

A TRIAL BALANCE OF THE GREAT WAR AFTER THREE YEARS

BY PRESTON SLOSSON

August, 1917

OF the three years of the Great War, that of 1916-17 has been the most eventful. During the first year the important campaigns included the German conquest of the greater part of Belgium and of a corner of France, the Battle of the Marne, the Russian advance in Galicia and East Prussia and the beginning of the Russian retreat thru Poland. The German colonies were all annexed, with the exception of German East Africa, and futile attempts were made at Gallipoli and in Mesopotamia to break the military strength of Turkey. During the second year a deadlock in the west, and disastrous for the Allies elsewhere, Russia was expelled from Poland, Courland and the greater part of Galicia, and Serbia and Montenegro fell before the advancing armies of the Central Powers. Italy, France and Great Britain could accomplish nothing but resistance, and the only favorable omen for the Allied cause was the German failure before Verdun. The third year was marked by four events of outstanding importance: the Russian revolution, the intervention of America, the abandonment by Germany of a large part of her conquests in France, and the renewal of ruthless submarine warfare on a most menacing scale. Three of these events were favorable to the cause of the Entente Allies, but the fourth was hailed by Germany as a prelude to an early victory. The story of the third year of the Great War has been divided into individual campaigns, preceded by a general summary of the war considered as a test of endurance and of the "staying power" of the two belligerent groups.

THE TEST OF ENDURANCE

DURING the third year of the Great War it became clear to every belligerent that victory would incline to that side which could afford to suffer longest the strain which war imposed upon the armics and the civilian population. The possibility of a decisive victory in the field was not excluded, but the methods of trench warfare and the facilities afforded by the aeroplane for detecting the maneuvers of the other side made such victories impossible except against an enemy whose numbers, supplies or military spirit had been seriously diminished before the battle. On the other hand, it was no less evident that economic exhaustion would not of itself end the war unless supported by vigorous military action. The Central Powers, cut off from trade with the

Allied and neutral world by a three years' blockade, have not yet run short of any neces-



sity of war. The German counter-blockade of the Allies has so disappointed the hopes of the German people that its relative failure is considered chiefly responsible for the present political crisis within the Empire. The sinking of merchant ships by submarines continues far more rapidly than the vessels can be replaced, but not rapidly enough to create a food crisis in England this year, and by 1918 the British hope to have a much larger area under cultivation and to have the assistance of the new American mer-

chant fleet now building. With the other Allies the greatest danger is not insufficiency of food, but the difficulty of securing adequate railroad transportation. The loss of merchant tonnage is unknown, as the British Government, which is the greatest sufferer from the German submarine activity, publishes only statistics of the number of vessels sunk and does not mention particular ships. Various estimates place the total destruction at from 500,000 to upward of 1,000,000 tons a month. Probably six or seven hundred thousand is about correct.

THE belligerent nations are enduring the financial drain on their resources even more successfully than the economic effect of the naval blockades. The great loans which are yearly floated are still as a rule oversubscribed within a few weeks of their issue, and the crushing burden of war taxation is still willingly borne by the taxpayers. The warring nations have not even resorted to the reckless printing of unredeemable paper money which in previous great wars has been the usual expedient of governments in financial distress. Of course the economic strain is not unfelt. Quite apart from the heavy taxes; the steady increase in prices, the growing scarcity of capital for industrial enterprises and the rising rates of interest bring home the huge cost of the war to the public. Estimates differ as to the cost of the war, but it seems likely that the direct cost to the governments concerned for the whole three years must be placed at over \$90,000,000,000, or an average of considerably more than \$82,000,000 a day. This estimate makes no allowance for the United States, which has still to spend the greater part of its first year's war budget, or for the neutral nations which have had to expand their armaments to protect their neutrality. As time goes on, the cost of war tends to increase with the larger forces put into the field, the growing interest on national loans, and the enlargement of munitions factories. A day's war today costs the world two or three times what it did in the autumn of 1914. The Entente Allies, as might be expected from their greater numbers and vaster aggregate wealth, are spending two dollars to every dollar spent by the Central Powers. Great Britain alone is spending some \$35,000,000 a day, but this figures includes loans to her allies.

Besides economic pressure and financial loss there is a third element in belligerent endurance, the loss in man-

THE COUNTRIES THAT HAVE BROKEN WITH GERMANY

<i>Belgium</i>	<i>Japan</i>
<i>British Empire</i>	<i>Liberia</i>
<i>Bolivia</i>	<i>Montenegro</i>
<i>Brazil</i>	<i>Nicaragua</i>
<i>China</i>	<i>Panama</i>
<i>Cuba</i>	<i>Portugal</i>
<i>France</i>	<i>Rumania</i>
<i>Greece</i>	<i>Russia</i>
<i>Guatemala</i>	<i>San Domingo</i>
<i>Hayti</i>	<i>Serbia</i>
<i>Honduras</i>	<i>Siam</i>
<i>Italy</i>	<i>U. S. of America</i>

Names italicized are of countries actually at war.



AUTOCRACY DEFIES THE WORLD

The black portion of this map shows the territory now dominated by the Central Powers. The line-shading indicates territory held by the Allies; and the dotted countries are those which have severed diplomatic relations with Germany, but are not actually at war. The white parts of the map indicate all that is left of neutrality.

power. This is not a mere question of population, for it is doubtful if the population of any of the larger belligerent nations, with the possible exception of France, can show an absolute decrease during the last three years. But in this war the cost in lives falls almost wholly upon the physically fit young men, who alone can endure the hardships of incessant trench warfare. Moreover the battle lines are stretched over so many hundreds of miles that either side can compel a general retreat if it can so reduce the number of enemy effectives as to prevent the sending of reserves to strengthen any part of the line which may be selected for attack. The number of killed can only be guessed at, but it seems to be somewhere near the five million mark. A much smaller number, perhaps only one and a half million, have been so seriously wounded as to be useless thereafter at or behind the front. The total number of wounded is about three times as great as the number killed, but the majority of those who survive recover sufficiently under the excellent care afforded by modern military hospitals to see service again in the trenches, and many others can be used to replace uninjured men in civil employment and so release them for the trenches. The death list from disease is notably small in the present war and can be considered important only in the Balkan and Turkish campaigns. The number of killed, wounded and miss-

ing among the Entente Allies is fully two-thirds greater than the losses of the Central Powers. Russia has lost the most heavily, both in casualties on the field and in number of prisoners taken; Germany and France come next in respect to casualties, the German losses probably somewhat the greater, but neither has had so many prisoners captured by the enemy as Austria-Hungary, whose casualties have been comparatively light. France, with about two and a half million men on the western front, not reck-

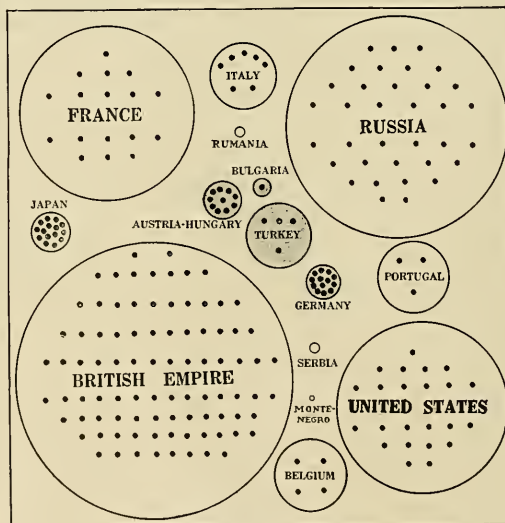
oning the French contingent at Salonica, seems to have reached her maximum military strength; but England still has many hundreds of thousands of men in training; Italy has employed only a part of her military effectives, and the United States and Russia are practically inexhaustible sources of man power, provided that these nations can solve the difficulties of transport and supply. Germany and her allies are still keeping large reserves behind the battle line to reinforce each new German offensive or ward off each new hostile

attack. It is apparent that if the war is to be decided by the number of casualties alone, many months of battle lie ahead of us and the final blow may be struck by the American army when it is increased to the proportions of the gigantic military establishments of continental Europe.

THE ALLIED OFFENSIVE IN THE WEST

July 1, 1916—Somme valley of offensive started.
July 26, 1916—British occupy Pozieres.
September 4, 1916—French capture Soyeécourt.
September 26, 1916—Comblès and Thiépval taken by Allies.
October 24, 1916—French regain lost ground before Verdun.
November 13, 1916—British open offensive on the Ancre.
March 17, 1917—Baupenne captured; beginning of general German retreat.
April 9, 1917—Canadians storm Vimy ridge near Arras.

The entrenched war frontier which extends from the Swiss boundary to the ocean has for nearly three years been the scene of the greatest, bloodiest and longest continuous military action in human history. Until the summer of 1916 neither



FOR PURPOSES OF COMPARISON

In this chart showing the territory and population of the belligerents each dot stands for five million people and the size of the circles indicates the total territory now in possession of the countries named without considering the gains or losses in Europe during the war. The Central Powers are shaded. The Allied Powers have about thirty times the territory and more than six times the population as well as the advantage of being able to draw supplies from the outside world.

side, in spite of many costly experiments, was able to advance its position sufficiently to gain any strategic advantage, but not a day passed without either assault or cannonade on some part of the long line. The "battle" of the Aisne became a "campaign" and finally a "siege"; the trenches were elaborated from mere ditches into fortifications and winter encampments; the superiority in numbers and munitionment passed from the hands of the Germans to the Allies, but all these changes made no change in the war map. The spring drive planned by the French and British was postponed till July because of the earlier German assault on the fortified city of Verdun, which required all the resources of the western Allies to repel.

During the first two weeks of July the British and French acting in concert had forced back the German line on both sides of the Somme for an average distance of nearly four miles, but their progress was much slower after the Germans rallied their reserves to halt the advance. The Allies strove not only to push the German line farther to the rear but to widen the zone of battle as well. To effect this purpose, the British hammered constantly at the German entrenchments around Thiepval in the valley of the Ancre, while the French bent the German line south and east near Soyécourt. But in spite of every effort winter found the British and French still short of the two towns, Bapaume and Peronne, which had been the objectives of the advance along the Somme. During the campaign in the Ancre valley the British introduced for the first time the use of "tanks," or armored automobiles carried on caterpillar tractors.

In the spring of 1917 the German military authorities decided that they could no longer afford to maintain their old positions in the face of another Allied drive. With skill and secrecy the German forces were withdrawn to a shorter and better located line of entrenchments running just west of St. Quentin, La Fere and Laon. While retreating the Germans so thoroughly devastated the country that the Allies could not for many days occupy all the posi-

SOME OF THE PROMINENT MEN DISPLACED DURING THE WAR

MONARCHS

Pope Pius X (died)
Francis Joseph of Austria-Hungary (died)
Carol I of Rumania (died)
President Yuan Shih-Kai of China (died)
Nicholas II of Russia (deposed)
Constantine of Greece (deposed)
Emperor Hsuan-Tung of China (deposed)
Albert of Belgium (in exile)
Peter of Serbia (in exile)
Nicholas of Montenegro (in exile)
Wilhelm of Albania (in exile)

STATESMEN

Premier Asquith of Great Britain.
Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg of Germany
Premier Briand of France
Premier Viviani of France
Premier Stürgkh of Austria (assassinated)
Premier Tisza of Hungary
Premier Gorevskii of Russia
Premier Stürmer of Russia
Premier Trotsky of Russia
Premier Löff of Russia
Foreign Minister Grey of Great Britain
Foreign Minister von Jagow of Germany
Foreign Minister Zimmermann of Germany
Foreign Minister Sazonoff of Russia
Secretary of State Bryan of the United States
Minister of War Kitchener of Great Britain (died)

GENERALS

Marshal Joffre of France
General Nivelle of France
General French of Great Britain
General von Moltke of Germany
General von Kluck of Germany
General Rennenkampf of Russia
Grand Duke Nicholas of Russia

tions which had been abandoned and bring up their artillery and supplies for a renewal of the attack. After the British and French had dug their new entrenchments they repeated with some success their former tactics of striking at the points where the new German position joined the old. At the extreme south of the new German line the French captured Craonne, and east of Arras the British made a considerable advance and within a few days took more than thirty thousand prisoners.

RUMANIA INTERVENES

August 29, 1916—Rumania declares war on Austria. Rumanians enter Hungary.
August 31, 1916—Turkey and Bulgaria declare war on Rumania.
October 6, 1916—Kronstadt recaptured by Austro-Hungarian forces.
October 23, 1916—Mackensen takes Constanza.
November 21, 1916—Rumanians lose Orsova.
December 6, 1916—Fall of Bucharest.

Of all the campaigns of the past year the most encouraging to the Central Powers and the most disappointing to the hopes of the Entente Allies was the four months' contest which ended in the elimination of the Kingdom of Rumania from the list of active belligerents. Rumanian intervention had ever since the beginning of the Great War been one of the main objects of diplomacy. The fact that the Rumanians of Transylvania had many grievances against their Hungarian rulers and the encouraging example of the Russian successes in Galicia induced Rumania to join the Entente Allies and begin an immediate invasion of Transylvania. The armies of Austria-Hungary were already hard pressed on the Galician, Italian and Balkan fronts, and it was expected that the intervention of Rumania, which was said to have the largest and best army in southeastern Europe, would decide the fate of the Hapsburg monarchy. By the end of August the Rumanians had overrun a large part of Transylvania and taken the important city of Kronstadt.

But at the same time that the Rumanians were spreading their conquests westward a combined force of Germans, Bulgarians and Turks entered the Dobrudja, a coast land lying between the Danube and the Black Sea, and prest northward until they had taken the railroad line which reaches the sea at Constanza. To meet this new peril, the Rumanians had to withdraw their army of invasion from Transylvania and they were soon confronted by a double attack; General von Mackensen pushing swiftly thru the Dobrudja and General von Falkenhayn leading a counter-invasion from the west. Caught between these two armies, the Rumanians only saved their army by abandoning their capital and the whole southern half of their country. Russia sent aid, but for some unexplained reason the Russian forces arrived too tardily to



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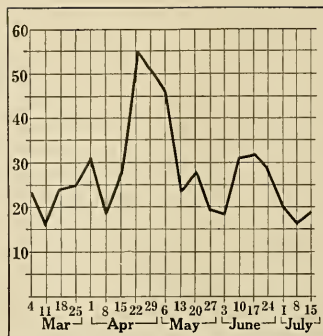
"IF YOU WANT TO WIN YOUR BATTLES, TAKE AN' WORK YOUR BLOOMIN' GUNS"

save the situation. Rumania still holds out against its foes in the northern province of Moldavia, but the rich agricultural region of Wallachia, "a land of corn and oil," is now supplying the Central Powers with the grain necessary to forestall a famine and the petroleum necessary for motor traction.

THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION

November 24, 1916—Stürmer resigns Russian premiership.
 March 11, 1917—Czar declares Duma adjourned.
 March 12, 1917—Duma declares Czar deposed.
 March 15, 1917—Czar abdicates throne.

It is a common saying that the Crimean War freed the serfs, the Japanese War created the Duma, and the Great War overthrew the Romanoff dynasty. In each instance the test of war showed as nothing else could do how autocratic rule had demoralized the civil government and impaired the efficiency of the army and so lent weight to the demand for reforms. The first great Russian offensive, which had swept forward to Königsberg and Cracow, ended in the loss of all Russian Poland and Courland. The second Russian offensive soon came to a standstill while Rumania was overrun and the promised aid from Russia did not arrive. The transportation system of the country became so badly entangled that munitions could not reach the trenches or foodstuffs reach the cities. Added to all this notorious inefficiency was the rumor of treason; the pacifistic Czar and the pro-German court were generally believed, it is impossible to say how justly, to have negotiated a separate peace. Popular anger sometimes found vent, as in the assassination of the reactionary court favorite Rasputin and in the forced resignation of Premier Stürmer, but the Czar and his advisers refused to concede anything to popular clamor and finally ordered the adjournment of the Duma.



TWENTY WEEKS OF THE SUBMARINE
 This line indicates the number of British ships sunk during the weeks ending on the dates mentioned

The attempt to dismiss the Duma came at a crisis in the food situation. Hunger riots broke out in Petrograd which the troops refused to suppress. The Duma declared itself the provisional government, and the Czar promptly resigned the throne to his brother, the Grand Duke Michael. But the Grand Duke Michael refused to become Czar unless a popular plebiscite declared him Russia's choice, and so the provisional government remained republican in form. The new government imprisoned the Czar and his reactionary advisers, restored the national liberties of Finland, abolished the legal discriminations against the Jews, reformed the harsh discipline in the army, freed all the political prisoners in Siberia, and called into consultation a Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates. The army not only supported this sweeping program of reform, but showed a disposition to carry the

revolution farther than the Duma desired, and, until the Socialist deputy Kerensky became Minister of War, there was real danger that military discipline would wholly disappear. Even the inspiration of early victories did not prevent some regiments from deserting their duty when the Germans began their counter-attack. The progress of the war was further hampered by the tendency of some parts of Russia, notably Finland and the Ukraine (Little Russia), to proclaim their virtual independence from effective control by the Petrograd government.

THE THIRD RUSSIAN OFFENSIVE

September 8, 1916—Brusiloff halts at Halicz; culmination of second Russian offensive.
 July 1, 1917—Russians take Koniuchy; beginning of third offensive.
 July 10, 1917—Russians occupy Halicz.
 July 19, 1917—Germans begin counter-attack.

After General Brusiloff's advance in Galicia had been checked by the combined armies of Germany and Austria-Hungary, the battle line of eastern Europe from Riga to the Carpathians remained unaltered and almost quiescent until the following July. The winter weather would in any case have checked military operations, but it is certain that the Russians could not have made a very vigorous drive even if the weather had been favorable, since they had largely exhausted the store of ammunition with which they began the campaign and were also hampered by the disloyalty and incompetence of the civil administration. After the deposition of the Czar the Russian revolutionists were divided into two parties on the question of prosecuting the war; some favoring a war to the end against German autocracy and others a speedy peace "without annexations or indemnities." While the Duma and the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates debated the is-



Central News

THE TEETH OF THE BRITISH LION



STAR BOMBS ON THE WESTERN FRONT

sues of peace and war, the soldiers fraternized with their German foes in the trenches, and Germany refrained from breaking the informal truce in the hope of persuading the Russians to make a separate peace.

On the first day of July the Russian army under General Brusiloff and War Minister Kerensky, the Russian "organizer of victory," began its advance on Lemberg. Koniuchy and Halicz soon fell into their hands and thousands of

prisoners were captured. Several Czech regiments deserted bodily to the Russians at the first opportunity. Pressing their advantage, the Russian army made an immense forward sweep south of the Dniester as far as the Lomnica River. But the time consumed in these operations enabled the Germans to shift their reserves to the eastern front and block the Russian advance with fresh troops. Directly east of Lemberg they struck the Russian line and, aided

by the treason of one of the regiments confronting them, they drove back the Russians on a wide front. Fearing the total collapse of the Russian defense and the loss of all the fruits of the revolution, the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates approved the choice of War Minister Kerensky as Premier, and clothed him with all the powers of a dictator. The German drive not only wiped out the gains made by the third Russian offensive but reconquered most



Underwood & Underwood

TOMMIES IN TRAINING

of the territory won by General Brusiloff during the 1916 campaign.

THE ITALIAN CAMPAIGN

August 9, 1916—Italians take Gorizia.
August 27, 1916—Italy declares war on Germany.
May 12, 1917—Italians make new drive on the Carso.

The campaign in the mountains of the Austrian border may be summed up by saying that the Austrians have accomplished nothing and the Italians very little. This does not mean that the struggle has been less persistent in this theater of war than in any other; fighting has been almost incessant and the losses on both sides heavy. But the difficulties of highland warfare have barred the Italians from their goal of Trieste, and in the Trentino the opposing armies appear to be practically deadlocked. The Italians have succeeded, however, in taking Gorizia, in occupying the whole Isonzo valley to the south of this city, and in advancing their trenches on the Carso plateau.

It must be remembered in recording the slow progress of the Italian army against Austria that during the past year Italy has diverted many soldiers to join the Allies in Macedonia. The Italians have taken an active part in Grecian affairs, established a protectorate in Albania and undertaken to a great extent the policing of the Mediterranean and the Adriatic. The Italian commission in the United States reported a great development of munitions manufacture.

THE WAR IN THE BALKANS

August 16, 1916—French take positions on the Serbian border.
August 27, 1916—Bulgarians occupy Kavala.
September 27, 1916—Venizelos begins revolutionary movement in Crete.
October 11, 1916—Allies take over Greek fleet.
November 19, 1916—Monastir reoccupied.
June 12, 1917—King Constantine deposed.

Altho Greece and Albania were neutral countries, they were the theater of the principal campaign in the Balkans after the withdrawal of the British expedition against Gallipoli and the conquest of Serbia and Montenegro by the Central Powers. The object of the Entente Allies was to regain Serbia and Montenegro and thus sever Bulgaria

and Turkey from Germany and Austria-Hungary. To effect this purpose they occupied the Greek city of Salonica and gathered there one of the most heterogeneous armies that the world has ever seen. Nearly all of the Allies had contingents on the Salonica front, but the bulk of the army was English, French, Italian and Serbian. During the summer and autumn of 1916 the Allies fought their way to the northern boundary of Greece and the central part of Albania and at last captured the important city of Monastir on the Serbian side of the frontier. In the meantime the Bulgarians occupied the city of Kavala in the extreme north-eastern corner of Greece and expelled the Greek garrison. On the whole, the Salonica campaign was a disappointment, since the measure of success it achieved was not proportionate to the size of the army which was withdrawn from other fronts in the expectation of important victories in the Balkan theater of war. Italy has declared a protectorate over Albania and effectively occupied the southern and western parts of the country.

While Greece was furnishing a battleground for the contending powers, it was also torn by civil war. The partisans of the Cretan statesman Venizelos fought on the side of the Allies at every opportunity in spite of the official neutrality of King Constantine and his secretly pro-German sympathies. In order to revert the Greek King from extending aid to the Central Powers, the Allies acted in the most arbitrary fashion, commandeering ships, blocking ports, occupying garrison towns, supporting the Venizelos revolution, and finally deposing King Constantine in favor of his son Alexander. When King Alexander ascended the throne he made Venizelos again premier and broke off diplomatic relations with the Central Powers.

THE TURKISH CAMPAIGN

February 26, 1917—British take Kut-el-Amara.
March 6, 1917—British reach southern boundary of Palestine.
March 11, 1917—Bagdad falls.

April 5, 1917—Russians and British effect junction in Mesopotamia.

The vast outlying territories of Asiatic Turkey are the weakest part of the military system of the Central Powers. They are the farthest from Prussia, the heart and soul of the alliance, of all the lands dominated by German arms; they are miserably defective in the means of rapid transformation, and with few exceptions their inhabitants are disloyal to their Ottoman rulers. It is then small cause for wonder that much of this region has fallen into the hands of the Allied nations. Rather should we be surprised that the Russians and the British have not been able to penetrate yet farther into the interior of the Turkish domains.

The British have accomplished rather more. They retrieved their defeat of the previous year at Kut-el-Amara by recapturing the city and continuing their advance thru Mesopotamia to Bagdad. In the west they repulsed a Turkish demonstration against the Suez Canal and organized a counter-offensive which followed the historic route of Moses and the Children of Israel from Egypt to the borders of Palestine. Like Moses, however, they seem to be fated to behold the Holy Land without being able to occupy it. The Arabs have fallen away from Turkish rule altogether and have organized the independent Kingdom of Hejaz under the protection of the British.

On the first day of 1917 the Turkish Government, with German sanction it may be supposed, repudiated all treaties and agreements with Christian powers by which the Ottoman Empire was subject to the supervision of the "concert of Europe." This action places Turkey on an equal diplomatic footing with other members of the society of nations and is probably the only gain that the Ottomans can expect from the war even in the case of a German triumph. If the Entente Allies win the war they are pledged to the liberation of the non-Turkish peoples of the Otto-

man Empire, which would confine the Turkish dominions to Asia Minor and place under some new rule Arabia, Mesopotamia, Syria, Palestine, Armenia and Turkey in Europe. Fear of this possibility has tempted the Turkish rulers to countenance horrible massacres of Armenians, Syrians, Jews and Greeks.

PEACE NEGOTIATIONS

December 12, 1916—German Chancellor makes peace overture.
 December 18, 1916—Wilson requests statement of peace terms from belligerents.
 January 10, 1917—Entente Allies state peace terms in joint reply to President Wilson.
 January 13, 1917—Germans reply to declaration of Allies but refuse to state terms. Balfour makes separate statement on the Turkish question.
 January 22, 1917—Wilson addresses Senate on "peace without victory."
 July 18, 1917—Chancellor Michaelis defines German position.

For more than two and a half years the warring armies of Europe fought without knowing what measure of achievement would be considered a "victory" by the governments whose interests they served. Any number of informal and unofficial peace programs were set forth in the public press of England, Germany, France and other countries, but the statesmen who alone could speak with authority confined themselves to generalities which might serve to arouse but never to satisfy speculation. In December, 1916, the German Government offered to discuss peace with the Entente Allies, and President Wilson suggested to both groups of belligerents that the time had come for an interchange of views

and that if terms of peace were formulated the aims of the two hostile groups of nations might not be found to differ so greatly as had been supposed. The Entente Allies refused to entertain the German suggestion of a peace conference, but they agreed upon a joint reply to President Wilson in which they stated the objects for which they were continuing the war.

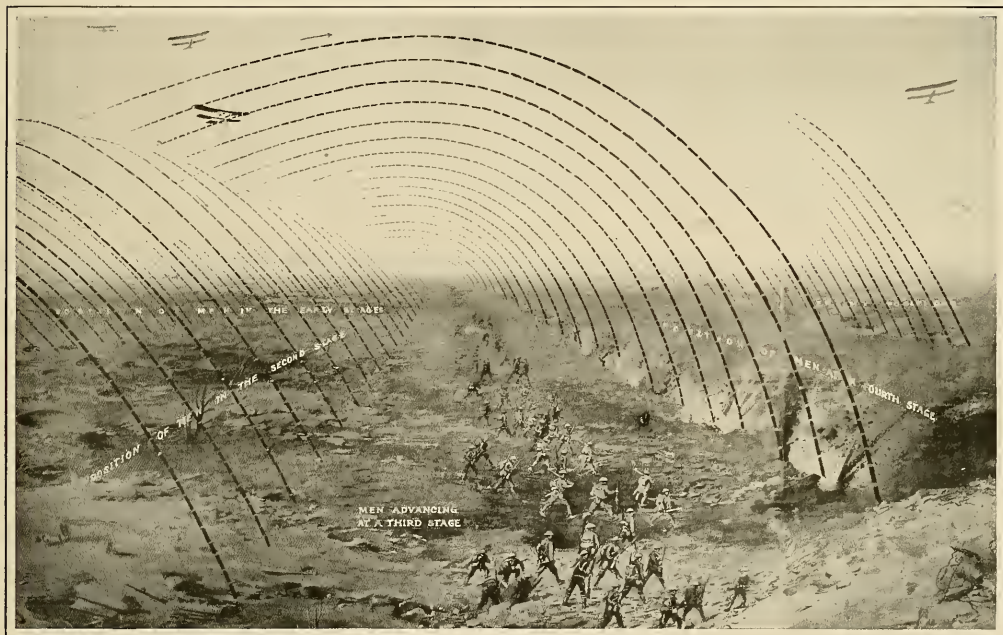
The Allies' demands comprized the abandonment by the Central Powers of all their conquests during the present war with indemnities to the invaded nations; the restoration of "provinces or territories wrested in the past from the Allies"; the liberation of Italians, of Slavs, of Rumanians, and of Czechoslovaks; the "enfranchisement of populations subject to the bloody tyranny of the Turks"; the reunion of Poland, and the expulsion of the Ottoman Empire from Europe. These terms apparently still stand as the peace platform of the Allied nations and to them must be added the surrender of German overseas colonies which, altho not mentioned in the note, seems to be demanded by public opinion in Japan, South Africa and Australia.

On January 22 President Wilson addressed the American Senate and outlined his views of the basis of a just peace. He believed that peace should come by common consent, not by victory; that the rights of nationalities to self-government should receive recognition; that the freedom of the seas

should be guaranteed and every nation given free commercial access to the sea, and that all nations should unite into a league for their common security. These suggestions were at the time unfavorably received by both sides, altho they have found a reflection in the formula of "peace without annexation or indemnities" adopted by the Council of Russian Workmen and Soldiers Delegates after the revolution and by the Social Democratic Party in Germany. By a coalition with members of the Center (Clerical) and the Radical parties the Socialists secured from the Reichstag a declaration which, in general terms, affirmed the idea of an early peace based on the map of 1914 and repudiated all suggestions of an economic "war after the war." Because the Reichstag delayed the vote on the war credits, the Kaiser was forced to remove from office Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg, who had held office thruout the war. The new Chancellor, Georg Michaelis, refused to promise the introduction of parliamentary government or to make any definite offer of peace.

THE AMERICAN INTERVENTION

January 31, 1917—Germany declares new barred zone in European waters and inaugurates ruthless submarine campaign.
 February 3, 1917—Ambassador Bernstorff dismissed from Washington.
 February 28, 1917—President asks Congress for authority to protect merchant ships.
 March 4, 1917—Congress adjourns without taking action.
 April 2, 1917—President asks Congress for a declaration of war against Germany.
 April 4, 1917—Senate declares war.



Drawn by G. Bron for the London Sphere © New York Herald

HOW TO TAKE THE GERMAN TRENCHES

This diagrammatic view of British soldiers attacking under cover of barrage fire shows four stages of the advance, tho of course in actual attack it is uninterrupted, the men following just after the "monstrous moving carapace of metal." As a British soldier describes it: "As soon as our men left the trenches our gunners laid down a barrage in front of them and made a moving wall of shells ahead of them, a frightful thing to follow, but the safest. It was a wonderfully scientific barrage that dropt in front of the advancing English battalion; it curtained the ground we were sweeping over, and it countered the waiting German batteries beyond the ridge"

April 6, 1917—House of Representatives declares war.
 April 8, 1917—Austria-Hungary breaks off diplomatic relations with the United States.
 April 22, 1917—British and French war missions arrive in America.

The German reply to the peace overtures of the United States came as a shock to the American public, which had believed that peace in Europe was near and that in any case the danger that the war would spread to this side of the Atlantic was safely past. More than once had the German submarine warfare against neutral and enemy merchant ships strained diplomatic relations to the breaking point, but when, in May, 1916, Germany pledged not to sink passenger ships without warning, this promise, altho conditioned on the eventual modification of the British blockade and violated in certain individual instances, was relied upon to enable us to keep out of the war. The Federal Government was better informed than the nation at large and the repeated and zealous efforts which it made to end the war were partly inspired by a well-justified belief that if the war continued much longer Germany would renew her submarine campaign. On the last day of January the German Government announced the establishment of a barred zone in the North Sea, the Mediterranean and the northeastern Atlantic thru which no ships whatever would be permitted to pass in safety.

President Wilson at once dismissed the German Ambassador and refused to renew diplomatic relations with the German Government. His attempted compromise between peace and war, "armed neutrality," was frustrated by the obstinacy of a little group of Senators who in the closing hours of the session talked to death the bill authorizing the arming of merchantmen. When Germany followed the proclamation of ruthless submarine warfare by overt acts against American lives and American ships, President Wilson requested from the new Congress the

authority to make war. The Senate by a vote of 82 to 6 and the House of Representatives by a majority of 373 to 50 approved the declaration of war. The action of the United States was soon followed by Cuba's declaration of war and by the severance of diplomatic relations between Germany and Brazil, Bolivia, Hayti, San Domingo, Panama, Guatemala, Nicaragua and Honduras. All the other nations of South and Central America, in one way or another, showed strong sympathy with the American cause and only in Mexico was there any possibility of action in the interests of Germany.

The German Government knew, and even overestimated, the strength of Mexican resentment against "the Colossus of the North," as Latin-American writers sometimes call the United States, and the German Foreign Secretary, Alfred Zimmermann, counted on the support of Mexico in a war with the United States. He offered the Mexican Government Texas, New Mexico and Arizona as the spoils of victory and further suggested that Mexico detach Japan from the Entente Allies by timely mediation. But the note containing this suggestion was intercepted and its publication had much to do with converting the American public to a belief in the necessity of war.

OUR PART IN THE GREAT WAR

June 5, 1917—Ten million men registered for military service.
 June 16, 1917—Liberty loan oversubscribed.
 June 28, 1917—American army contingent reaches a French port.

When the German Government resumed its policy of unrestricted submarine warfare it reckoned with the possibility of American intervention but did not consider that it would seriously diminish the chances of victory. Indeed it was freely predicted that the United States would be more of a help to the Entente Allies as a neutral than as a belligerent, because the war might be ended before this country could raise and equip a large

army and in the meantime the effort to do so would curtail our export of war munitions upon which England, France and Italy largely relied. This was, perhaps, the most serious miscalculation that Germany made during the course of the entire war.

Congress promptly authorized the Government to borrow \$7,000,000,000 for the prosecution of the war and to loan a large part of this sum to the Entente Allies. The first \$2,000,000,000 "Liberty Loan" was oversubscribed by about fifty per cent within a few weeks of the opening of subscriptions. The President appointed Mr. Hoover, the man who saved Belgium from starvation, as food administrator and laid before Congress a far-reaching plan of food conservation. To frustrate the submarine blockade the Administration undertook the building of a great merchant fleet of steel and wooden ships and placed the work under General Goethals, the builder of the Panama Canal. A war mission under Mr. Root was sent to Russia to reorganize the transportation system of that country and to assure the people that we would not desert the task we had set ourselves until it was accomplished.

Not content with throwing the financial, industrial and agricultural resources of the nation into the war, the United States began, without delay, to create an army for European service. The men of the country, from twenty-one to thirty years of age inclusive, were enrolled as a body from which as many soldiers as were necessary could be drafted. While arrangements for the draft were being completed, a part of the regular army under General Pershing was conveyed to France and volunteers were enlisted in the regular army and the National Guard to bring these organizations up to full war strength. The National Guard was transferred from state to Federal control and consolidated with the rest of the army.

IN THE FOURTH YEAR OF THE WAR

August 14, 1917—China declares war against Germany and Austria-Hungary.
 August 15—Pope sends out appeal for peace.
 August 20—Italians make big advance along Isonzo river.
 August 26—Kerensky opens Moscow conference.
 August 27—President Wilson answers Pope's peace plea.
 September 2—Germans take Riga.
 September 6—House of Representatives passes \$11,500,000,000 war bond bill.
 September 8—Austrians halt Italian drive.
 September 12—Kerensky assumes command of Russian army, Argentina dismisses German Ambassador, Karl von Luxburg.
 September 16—Kerensky proclaims Russian republic.
 September 20—British gain near Ypres.
 September 28—Russian Democratic Congress opens sessions.
 September 30—British defeat Turkish army in Mesopotamia.
 October 2—Great Britain declares embargo on exports to Holland and Scandinavia.
 October 5—Russian cabinet reorganized. Peruvian Congress votes to break with Germany.
 October 6—Uruguay breaks with Germany.
 October 10—President Wilson proclaims food licensing system.
 October 17—American transport "Antilles" sunk on home voyage.
 October 24—Austrians and Germans attack north of Gorizia; Italians forced to withdraw from practically all territory taken during summer campaign.

October 26—Brazil declares war on Germany.
 October 27—Second Liberty Loan oversubscribed. American soldiers reported in trenches for first time.
 October 28—Austro-German forces take Gorizia and Clivide. Italians retreat to Udine.
 October 30—Hertling succeeds Michaelis as German Chancellor.
 November 1—German advance against Italy continues; Italians retreat across Tagliamento river. British occupy Beersheba in Palestine.
 November 2—Germans retreat north of the Aisne.
 November 4—Temporary Polish cabinet takes office.
 November 7—Bolshevik riots in Petrograd.
 November 8—Kerensky flees from Petrograd. Austro-German army strikes Italian line at the Livizna river.
 November 9—Russian revolutionary movement spreads to Moscow. General Diaz succeeds General Cadorna as head of Italian army.
 November 12—Lowest week's record of submarine destruction, six British ships sunk.
 November 13—French cabinet resigns. Germans drive Italians across Piave river.
 November 15—Georges Clemenceau appointed new French premier.
 November 16—Bolsheviks bombard Moscow.
 November 17—British and German cruisers engage in gun duel near Heligoland.

November 18—Turks retreat from Jaffa. Cosack army blockades Petrograd.
 November 21—Secret Russian treaties published.
 November 27—Italians repulse attacks in upper Brenita valley.
 November 28—Armistice negotiations begun with Germany by Bolsheviki.
 November 29—Lord Lansdowne urges peace negotiations.
 December 1—Germans repulsed at Cambrai.
 December 2—Bolsheviks make armistice agreement with Germany, releasing German troops on Russian front for service elsewhere.
 December 7—United States declares war against Austria-Hungary.
 December 8—United States destroyer "Jacob Jones" reported sunk.
 December 10—British capture Jerusalem.
 December 16—Bolsheviks make truce with Germany.
 December 17—German destroyers raid British convoy, sinking eleven vessels. United States House of Representatives and Senate vote for national prohibition.
 December 20—German "Christmas peace" offer published.
 December 22—Peace conference at Brest-Litovsk between Bolsheviki and Germans.
 December 27—President Wilson appoints Secretary McAdoo director-general of all railroads in the United States.

THE WAR IN THE AIR



Pach Photo News

THE DESTRUCTION OF A ZEPPELIN

A SPECTACULAR BATTLE OVER NO MAN'S LAND. THE ZEPPELIN HAS BEEN STRUCK BY A SHELL FROM THE ALLIED
AEROPLANE, WHICH IS MAKING ITS SAFE ESCAPE. TWO GERMAN OFFICERS WATCH
THE FIGHT FROM A CAVE BEHIND THEIR LINES



Paul Thompson

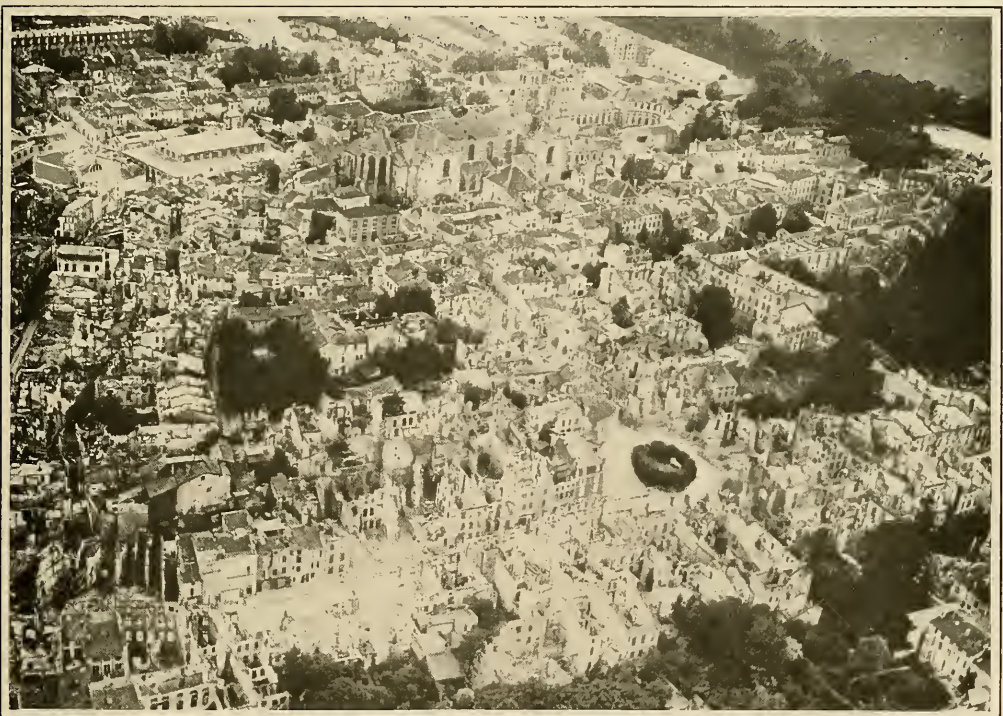
The shell-scarred battlefield of Verdun—the photograph from an aeroplane shows the trench lines, the redoubts (where the trenches are looped) and the old works of Douaumont, in the upper part of the photograph, where the shell-craters cover the surface



© Underwood

THE RAIN OF DEATH

Looking over a battlefield on the western front while the artillery blasts the way ahead for another Allied charge



© Underwood

THE SKELETON OF A CITY

How Verdun looked after being shelled for five months by heavy German fire for "political" and "sentimental" reasons



Louman opneret, © N. Y. H

Fighting in the dark—star shells from the German lines at the left and from the Belgians at the right. To the eye they appear as a shooting ball of fire that for a moment lights up the terrain. The camera records them as a streak of light

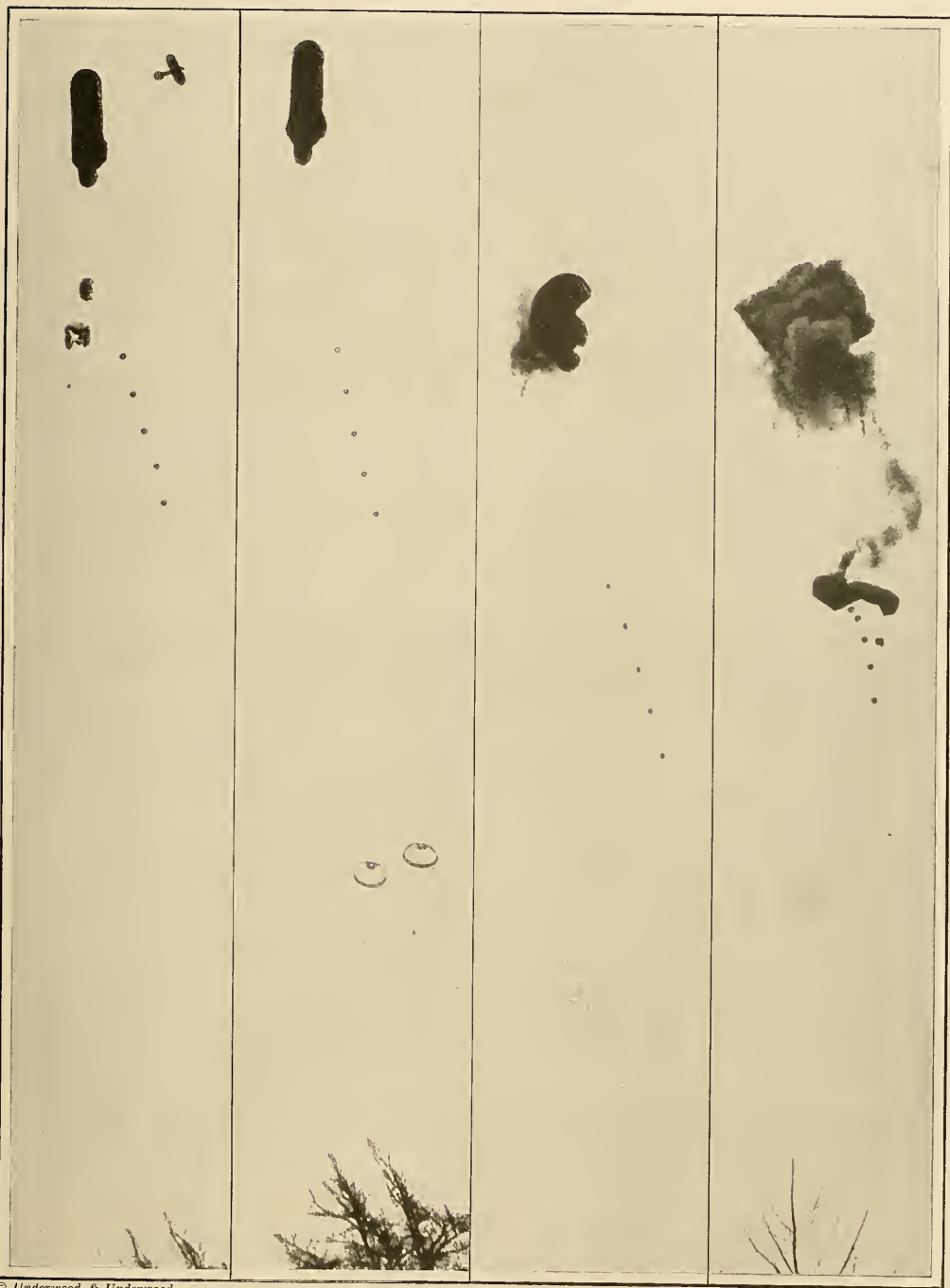


Underwood & Underwood



Janet M. Cummins

Ghostly enough is this Zeppelin over darkened London A bursting star shell suddenly silhouettes a French lookout



© Underwood & Underwood

A four-act thriller: the destruction of an observation balloon and the escape of its crew. In the first picture the French war-plane has fired incendiary shells into the German balloon from which the observers have already dropt in their parachutes. In the next the parachutes open; and the crew are probably safe on the ground as the balloon finally bursts into flames



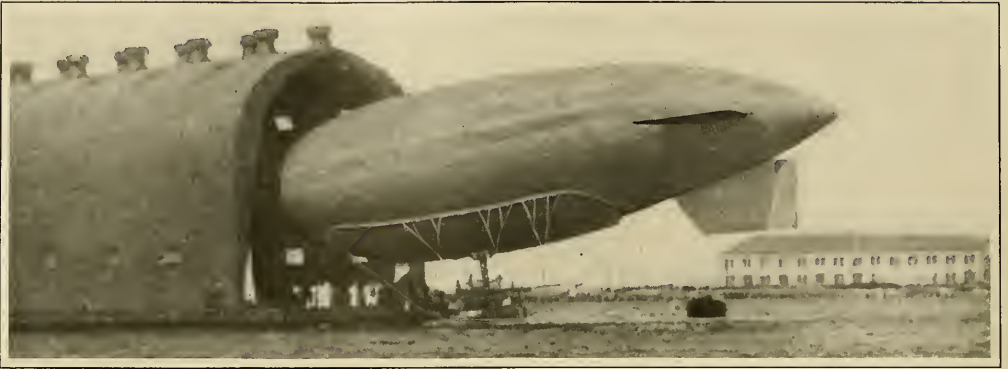
© American Press

Defying the prince of the powers of the air in France—an aeroplane flying thru bursting shrapnel on the western front



Photograph from London Illustrated News

The airship in the rôle of hawk. These scouts for submarines were first used to furnish eyes for the British patrol fleet



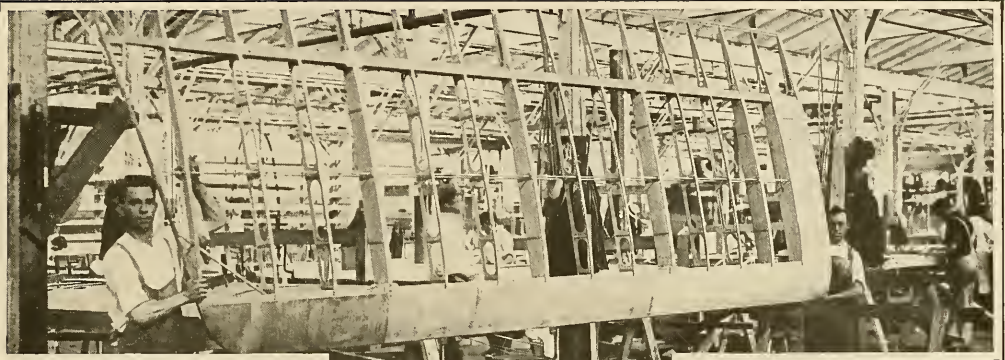
© International Film

A dirigible of our own—the aviation post at Pensacola, Florida, has been trying out this new type of war balloon



© Underwood & Underwood

Death astern! Pursuing British aeroplanes photographed from a Zeppelin raider. The white puffs are exploding bombs

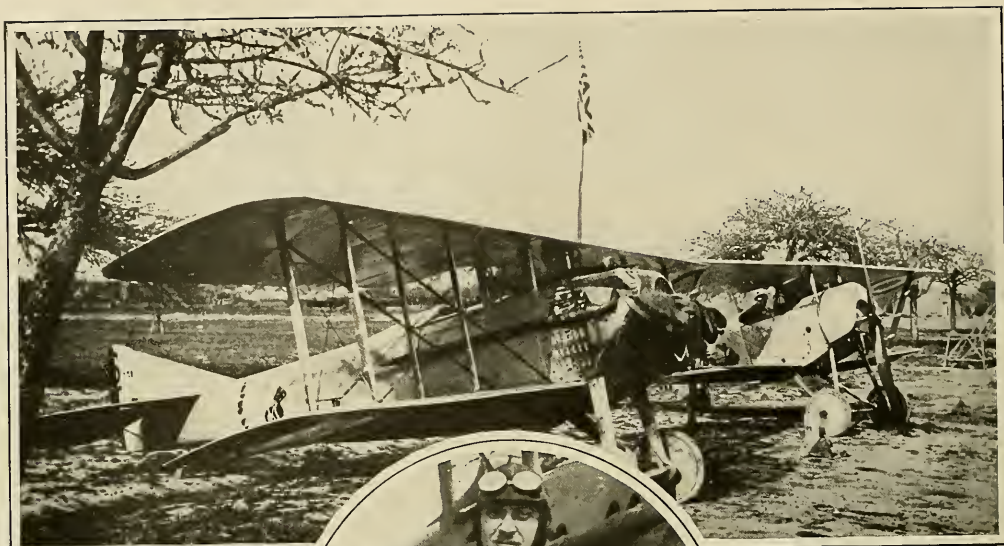


© Underwood & Underwood

Bain

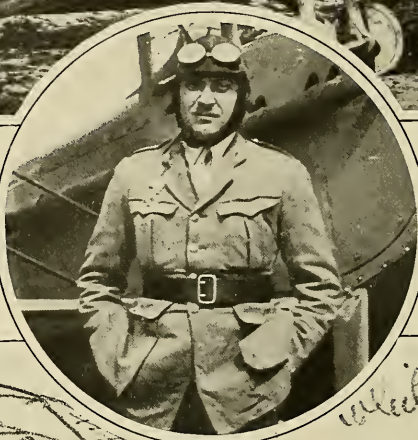
That this war must be won with wings has been generally accepted as an axiom, but the construction of the wings is a costly and complex business. Every part must be carefully examined and tested. The picture below shows a machine being rolled out to have its engine tried. The men above are constructing a frame. The boy on the left is stitching the linen which is to be stretched over wings and frame. On the right is the finishing touch, painting on the emblem of the United States





Underwood & Underwood
FIRST OVER

Americans who fought in France early in the war. Corporal Edward F. Hinkle, of the Lafayette Escadrille, formerly of Cincinnati, was the first man to carry the American flag over the French lines. He designed the Indian head, below, which the Escadrille has adopted.



THE LAFAYETTE
ESCADRILLE

Above are two planes in full war paint. The Indian head, on each machine, the rudders are decorated with red, white and blue stripes, and on the upper surface of the planes is the red, white and blue circle, field and star. Their nationality is plain



International Film

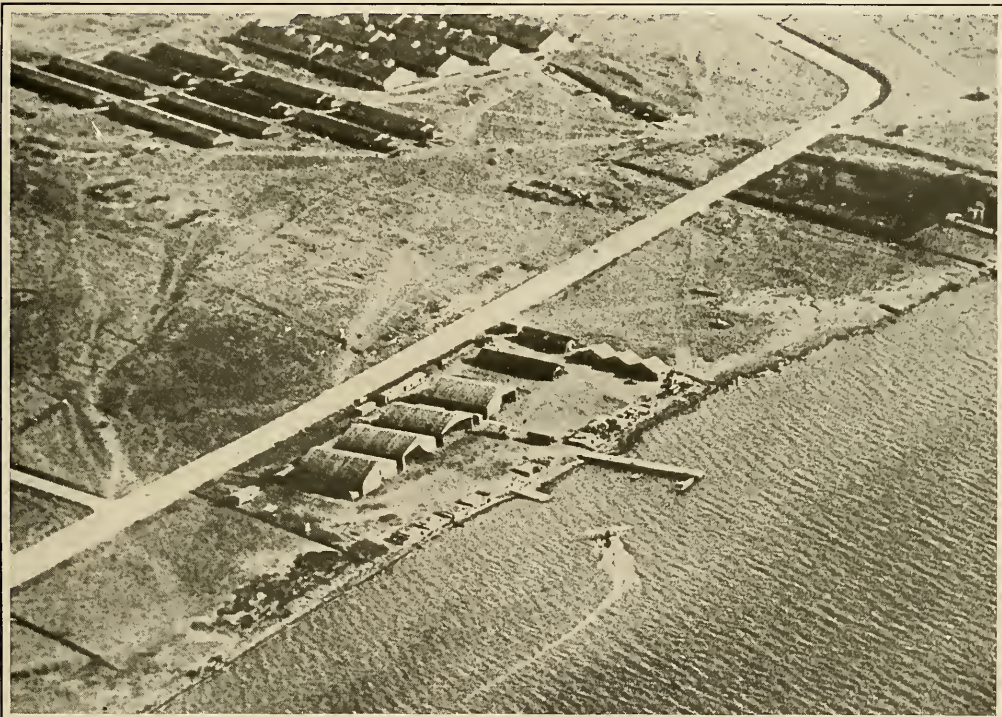
Corporal Hinkle's original design and directions for the Escadrille Indian head, enclosed in one of his letters home



Kodak & Herbert

OUT FOR THE EARLY FLIGHT

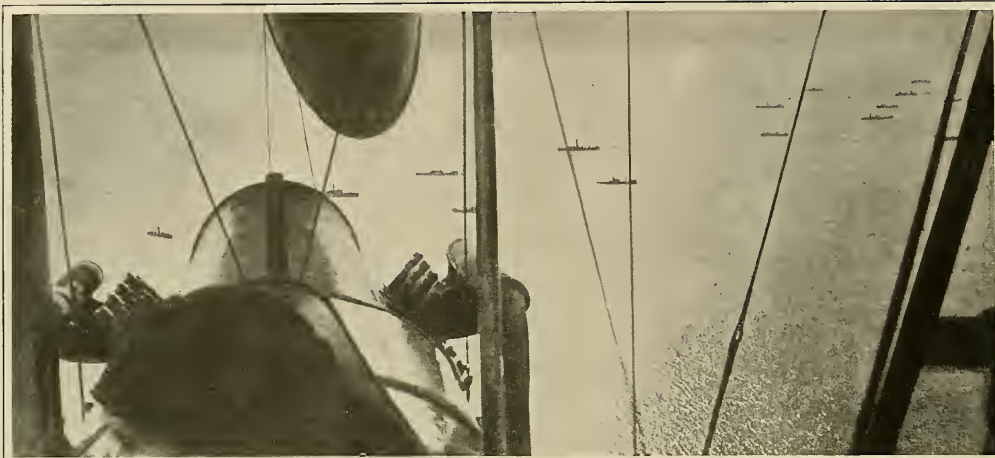
The men who blazed the trail for United States participation in the war—American aviators of the "Lafayette Escadrille"



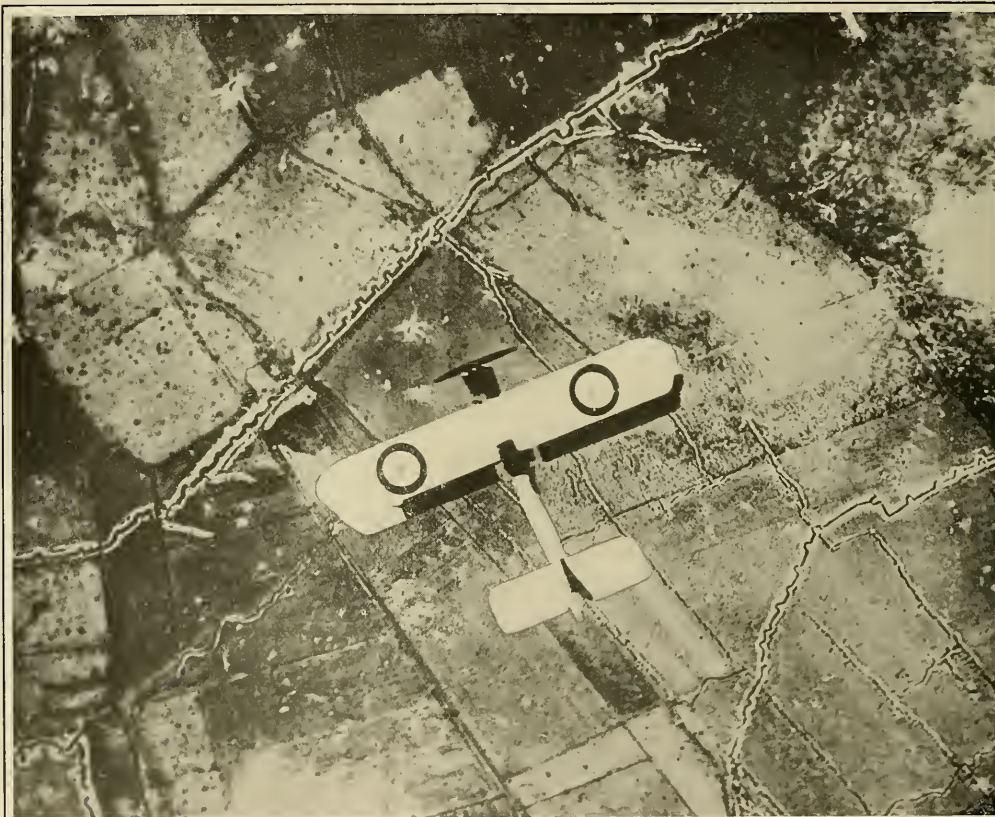
Central News

A HYDROPLANE COMING IN

From a French observation balloon the occupants photographed this Allied hydroplane returning to its hangar



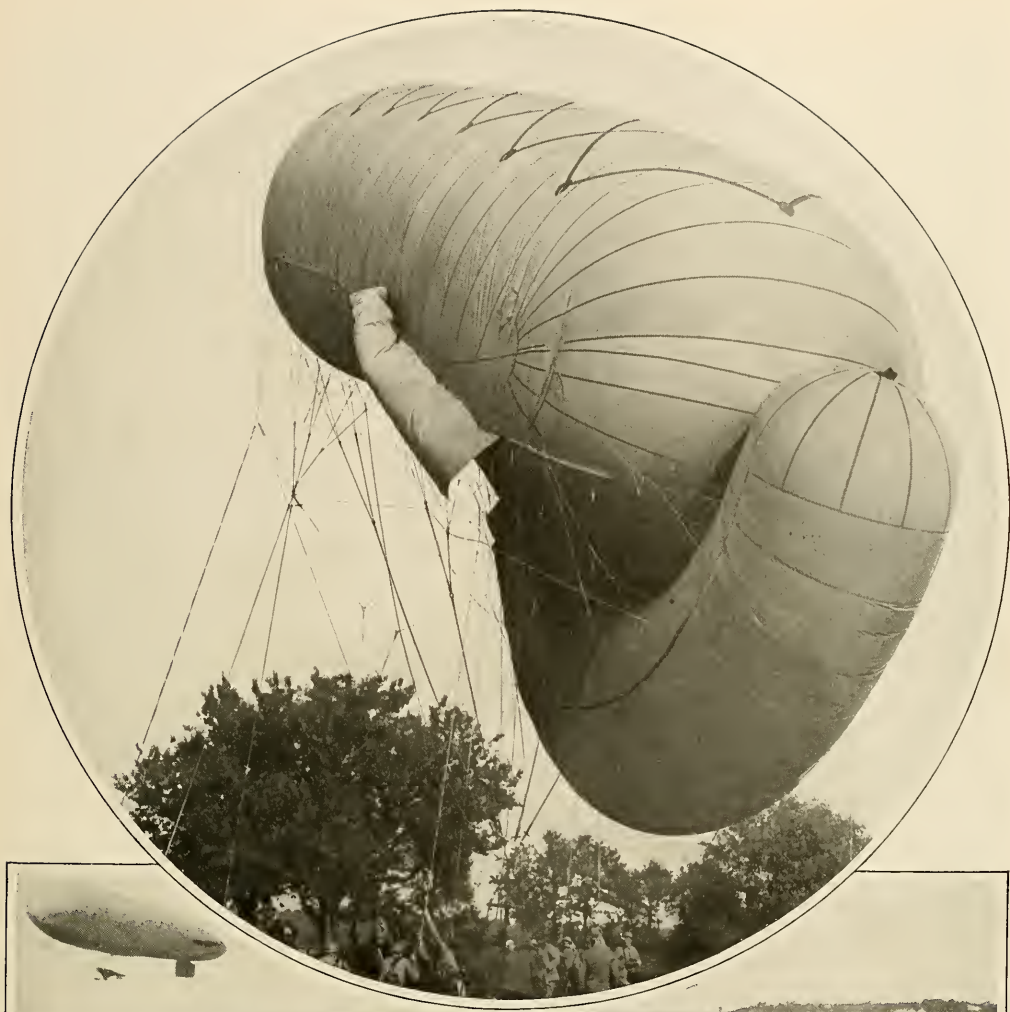
AN AIR SCOUT'S STRATEGIC VIEW OF BATTLESHIP MANEUVERS



Underwood & Underwood

THE EYES OF THE ARMY

The British identification marks on the wings of this scouting plane seem to be staring straight down at the enemy trenches. This photograph was taken from another fighting plane flying over it at a height of several thousand feet above the ground



French official photograph from Paul Thompson

"H. M. S. SAUSAGE"—THE BRITISH NAVY IN THE AIR

Central News

Kite-balloons—otherwise known as "sausages"—are used all along the battle line to spot the enemy positions and to direct artillery fire. The bustle-like arrangement at the end holds the balloon steady. The lower photograph shows a dirigible guarding the coast

WHAT A MAN MUST DO TO FLY



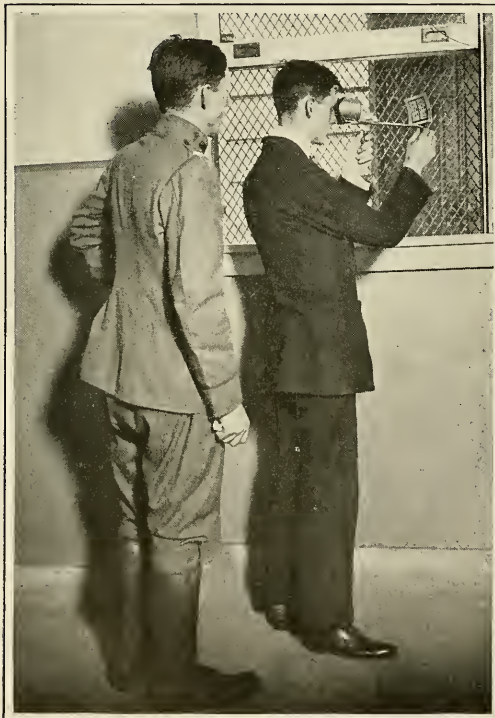
"PAST POINTING," AN IMPORTANT TEST

Try whirling round in a chair ten times in ten seconds with your eyes closed, and when you stop touch the director's hand. If your "balance" is normal you'll point past three times before you touch



TWO LIGHTS—OR ONE?

The candle flame test for muscle balance—the apparatus duplicates the flame and the candidate must see the two lights just above each other when the bubble in the spirit level is exactly centered



Photographs copyright by Paul Thompson

DO YOU SEE THINGS AS THEY ARE?

This vision test for depth and distance is important. Suppose you saw ahead a couple of enemy scouts and your own hangar—a lot depends on gaging the distances with speed and accuracy

MUCH DEPENDS ON THE SEMI-CIRCULAR CANALS

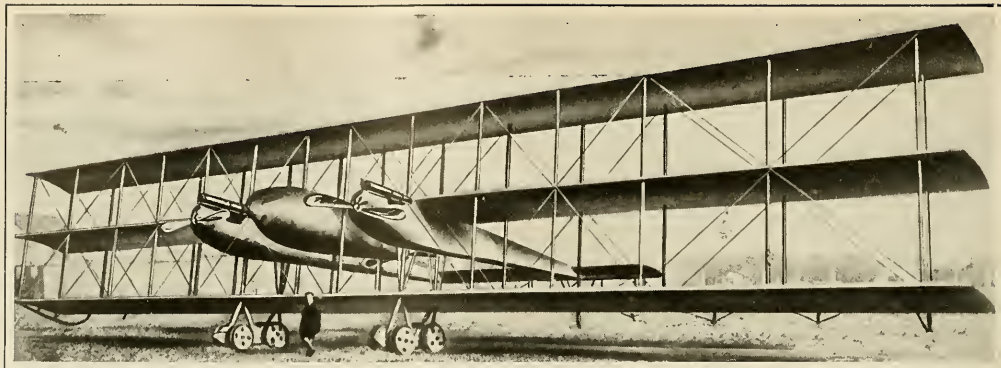
More necessary than "nerve" or vision are the semi-circular canals in your inner ear. The candidate in the chair was whirled to the left and told to hold his head up. It fell to the left—as it should



International Film

WAR IN THE THIRD DIMENSION

The exciting chase of an Italian warplane after an Austrian invader (on the right). The acroplane is sentinel in the Italian Alps



International Film

The Caproni triplane established a new record in aeroplane power. It can maintain a speed of eighty miles an hour and carry over four thousand pounds—which may include fuel for a six hours' flight, a crew of three people, three guns and 2750 pounds of bombs



Kadel & Herbert

Above the battle. An airman's photograph of one of the big gas attacks in Flanders when the Allies swept forward on a six-mile front



THE ONLY WAY

WE MUST WIN THE WAR WITH WINGS

BY DONALD WILHELM



IT may be, in solemn truth, that this war will have to be won in the air. No longer can infantry advances be made on large scale without protection of curtains of fire. And curtains of fire must be controlled from the air. It may be following no more than the irresistible and terrible logic of this thought, then, if we accept the report that the Allies have at times been driven out of the air, that American eagles—American aeroplanes—must win the war; that America will have to furnish to her allies not three or four thousand aeroplanes but perhaps tens of thousands.

Let us ponder that fact well.

Let us note that the eyes of an army are in its aeroplanes, and that the day of speculation about the worth of the bird to which America gave birth is past. Aeroplanes have been demonstrated to be more important in war than almost any of the fifty factors that have wrought the tremendous change from three or four possible combinations in war—man with club versus man without club, etc.—to the tremendous number of over twenty-five hundred. We Americans, quite unwittingly, are guilty of ingenuity that has turned warfare from a fight into a science and kept burning all these years, steadily in the ascendancy, the damning fever of arms. We have done vastly more than all the rest of the world put together to complicate war and to throw the relatively kind old man-to-man fight into innocuous desuetude. An American devised the ironclad, for instance. An American devised the revolver, and another the submarine, and another the



International Film

A SUBMARINE DONE FOR?

telegraph, and another the telephone, another perfected the device for taking up the recoil on the howitzer and another invented the aeroplane. And the result has been that, in the world of armament, the study of possible combinations between military factors had, before the Great War burst into flames, grown apace in all the great nations

except America—a curious spectacle surely: America, the younger brother, giving the means of destruction to the older nations while sitting back with no thought of a Great Affliction on the morrow.

And now we are in the midst of the third year of the Great Affliction and there are two offspring of ours that require attention: the submarine and the aeroplane.

The submarine is our menace.

The aeroplane is our hope.

The aeroplane has grown, as it were, very rapidly to maturity. Only seven years ago, in the hangars at the first great aero meet in America, the Wright brothers—quiet men addicted forever to tinkering and adjusting their engines and planes—Glen Curtis, Claude Grahame-White, Ralph Johnstone, and others, used to sit back, smoke and make assertions about the use of aeroplanes in war. These assertions, for the most part, read like the stuff of dreams.

But these dreams have come to realization.

"Give me one air scout in preference to a battalion of cavalry," General Pershing said in Mexico. And another officer asserted: "Cavalry now belongs to the auxiliaries—the infantry and the artillery on land and the aeroplane aloft constitute the fighting forces now."

But perhaps some of us need proof of the vital part played in modern war by the aeroplane?

Let us look, then, at a description of that part—description by a brilliant English aviation officer.

Major Rees of the British Aviation



© International Film

A UNITED STATES ARMY PLANE DIRECTING THE ADVANCE OF TROOPS

Corps, who won the Order of Distinguished Merit, and also the Victoria Cross in service at the front and came wounded with the British Commission to America, said:

"The first essential of aviation service is reconnaissance work. Perhaps the next essential in point of importance is artillery work.

"The machines used in checking artillery ranges are relatively slow. They have to be protected by speedy fighting machines.

"A little further out we have our photographer machines. It is very important indeed, from time to time, to make complete series of photographs of all enemy lines. Most of this work is done by squads. The machines are sent out in groups—photographer machines with guards.

"Still further out we have reconnaissance machines—some of these are out thirty miles or more; others are close to our own lines.

"And then we have special duty machines to drop papers, for use when advances are being made and communications are cut off, etc. They work with different parties of troops—infantry or cavalry—on the grounds. If infantry run out of ammunition they signal up, and the aviator signals back to supplies. If a detachment meets a nest of machine guns, the aviator sends back word about it. This work is done very close to the ground. Much of the work, in fact, must be done close to the ground. Bombing, for instance. We know that every time we drop a bomb on a railway track it means eight hours' work for the Germans. We want to do more of this. We can't now—we can't spare the machines, for most of them are engaged in reconnaissance work, which is most necessary. Bombing is done by squadrons, and, since one is hardly ever in the air at all without anti-aircraft gunfire breaking near, the casualties are high"—the casualties among the aviators are fourth, it is said officially, in point of percentage, in the English army.

"Often," Major Rees went on, "you see machines coming back with wires streaming out behind them, or some other part just hanging to the rest, or, perhaps the engine has had a cylinder crippled. Nearly every machine is hit somewhere on every trip. If you look at the airdrome behind the lines you will find one-half the machines can fly, the other half are being repaired. If we can repair the machine in two days we do so, otherwise we send it back to the depot.

"All this goes on day by day, Sundays and all. We start at work at 2:30 in the morning and continue until after sunset. The last patrol stays up to spot the enemy flashes. In the twilight, one can see the flashes much easier.

"We send over our lines every day a thousand machines. The average time is two hours a day. A machine hardly ever continues in service fifty hours. Either it is shot up or has to have new

parts or perhaps a new engine, or perhaps it had to come down because it crippled one of its wings. Engines last nominally one hundred hours, but an engine seldom lasts that long. You can consider, I think, about two months to every machine. I don't think any aviator lasts more than six months. That requires a large personnel."

ONE may see from all this the tremendous uses made of our good American eagle—the aeroplane!

And the Germans are using it!

On the European battle fronts there has been almost continuous fighting for the supremacy of the air because each side knows that to win the domination of the air is to ride the Allies down, on one hand, and on the other to rule for the nonce all Germania. France might not exist today if her aviators had been inferior. (The French honor the aviators for that. Every French patriot loves those aviators. In France those who used to do homage used to bow and whisper "My prince!" Now they bow and whisper "My aviator!") Which is only semi-official! But it was asserted officially, by one of the members of the French mission to America that if Joffre had not employed the American Eagle on the Marne "the Huns might have marched into Paris."

Says a celebrated French officer:

"The French had only a hundred machines when the Germans stabbed at Paris. The Germans had built railroads near the Belgian frontier so as to enable them to bring a large number of troops in a very short time. The French headquarters knew this. We knew that the Germans were planning to invade Belgium, but we thought that the main attack would come thru Alsace, which—Heaven help us!—we shall have back again! So only three French army corps were sent to Belgium, and Joffre hurried the rest and all reserves eastward.

"It was the French aviators that flew with the word that tremendous masses of troops were pouring thru Belgium. The aviators brought that word in time. They saved France from annihilation.

"And again at the battle of the Somme. At Verdun the aviators had been saved for the Somme. That was right. And then, for three weeks, during that great battle, the Allies, as a result, held domination in the air. The result was that our artillery fire was conducted splendidly.

"The German beast was blinded. The eyes of his artillery were out."

NOW let us Americans consider the situation! Let us ascertain whether in this article I have written mere enthusiasm of a kind that in the days of the first aero meets in America stirred imagination more than anything else! Let us note that we can without doubt send over thousands of troops, but will they arrive too late? Will they be poured down a bottomless sluice and

poured and poured and poured! We can send troops, of course; but long before we can send enough troops to make perceptible changes in a battle line where millions of troops are engaged, we can send aeroplanes, squadrons of them! We can't send them tomorrow, nor the next day—our long callousness, our long and persisting refusal intelligently to take a disagreeable situation as it is and to ward off the Great Offender, has its toll now. But we can send them soon.

I went to a member of the Aircraft Board—a man high in position—one of those admirable American manufacturers who are saving the nation in this emergency. I asked him flatly how long—*how long* is the essence of everything now!—it would take his organization to get under way. "We can get under way at once," he said emphatically. "If there is one thing that we Americans stand for it is quantity! For Americans, when the designing and the engineering work is done, output is easy. And this output will be swift and sure. We can get out forty thousand engines, twenty thousand planes before next spring. Give us the money and we can get out that many by next spring and increase the output steadily, but we can't do that if we don't start till months from now. We must start *now*!"

"Then why don't you?" I demanded.

He threw out his hands. "We haven't the money," he said.

THERE is evidence that the Aircraft Board is ready for its stupendous task in the manner in which it has utilized and coordinated cooperation all along the line and in the manner in which it is providing for aviation training. Three of nine camps appropriated for are rapidly being made in readiness. And already, waiting for them to be finished, in dozens of colleges the most alert men of the land—college athletes preferably—are learning the rudiments, in special concentrated courses, of military training, of machine gun handling, astronomy (aviators must know that, for they often have to steer by the stars), of navigation, waiting for those camps to be got ready to receive them, after which camp training they will see further training abroad.

In land warfare aeroplanes are used in a thousand ways. England is providing for fifteen thousand during the coming year—evidence enough of their usefulness.

In sea warfare they are almost as important, altho used in numbers considerably smaller. The "America"—the giant seaplane that was scheduled to cross the Atlantic just when the war broke out—demonstrated some of the uses of the seaplane soon after it was set to scout work in British waters. Once it swooped down and crippled the periscope of a submarine. Twice, soon afterward, it saw, from its perch on high, submarines under water. It

watched, circling about, calling its friends the water craft, till they came up and "finished the job."

Enough has been written to make clear—if any one longer doubts—the military uses of the aeroplane. It is no exaggeration to say that just as a man without a club has little chance with a man who has a club—about as little chance as a man with bow and arrow has against a man with a revolver—so it has become convincingly clear to those in close touch with the military situation abroad that an army without aeroplanes is, in no small degree, at the mercy of an army equipt with them. France has thousands of aeroplanes. England has more. We in America have hardly any. Yet, considering our infinite coast and border line, we should have most of all.

But the point isn't what we *should have*—the point is what we *must have* to keep the Germans from winning the war!

And three thousand machines are not enough! Not nearly enough.

Week by week, however, especially since the foreign missions came to America, there has been growing in Washington a general conviction that the war can be won with aeroplanes. The Aero Club of America has been for years arguing eloquently for the development of our aerial resources. General Squier and the Signal Corps in Washington have done wonders toward laying out the lines that Howard Coffin, of the Council of National Defense, with the members of the committee of which he is chairman, is ready to utilize in getting together an aerial fleet. The council is given the task of mobilizing the phases of industry necessary to the building of 3000 planes the first year.

It has had the coöperation of the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics—which has been at work for over two years—and the aid of not a few technical institutions such as Massachusetts Institute of Technology and many of the facilities of Cornell. Altogether, thus, important steps toward standardization of army-navy aeroplanes have been taken. The thirty odd aeroplane manufacturers in America, who have been making machines of nearly as many models, coöperated admirably with the National Advisory Committee at the beginning and are co-operating with the council now. Moreover, the whole aeroplane industry is particularly mobile and plastic because it is new and enthusiastic. It is hard to believe, in fact, how many of the men engaged in it and how many technical men engaged primarily with other functions have given their time and efforts and funds toward working out army-navy aeroplane problems—problems of instruments such as those involved in making altimeters, drift meters, tachometers, other meters; problems of finding a substitute for the surface cloth heretofore imported from Ireland and England; problems of providing a substitute for weather-dried spruce, the ideal wood for aeroplanes—a substitute of high specific density, even a metal, that can be got ready for extensive manufacture in much less time than the year or two years required to season spruce in the open air. All technical problems, practically, have been met and solved. Even engine difficulties have been overcome nearly altogether, and the engine problem is an important one. "The needs of the army and navy," said J. F. Victory, of the Advisory Committee, in May, "are now estimated to be

3000 machines in the first year and 4000 or 5000 in the two succeeding years, on the basis of keeping 1000 machines in the air, on which basis we shall need two extra engines for every machine. Engines wear out and need overhauling constantly."

These problems all are complex, but they are now in the background and the question of supplying more than 3000 machines in the first year is coming more and more pertinently into the foreground. "Three thousand machines," said a Government official, "are not enough."

Such assertions have become more and more prevalent and have, of course, had their effect on Chairman Coffin. His point of view is, very briefly, this: "If the Government wants more machines it simply needs to supply the money and say so. We'll get them!"

And America, it is believed, is going to need them! America—so the conviction is everywhere gaining strength—must, and can, match her eagles against any brood of flying machines that there are. We don't all realize that we have got to provide ourselves with the efficient means for all possible combinations that may arise in this war; we must remember that the aeroplane enters as a common factor into more possible combinations against an enemy than any other war factor. We can produce aeroplanes almost without number; and there is need of them almost without number. It is certain that we shall need many for defense; it is certain that we shall want more and more for offense. They are—these American eagles—characteristically American "birds," fit emissaries to prompt the boche that we are on the job.

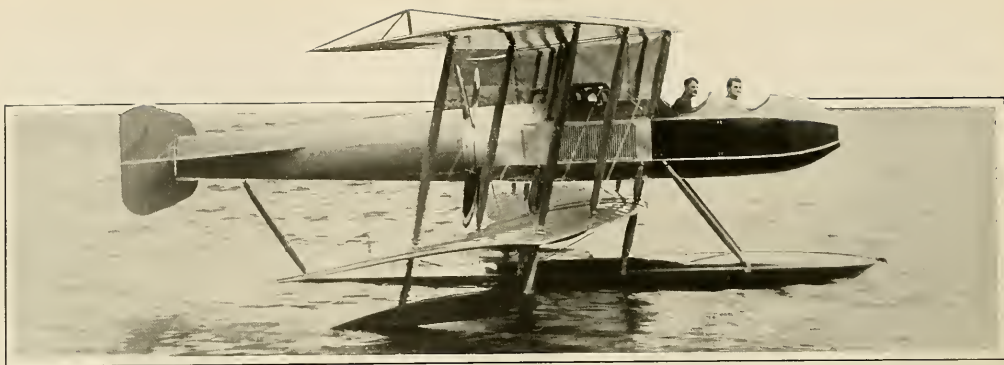
Washington



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FRENCH AVIATORS WHO WILL HELP THE AMERICAN EAGLE LEARN TO USE ITS WINGS

These aviators, sent from France to instruct American airmen, are inspecting a New York aviation training station in company with American officers and aeronautic men. They are, from left to right: Lt. de Mandrot; Henry Woodhouse, governor of the Aero Club of America; Lt. Marquisan; Rear Admiral Bradley A. Fiske, U. S. N.; Lt. Montriol; Allan R. Hawley, president of the Aero Club of America; Capt. Fitzgerald; Lt. Lucas; Lt. Rader, of the U. S. Air Service; Lt. Mairesse; Lt. Nasser; and Lt. Lemaire



THE AERIAL COAST PATROL

BY JOHN HAYS HAMMOND, JR.

TODAY the ocean does not separate us from the other continents, but rather it joins us to them, forming a high road for invasion over which troops can move thirty times faster than over land.

Our five thousand odd miles of coast line present a great vulnerable stretch of territory protected only by the existence of a fleet now third among those of the powers. The distance of our coast line from the enemy's territory should not be measured as the breadth of the Atlantic or Pacific, for no nation would attempt operations with such extended lines of communication. Hawaii in the Pacific or some of the West Indies in the Atlantic would form the stepping stone of the invasion. From these points, once secured, the enemy would approach our shores, screening the purpose of his movements with swift cruisers and scouts and by sweeping before him our scouting planes with battle planes accompanying the fleet.

The purpose of the invader's forces is not to bombard our coast towns, nor to carry out any useless raiding expeditions, but it is to meet our fleet under such circumstances as are most favorable to him. Thanks to the coast defenses, the important coastal cities are self-protecting and the United States fleet is allowed a complete mobility. It would not be long therefore before the opposing naval forces met to dispute the mastery of the seas. At this great moment, millions would be voted in Washington for the construction of new battleships!

If we should win, the war would probably be over; should we lose, the war would have just begun. The fragments of our beaten fleet would be driven back upon their bases, where they would be blockaded and muzzled like the Russians at Port Arthur. Once the seas were cleared, the enemy's transports would put to sea, and it is then that the great system of an aerial coastal patrol would begin to function.

Mr. Hammond, whose father is a mining engineer and publicist of world-wide experience, is the inventor of a coast defense torpedo controlled by wireless energy from the shore, and a member of the advisory board to the U. S. Naval Board of Inventors.

The operation of the aerial coastal patrol as planned by me in June, 1915, was a system to warn our land forces of the operations made by the enemy for the purpose of landing troops.

TO meet suddenly an enemy's landing operations on our coasts, it is necessary that we have forces of a specific character and of defensive ability to counter him. With the first signals from an aeroplane warning of landing operations at a given point, preparation could be made to send by railroad to that point special high angle fire artillery mounted on railroad trucks. This artillery, situated at a predetermined distance from the point of landing, would deliver great bursts of shrapnel over the landing parties of the enemy. Supported by this fire and in direct vision of the landing forces, there should be companies of machine guns that have been carried to the scene of action, either by armored motor cars or specially constructed motorcycles. Each machine gun is supposed to be the equivalent in firing value of fifty rifles. The effect of landing operations against shrapnel shot from 12-inch mortars, and against the deadly fire of entrenched machine guns, would be practical annihilation for the landing forces.

At this time a general concentration of the aeroplanes patrolling the coast could be made at the point of landing. This concentration would be for the purpose of overpowering the enemy's air craft and thereby prohibiting him from knowing the extent of our reinforcements. The chief factor in prohibiting the enemy from obtaining a

strong entrenched foothold upon any part of our coast is the factor of the length of time required for us to concentrate at that point sufficient men and artillery to arrest the landing operations.

While this matter would have great importance to the heavy artillery on railroad trucks, and on motor drawn caterpillar wheels, the situated away from the fire of the ships, the matter of the time of arrival would have a special significance to those troops meeting the enemy at close range with machine guns. It would be necessary for these troops to choose such protected positions as to be safeguarded from the shells of the ships supporting the landing forces, and therefore they would desire to entrench themselves as strongly as possible.

To bring these necessary forces to the scene of the enemy's landing there should be a number of points of mobilization for men and guns, and these points should be situated at certain intervals along the coast, so as to be as nearly equidistant as possible from the various feasible landing places in their zone. Thus, each center of mobilization could tell to the minute how rapidly it could concentrate its force at any point. Forewarned, as the land forces would be by the broadly scattered coastal patrol, it would be possible for them almost always to anticipate the landings of the enemy, and prevent the landing of any appreciable force.

Certain people have imagined that a system of aerial coastal patrol was an endeavor to supplant certain functions of the navy. This is not the case, for the navy, using hydroaeroplanes operating from ships, would form the first line of patrols. These patrols would be feeling for the enemy in the first stages of the invasion. After a definite fleet action had taken place, the system of coastal patrol would unquestionably prove a tremendous factor in the national defense.

New York City

THE FIGHT ON THE SEA



© Photograph by E. Muller, Jr., New York

A BLAST FROM THE "MICHIGAN"



© E. Muller, Jr.

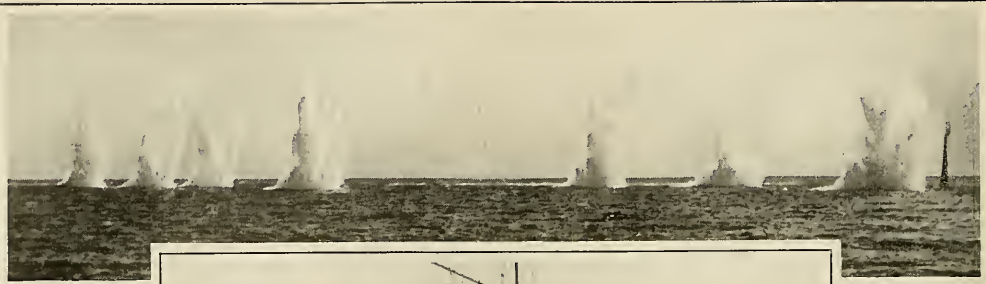
Somewhere off the coast of France—a characteristic sample of our mobilized war forces already in action on the other side



Underwood & Underwood

JACK

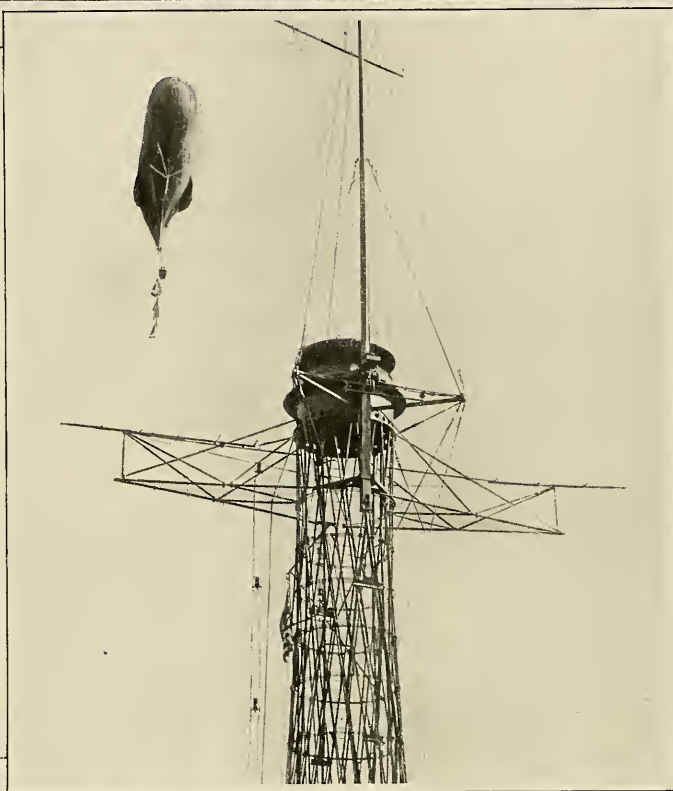
At Harvard in Massachusetts, at Dunwoody in Michigan and at Newport News are the big training schools where naval reservists are graduated in a few months with a general knowledge of seamanship and specialized training in some one department of the navy



GOOD GUNNING

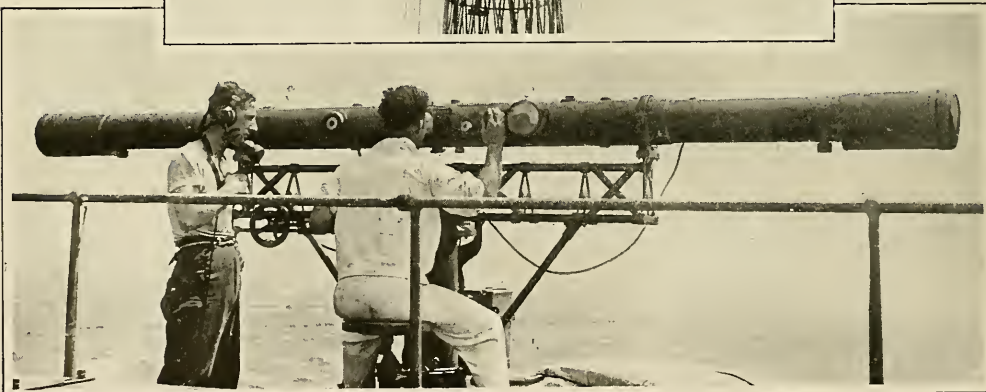
The United States navy is proud of a good many things, but it is proudest of all, perhaps, of its marksmanship. These pictures show the way they do it with the fourteen inch guns on the "Oklahoma." The narrow black thing at the extreme right of the picture at the top of the page is a target. The shell went right thru it, and ricocheted, because shells don't sink at once, along the water just the way a stone does if you skip it well. It makes a very pretty picture. Part of its charm, tho, is the pleasant sense of security it gives one to look at it. That target might have been the periscope of a submarine and when you are shooting at submarines it is just as well to shoot straight

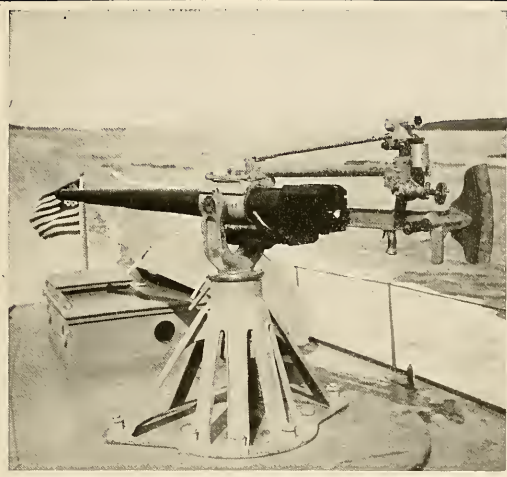
International Film



THE EYES OF THE NAVY

The observation balloon isn't quite as exciting to go up in as an aeroplane but don't imagine that it's easy. When a balloon is attached to the fighting mast of a ship it pitches and tosses and sways so that it takes an observer a long time to get accustomed to the motion—even tho he may be a good sailor. The men below are operating one of the big range finders which are very important factors in good marksmanship. That distances on the water are very deceptive and strong sunlight often very dazzling are facts that should add just a bit to our admiration for the navy—if it needs to be added to. And good gunnery isn't the only good thing about the United States Navy!

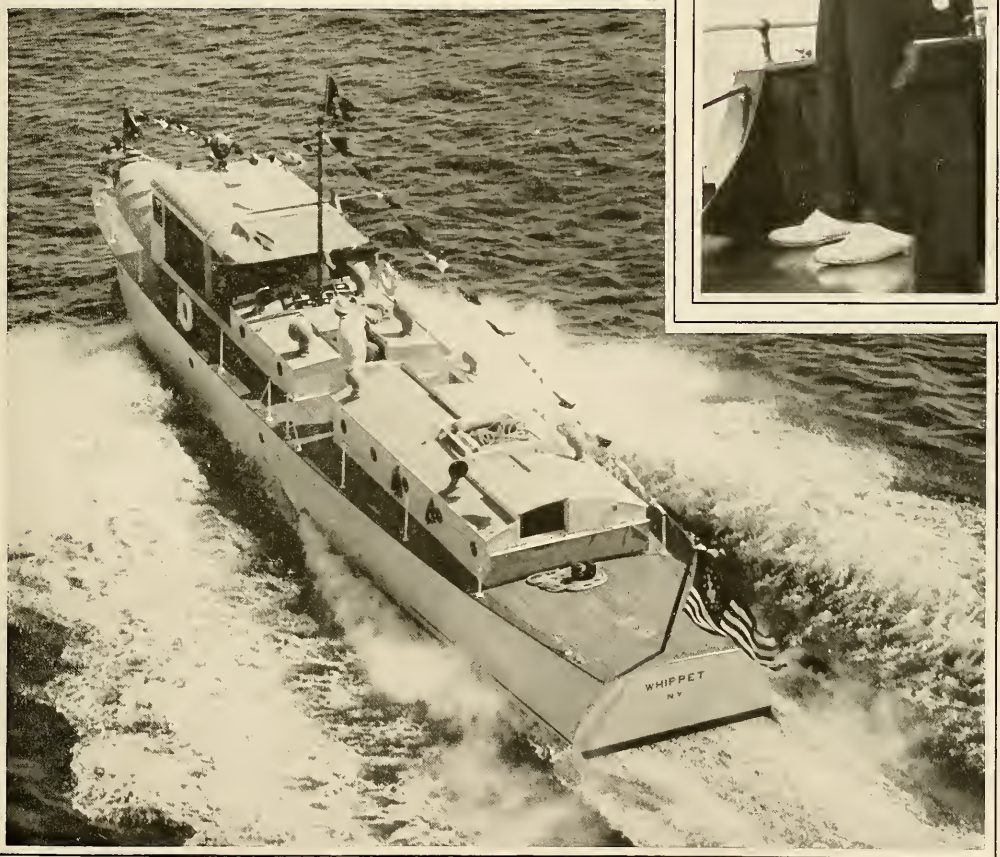




Lieutenant John W. Wilcox, U. S. N., directing the maneuvers of the mobilized motor-boat owners. To the left is the big-

gest gun mounted by any boat of the Mosquito Fleet. It is on the speedy "Chingachhook" (26 to 30 knots) and would prove troublesome to a submarine that ventured within range

Leetick-Paul Thompson



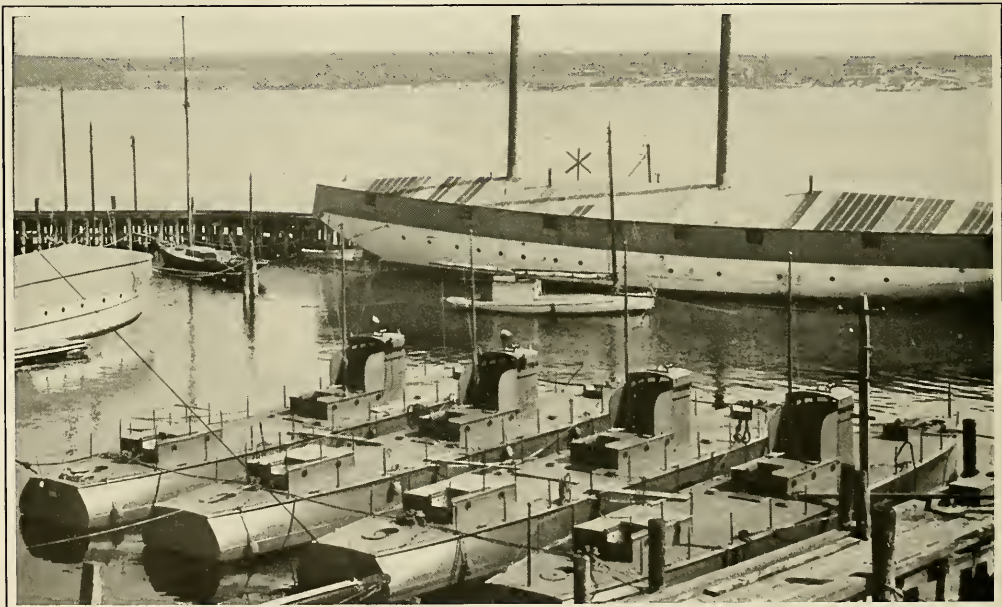
Leetick

A "Mosquito Fleet" of motor boats was mobilized at New York in September, 1916, to be drilled as an auxiliary naval defense



© American Press

A defense plan early in the war—the mosquito fleet of submarine chasers. These were built at Greenport, Long Island



© American Press

A considerable part of the \$115,000,000 naval emergency fund was used to construct small craft such as these



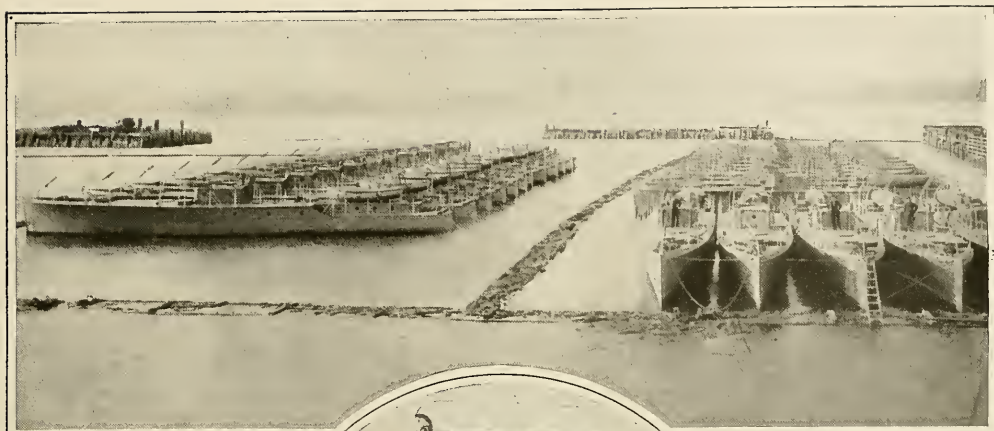
© Underwood & Underwood

"Our deep-tongued guns give answer"—An extraordinary photograph of the gunner on one battleship firing at another



© International Film

The liner "La Touraine" coming into an American port. The gun mounted on the stern is the French answer to submarines



© International Film

The British "sea-wasps"—submarine chasers, mosquito fleet, "stabbers" are some of their other names—have been England's effective answer to the German undersea attack. They were built by the Submarine Boat Corporation in this country, 550 of them; they mount 3-inch, rapid-fire guns, their speed is twenty-two miles an hour, and because they draw only four and a half feet of water they are immune from torpedo attack. The "sea-wasps" work in conjunction with an aeroplane to locate the submarines

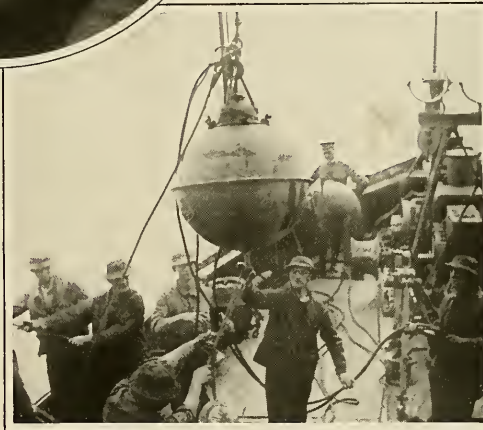


Paul Thompson

New York Harbor is thoroughly mined: "Most elaborate and intricate mine field ever devised will safeguard nation's water gate," is one headline description. It sounds extra-hazardous for harbor tug-boats till you stop to think that there are mines, and mines. These are not contact mines, of course; their menace is latent until, or unless, necessity for defense arises, and the coast artillery engineers are given the word to set them off. At the left the commander of our submarine fleet, Rear-Admiral Grant



© American Press



The work of mining the harbor. The mines were carried out on patrol boats, then lowered over the side and "placed"



© International Film

CAN THE OLD NEW ENGLAND SHIPYARDS WIN THIS WAR?

The four-masted schooner—invented in New England, named in New England dialect, built into one of New England's chief industries and mourned in every New England seaport since steam superseded sails—has come back into its own, for upon our production of wooden shipping largely depends the Allies' victory over Germany's U-boat blockade



© Underwood & Underwood

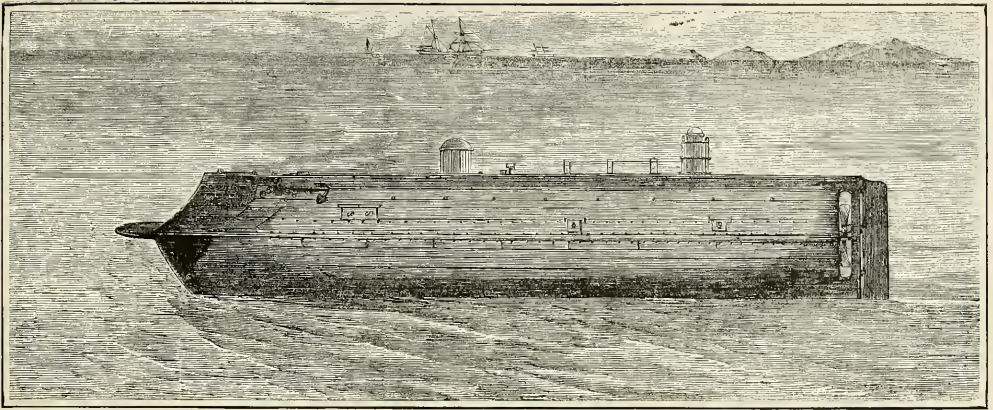
TURKISH TRANSPORTS ON THE TIGRIS

All supplies for the British expedition into Mesopotamia had to be brought up the Tigris from the Persian Gulf. The native rafts, as may be seen, were quite inadequate, and steamers had hard work getting up the river on account of the floods



© E. Muller, Jr.

SIGHTING A TORPEDO TUBE



From Harper's Weekly, January 30, 1864

Turning back in the files to the time of our Great War, we find in Harper's Weekly a picture and a description of "a very curious little vessel, designed by Mr. Anstilt, of Mobile, which seems capable of destroying any ship in the world"



© International Film

The German submarine "Deutschland," under Captain König, brought across the Atlantic a load of aniline dyes and other fine chemicals worth more than a million dollars. Its return cargo will be nickel and rubber



Pcul Thompson

PLATTSBURG AT SEA

Roll-call on U. S. S. "Maine," which with two other warships took a training cruise for civilians in the summer of 1916



© H. Stutter, Jr.

The battleship "New York," one of the half dozen newest and biggest ships in the U. S. "billion dollar" navy



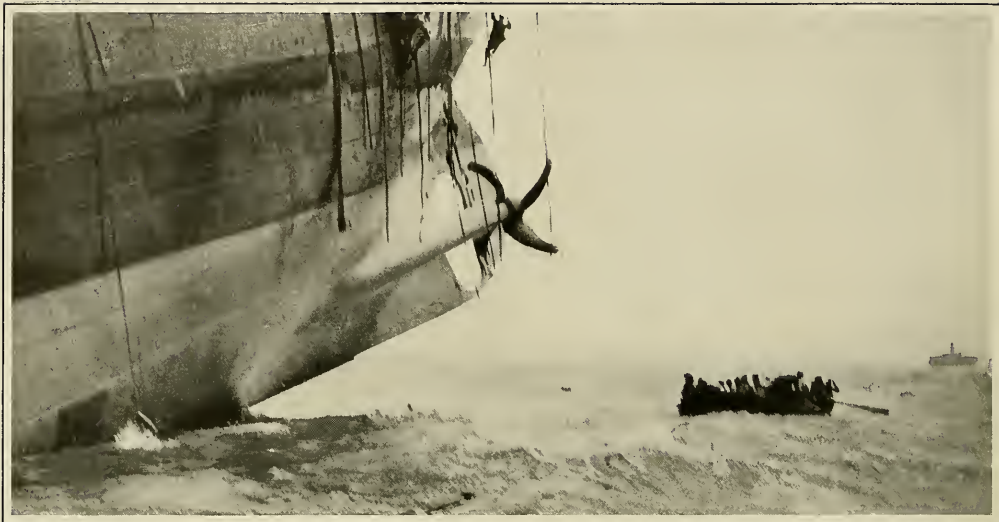
© Underwood

The amateur sea dogs—civilians who turned their vacations to good account learning the rudiments of naval defense



© Enrique Muller

Queenstown, May 16, 1917: "A squadron of American destroyers has crossed the Atlantic and is patrolling the seas in war service. One of the destroyers convoyed a liner thru the danger zone and another is said to have sunk a submarine"



© International Film

When the blue devil finds its mark. A frequently reported, but seldom photographed occurrence of the Great War. The vessel just torpedoed is sinking by the bow, its propeller already high out of the water. The last lifeboat is pulling away, tho men are still sliding down the ropes. The splash at the left of the photograph shows where one has just hit the water

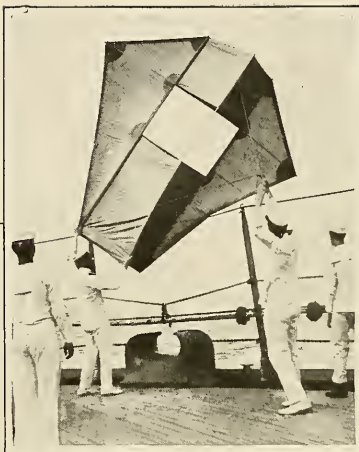
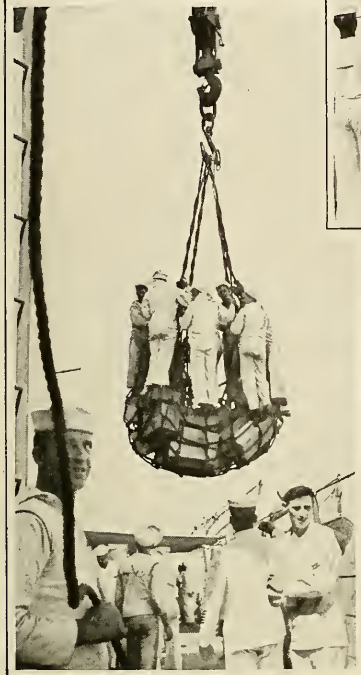


© International Film

The U. S. superdreadnought "Arizona" mounts twelve 14-inch guns, twenty 5-inch guns and anti-aircraft ordnance

No wonder that it has ever been one of young America's highest hopes to run away and join the Navy! Even the routine work on board a battleship looks like fun—here's evidence to prove it!—and it is always seasoned by the zest of outdoor living and no lack of new adventures. Wouldn't you like to be one of the sailors, for in-

© Underwood & Underwood



stance, "hooking a ride" on Jack Tar's favorite elevator, the net of ship's supplies being swung on board by a big derrick? Perhaps grown-up "boys" aren't entirely past the pleasures of kite-flying, either, tho in this case they are putting up the kite for business reasons; it will furnish a target for the ship's anti-aircraft guns

© International Film



THE NAVY UNDER UNCLE SAM

The group of men on the bridge are in a strategic position to "see the world!" At the end of the bridge are electrically manipulated semaphore arms, fitted with red and white bulbs and used at night to send messages in the Morse code. There are a couple of man-power semaphore arms at that end of the bridge, too. Most seamen are taught both wig-wag and semaphore (wig-wag is signaling with one flag and semaphore is with two)



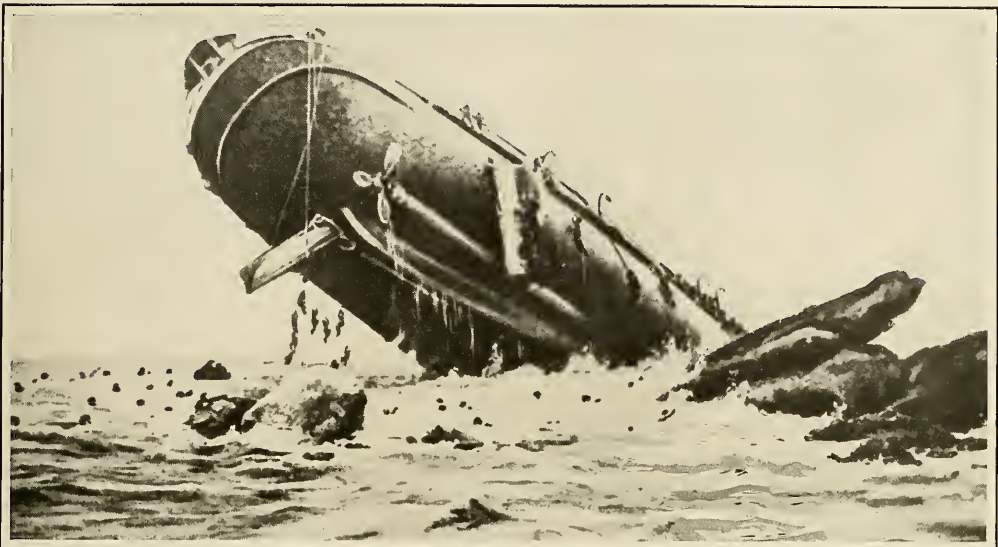
SOMEWHERE IN THE ATLANTIC

Don't try too hard to make out what letter the man in the photograph above is sending—it's probably just the upstroke of an "Attention" call. The sailors photographed on deck seem to be packing up their troubles—if they have any—along with all their other luggage, to pass the rigid inspection of kits that limited spare and much moving about make necessary in the Navy. Don't you envy their emancipation from all the tedious details of traveling with a trunk?



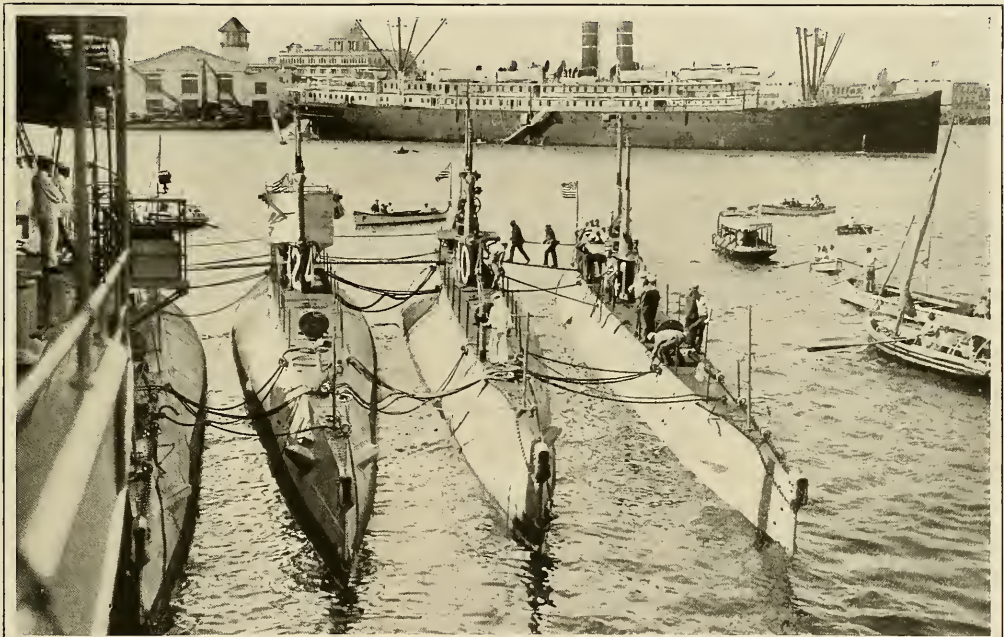
© Enrique Muller

Repairing a battleship's propeller in the ocean is not an every day occurrence. It has probably happened only once; certainly it has been photographed only once. This is the way it was done. When the "Louisiana" broke down somewhere in the Atlantic the "Michigan" came alongside and with the aid of a crane, ropes and the whole crew lifted her stern out of water and made the repairs



© Underwood & Underwood

The sinking of a transport—this British ship, torpedoed in the Mediterranean, was run on the rocks in an effort to beach her. The photograph shows the crew and soldiers sliding down the life ropes and in the water. Nearly all were saved



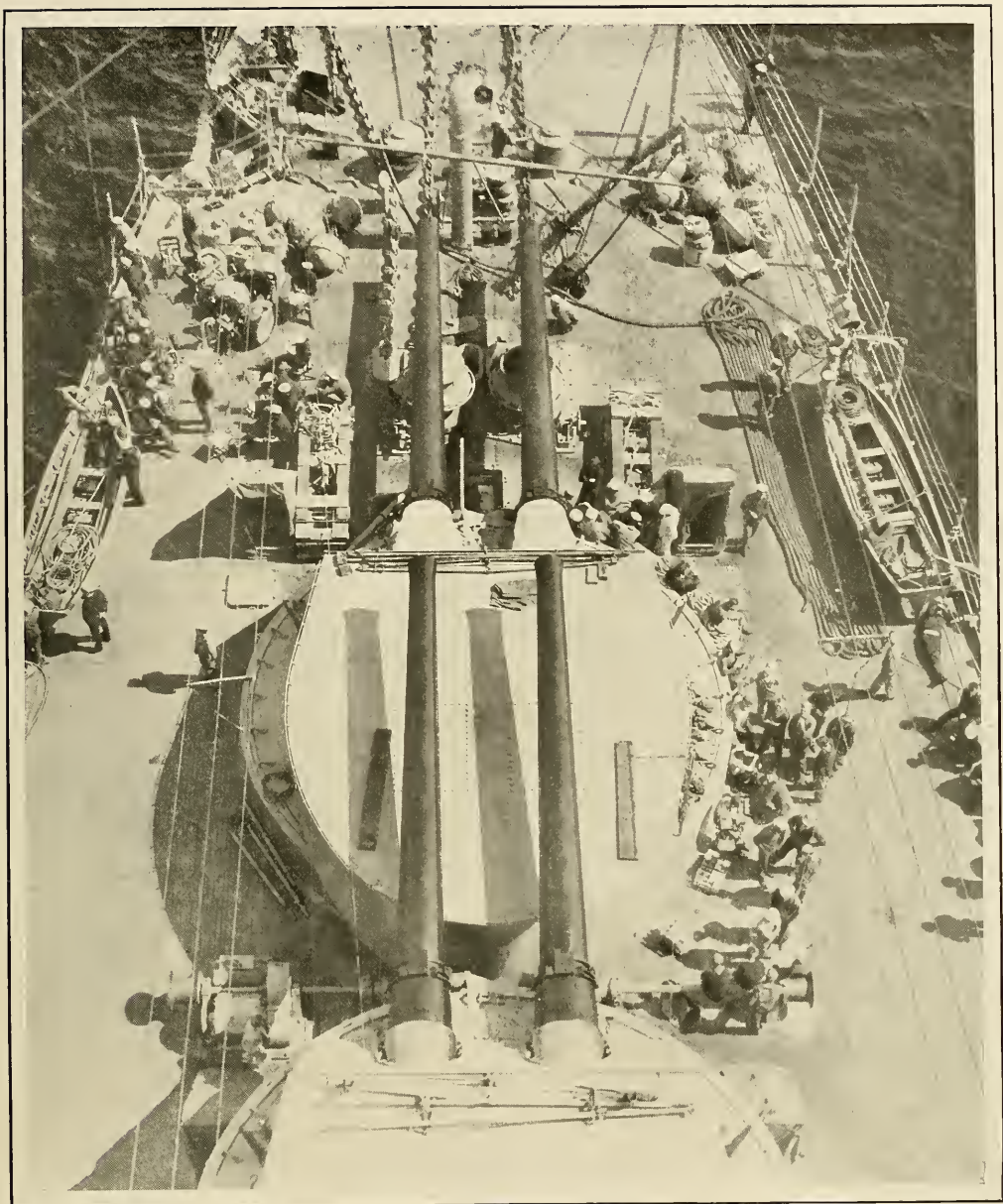
© Underwood & Underwood

The largest submarines in the U. S. Navy, reminding Cuba of their existence by naval maneuvers in Havana Harbor



© E. Muller, Jr.

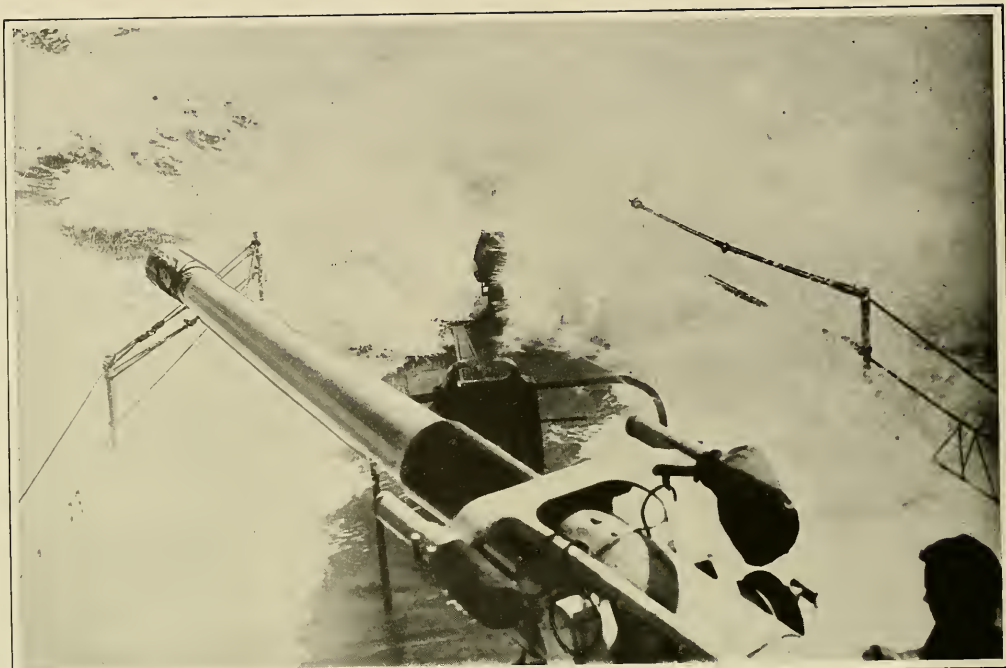
SHORE LEAVE



© Enrique Muller

ALL HANDS AT WORK

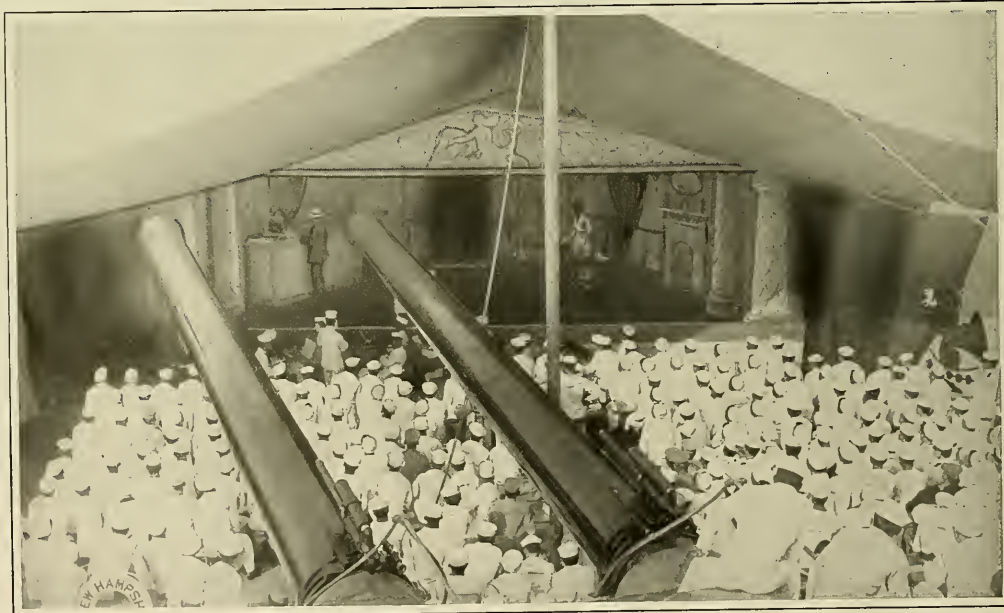
A United States dreadnaught at her task of planting mines—there are two piles of them on deck near the rail on either side



© Committee on Public Information from International Film

BUCKING THE SEA

The breaking waves dashed high—over the deck of this United States destroyer, making for port thru a heavy storm



© E. Muller, Jr.

"IT'S ALWAYS FAIR WEATHER—"

The navy takes care lest all work and no play make Jack a dull boy: here's an amateur show, for instance, given on deck



© Underwood & Underwood

A U-BOAT CAMOUFLAGED

SAILING PAST SUBMARINES

BY HAROLD J. HOWLAND

SATURDAY, AUGUST 21. We are off. Already the towered pile that is lower New York looms diminishing astern. Ahead thru the Narrows opens a straight path upon dubious seas. It is only two days since the "Arabic" was sunk in the very waters we are to traverse. True, the "New York" is an American ship. But—who knows?

It has been a quiet sailing. We have no crowded passenger list—106 first class instead of 375 as it would be if the ship were full. There has been no holiday mood on deck or dock. The few brave attempts at jocularity—the straw hat sent skimming over the rail from an impulsive hand, the mighty cabbage, fluttering with American flags, that drops solidly into our embarrassed arms—savor sadly flat. Too many thoughts of the strange Cyclops fish that may be lurking near the journey's end throw shadows across the coming days. It has been a sober sailing.

Down the harbor past the little anchored steamers waiting their appointed tides. The usual tramps, some in unusual dress. One bears amidships on her side in great capitals the word DANMARK and fore and aft a painted flag—the red St. Andrew's cross on a white ground. Another proclaims her neutral nationality by the word NORGE with the vertically striped tricolor of Norway at either end. Our own freeboard, we know, shouts out our identity with NEW YORK, AMERICAN LINE, and the emblazoned stars and stripes. No German eye at the undersea end of a periscope shall mistake our neutral registry if we can help it.

On thru the Narrows, where two low lying destroyers, grim in battle gray, guard our country's neutrality against abuse.

Out upon a quiet sea under a smiling sky. May it be an omen.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 22. A placid day. As usual at this stage of a voyage, we are chiefly interested in our shipmates. We look them over, guess about them, discreetly chat with them with a question mark in our minds, gossip about them. Soon a bit of news pops up. One

Mr. Howland tells here the story of his voyage to England on the American liner "New York." In London he stopped at Morley's on Trafalgar Square, which was probably under Zeppelin fire in the raid of September 8, the Londoner's first glimpse of war at close quarters, about which so little information has passed the censors

hundred and more cancelled their reservations since the "Arabic" was sunk. In fact more stayed behind than came. Were they the wise ones or we the foolhardy ones? *Nous verrons.*

A curious thing. Almost every passenger's story one hears begins—or ends—with the war. Most of us are going over because of it; a very few in spite of it, but only on urgent business. Sailing in war time recalls the marriage service, "not by any to be enterprized, nor taken in hand, unadvisedly, lightly, or wantonly."

The little Canadian girl three steamer chairs away has a fiancé down with fever in a hospital in Havre. She is going over with his father and sister to cheer him up. That other pretty Canadian girl, barely out of school one would say, is on her way to be married to her boy officer in the Dominion forces. He is still in England, but he may go to France any day. He would rather leave a wife behind in England than a sweetheart in Canada.

These mothers with children—babies, toddlers, scamperers—all have husbands at the front. It will be easier to fight—and to wait—with only the Channel between than all the Atlantic. Here is a young surgeon from remote Alberta offering up his skill to the Empire's need.

There are no Teutons among us. There is no reason why they should not sail on an American ship; there is every reason why they should not land at a British port. Not a quarter of us are Americans—and all on business bent. This is no holiday trip.

MONDAY, AUGUST 23. A discovery. Our table steward is a soldier. The fact comes out at breakfast, when the din-

ing saloon is empty save for a few of us early birds. As thus:

Steward (respectfully in our left ear): "I've been at the front, sir. In France, sir."

Passenger (interested): "Then what are you doing here?"

S. "Wounded, sir. Discharged 'unfit for further service,' sir."

P. "Where were you wounded, steward?"

S. "In the arm, sir."

P. "I mean in what engagement?"

S. "St. Elol, sir. Last April."

P. "How did it happen, steward?"

S. "I was goin' ahead not thinkin' there was anybody abaht, sir, when up jumps, no further awai than that table, sir, a brute of a big German. 'E cime for me with the b'y'net, sir. I 'ad me own knife—b'y'net, sir—in me right 'and an' tried to catch 'is in me left an' missed it. 'E got me a nawsty one thru the thick o' me upper arm, sir. An' then I got 'im, sir. An' then I knew nothin' till I woke up at the Casino. The 'ospital, sir."

P. "How did you get him?"

S. "I daon't loike to think of it, sir. With the b'y'net. Thru the fice, sir."

P. "Are you going back, steward?"

S. "Not till some o' these other young fellas 'as 'ad their turn, sir. It mikes me fair sick. 'Ere I comes back after all I've suffered and sees these young fellas enjoyin' themselves. It ain't right, sir. We ought to 'ave conscription, that's what I say. An' mike some o' these young fellas that's 'angin' round 'do their bit.'"

Do all Englishmen who have done their bit feel this way about those that have not? That way lies compulsory service, distasteful to the Anglo-Saxon temper.

TUESDAY. The bedroom steward supplements the announcement that the bath is ready with sensational news. The German Ambassador has been sent home. Congress has been called together. An appropriation for a hundred million pounds—half a billion dollars—has been asked for. Food for the imagination. The usual shock of the cold sea water in the tub is hardly felt this

morning. Shaving is a rather nervous process. Shall we have to "do our bit"?

But a glance at the wireless bulletin steadies the pulse. That is only what the Washington correspondent of the London *Times* thinks that the Cabinet has decided to do if Germany does not finally render satisfaction for the trespass of her submarines. No need to enlist just yet.

WEDNESDAY. Still a calm sea, but a gray and drizzling sky. There is nothing to report.

THURSDAY. The young folks are arranging a program of deck sports for tomorrow. For the second day no news from America. Is there a censorship in the captain's cabin?

FRIDAY. Still no news. One cannot help wondering. During the morning the steward takes down a life-belt from the rack and lays it handy. Well, one might as well try it on. It fits.

In the afternoon the sports on deck. A pleasant time for all. Strange how the Englishman comes out of his shell at the call of sports. As the games are ending, the life-boats are swung out on the davits and lowered into position by the rail on the promenade deck.

Tonight we enter the war zone. Cheerful thought, isn't it? We look the boats over with a curious and calculating eye. It is a novelty to have the life-boats play some other rôle than merely that of obstacles on the boat deck.

As night comes on the watch is busied rigging strange contrivances along the sides. At intervals on either side a spar is thrust out from the ship bearing at the end a big bowl shaped reflector with a cluster of electric light bulbs inside it. They cast a blinding light inboard;

by leaning far over the rail one can see the painted stars and stripes brilliantly luminous in the glare. The white letters of our name, too, stand out unmistakably.

It is, like the ready life-boats, a comforting precaution. But the good ship must look a very harlequin. It is galling to think that an American ship must adopt such sensational billboard methods to protect American men and women and children from lawless attack. But will it protect us after all? One cannot help wishing we had some news.

Toward midnight a fantom cruiser slips out of the dark, steams alongside a while for a little chat with our bridge, and fades away. In the war zone at last.

SATURDAY. Awaken early from a refreshing sleep. But did not the aristocrats in the Conciergerie often sleep well the night before the guillotine? Anyway, not all of us have been so fortunate. The deck chairs, one hears, were very well patronized till nearly dawn.

A day of days. Golden sunshine on a sea that gives a new meaning to the word ultramarine. The mind refuses to grasp the thought of a menacing death hiding beneath that brilliant blue. But not all minds have been so stoical. The woman in the next chair, sensible, reasonable, self-possessed, suffers a bad case of nerves beneath an appearance of quiet calm.

"Several times in the night," she confides, "(I turned out my light at five) I found myself standing in the middle of my cabin floor. The slightest noise brought me out of my berth."

In the offing lies a cruiser, a seaplane sailing and drifting and circling above her. A second cruiser steams by on the other side. We are well within the war

zone and here the Mistress of the Seas has vigilant watchers. But what watcher can be sure to detect the strange death-dealing fish that swims beneath the rippling waves?

The splendid day wears on. Now one ship, now a dozen are in sight. We are in traveled waters now. In the early afternoon another cruiser steams across our bows, drops back alongside and signals us with grotesque gesturing semaphore and parti-colored strings of signal flags. Her message given, she goes away upon her further business. Was it a warning she offered us? They're close-mouthed there upon the bridge.

Between tea and dinner we sight a fleet of fishing boats. More than a score there are, a fleet of painted ships upon a painted ocean. From afar they look a helter skelter group; but as we draw up to them they resolve into a drawn up line, stretching to right and left as we pass thru. They're all gray, too, like cats that roam at night. Each has its net straight out astern, the net floats reaching half way to the next in line. What are the fish they fish for? Are they those men eat or do they eat men themselves?

The night drops down, and on either bow a light gleams out. We sail narrower waters now.

SUNDAY. A rattling anchor chain brings us on deck. We ride the waters of a river that divides a city. It rains and it is bitter cold. This must be England.

Now comes the startling news. Last evening we passed a submarine. They saw it from the bridge. It came up close, looked, dived and disappeared.

Was it the sight of the emblazoned stars and stripes that held their hand? Thank God the voyage is done.

On board U. S. M. S. "New York"



© Underwood & Underwood

SETTING FIRE TO A SUBMARINE

This U-boat, sent out to sow mines off the coast of France, ran into too shallow waters and was captured by the French. The crew were taken prisoners; the submarine itself was hauled ashore and burned by its own petrol

THE MEN IN THE TRENCHES



Four photographs from American Press

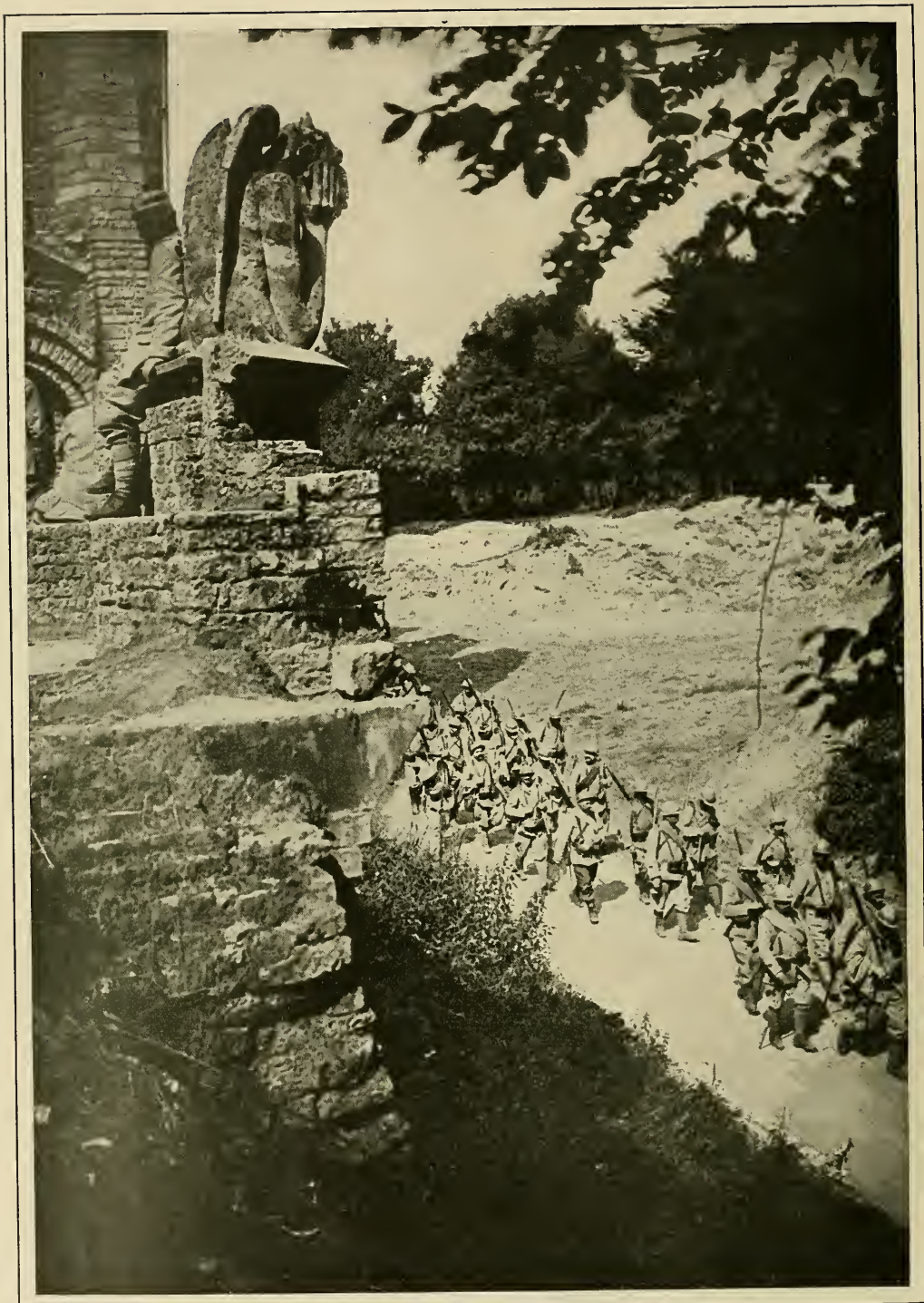
One round of a bomb fight in the trenches in France—the Germans are bombing and the Highlanders are lying low

The defenders answer by firing one of their little trench mortars. The missile is just sailing out over No Man's Land



The bomb bursts over the German trench with a spreading cloud of gas and smoke. The kilties begin to look for results

Struck home! The observer at the periscope makes the other Tommies chuckle at his report of the Boches' discomfiture

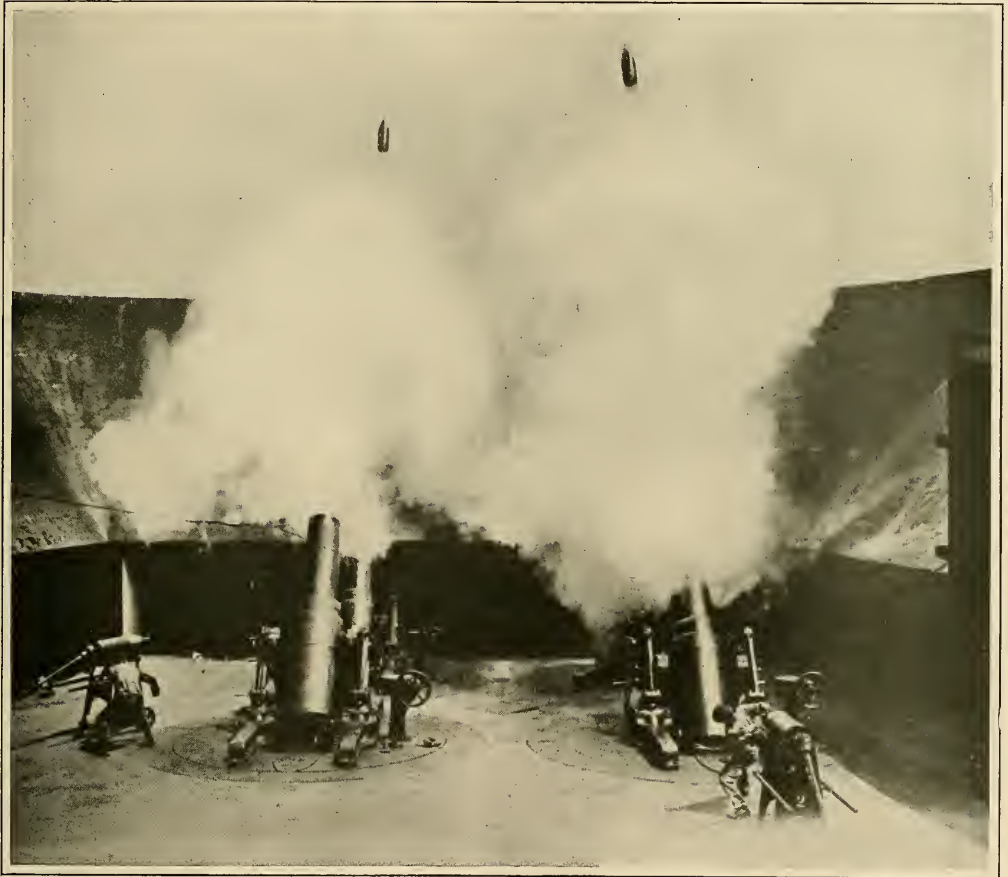




Central News

READY!

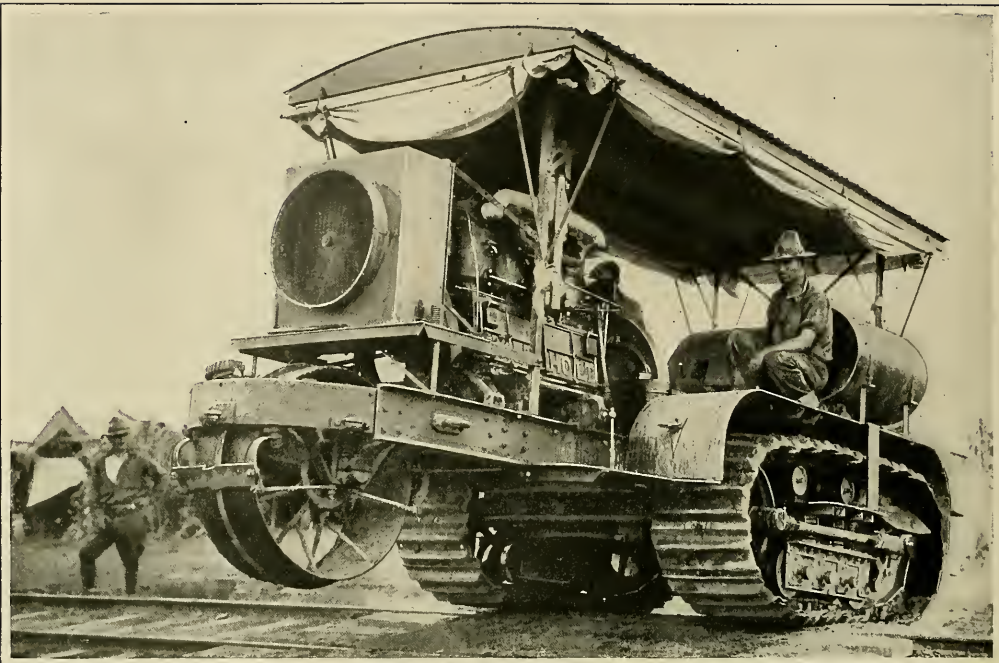
The Allies' munition works are piling up their promise of victory. Here's just one storeroom in an English plant



Press Illustrating

GO!

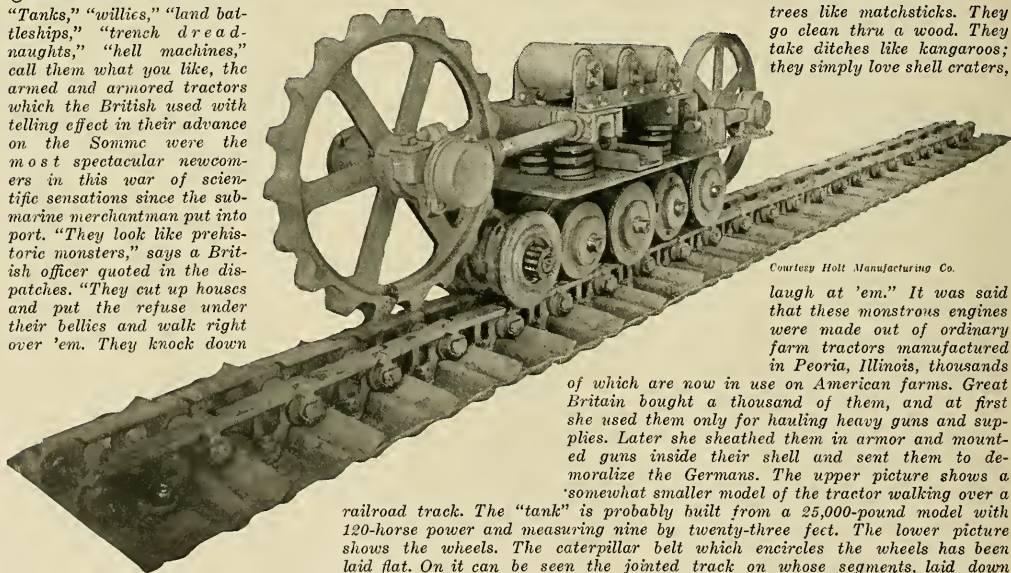
A spectacular photograph of the shells in action. These are two of our coast defense guns fired simultaneously in target practise. The camera man had luck as well as skill to snap the projectiles just clear of their smoke puff



© Underwood & Underwood

"Tanks," "willies," "land battleships," "trench dreadnaughts," "hell machines," call them what you like, the armed and armored tractors which the British used with telling effect in their advance on the Somme were the most spectacular newcomers in this war of scientific sensations since the submarine merchantman put into port. "They look like prehistoric monsters," says a British officer quoted in the dispatches. "They cut up houses and put the refuse under their bellies and walk right over 'em. They knock down

trees like matchsticks. They go clean thru a wood. They take ditches like kangaroos; they simply love shell craters,



Courtesy Holt Manufacturing Co.

laugh at 'em." It was said that these monstrous engines were made out of ordinary farm tractors manufactured in Peoria, Illinois, thousands

of which are now in use on American farms. Great Britain bought a thousand of them, and at first she used them only for hauling heavy guns and supplies. Later she sheathed them in armor and mounted guns inside their shell and sent them to demoralize the Germans. The upper picture shows a somewhat smaller model of the tractor walking over a railroad track. The "tank" is probably built from a 25,000-pound model with 120-horse power and measuring nine by twenty-three feet. The lower picture shows the wheels. The caterpillar belt which encircles the wheels has been laid flat. On it can be seen the jointed track on whose segments, laid down one by one by the advancing caterpillar treads, four or five small wheels run



Underwood & Underwood

Again the tank! This photograph of its invincible charge across No Man's Land was taken for the British war records



© N. Y. H., Courtesy of London Sphere

An artist in the trenches sketched this impression of the forward march of a tank across the enemy's intrenchments



© Medem

Will they hammer out a victory? French soldier-blacksmiths at the forge in a wrecked smithy in the village of Verdun



Pack Photo News

Soldiers must learn just how to put up a sand-bag fortification without exposing themselves to the enemy's guns



© Underwood & Underwood

This picture of French soldiers at bay in an Alsatian village took first place at the Paris War Photographic Exposition



Medem

"Papa Joffre" thinks of men as well as of military strategy. He is giving these soldiers a decoration at Verdun



© International Film

The British leader on the Somme, General Sir Douglas Haig, and Sir Pertab Singh, Commander of the Indian troops



Underwood & Underwood

The champion British aviator who accounted for twenty-nine German aeroplanes during the first two years of the war



© Underwood & Underwood

The pneumatic bomb-thrower, a new weapon in trench warfare. A French soldier is experimenting with it here



© Underwood & Underwood

GOOD-BYE BROADWAY! HELLO FRANCE!

Another contingent off to the troopships—the city skyline almost out of sight. You can learn a good bit about the soldier's psychology from this photograph of waving hats and forward-looking determination



Pictorial Press
FRANCE'S GREATEST AVIATOR
"The King of Aces," Captain Guynemer, who alone brought down over fifty German warplanes. He was killed in September, 1917



Central News
CHAPLAIN OF THE AMAZONS
When the Battalion of Death goes forward their chaplain goes too; Mother Maria Michailovna has been in heavy fighting



© International Film
THE FATHER OF BRITISH TANKS
Colonel Swinton, to whom the Allies owe one of their most successful war inventions. He recently visited Washington



THE GREAT PUSH

Here are the sappers, burrowing underground to plant their mines in front of the enemy's trenches. The explosion of a mined region, like that shown at the top of this page, is accomplished by a lookout, who presses an electric button just as the enemy is making a charge. Patrick MacGill tells the story of it from his own experience



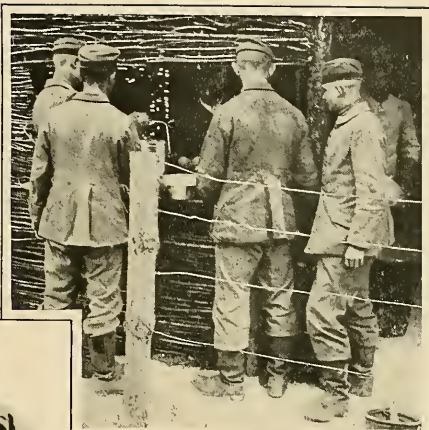
BURROWING TO BERLIN

in the trenches: "The land stood on end and the sky went afire. German trenches and their occupants went heavenward in the glare of hell. The soldiers rocked to and fro on a swaying battlefront, just as shipwrecked sailors are rocked on a raft in a stormy sea." Below: French infantrymen charging thru barbed wire entanglements





THE MEN WHO TIRED OF FIGHTING German prisoners lately seem to have been more willing to surrender than to fight—perhaps the prisoner's face below illustrates their viewpoint. Contrast it, for example, with photographs you've seen of British Tommies

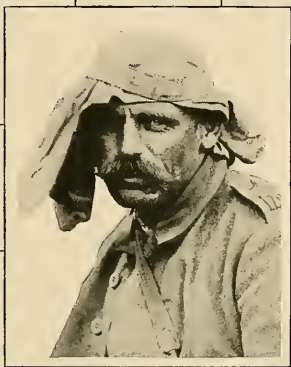


© Underwood & Underwood

International Film

PRISONERS AS STRETCHER-BEARERS

There is plenty of useful work that prisoners of war can do; this official British photograph shows a squad of them sent to carry wounded soldiers under the direction of an Allied officer



ONE WAY TO BE SURE OF FOOD

Soup, at least, and war bread, can always be counted on in the prison camps—and perhaps that is a gain to be considered by the men who have been fighting in the German trenches



FOUR THOUSAND PRISONERS IN A DAY

The advance on Ypres in October, 1917, under General Haig captured German positions on a six-mile front and took 4446 prisoners



Central News

Modern warfare isn't entirely machine-made yet. Here, for instance, are some "dogs of war" setting out to save the wounded

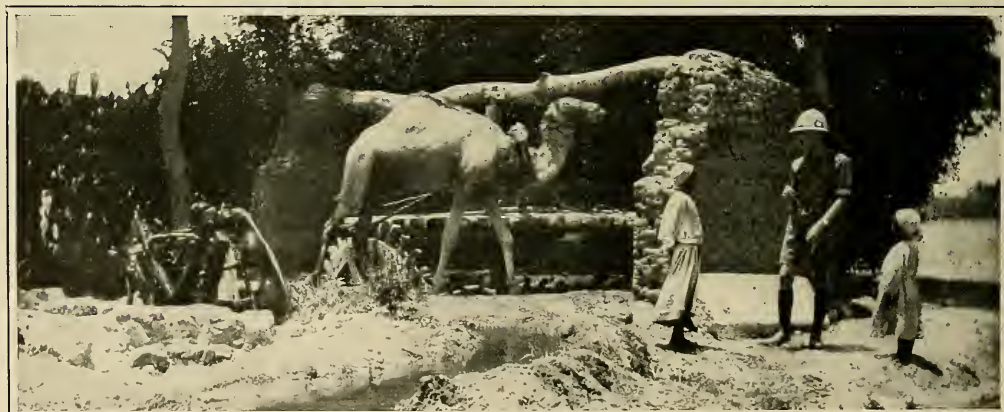


© Bain

In the trenches are "Liason" dogs, to carry important messages. And pigeons have proved more trustworthy than wireless



© Underwood & Underwood



Central News

The camel, Kipling's "hairy, scairy oont," has his share in this war, too—in this case pumping water for the Tommies



International Film

TOMMIES IN TRAINING

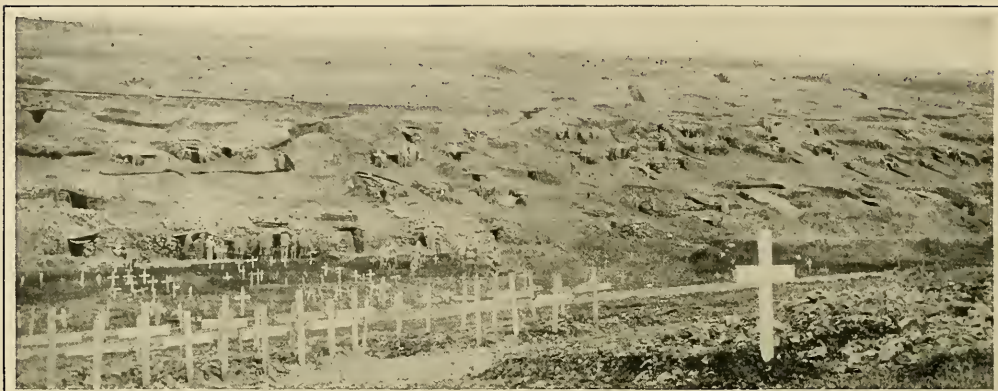
This is only practise but it looks like the real thing because Great Britain makes a point of having the conditions in her training camps as nearly as possible like those which the men are going to encounter at the front. These official British photographs were taken in an English training camp in August, 1917. Our men in France are going thru very much the same sort of thing. The soldiers above are having instruction in outpost duty and are learning the proper way to bring in a prisoner. One of them is temporarily "being a German" but he doesn't seem to mind. The man on the right is practising bomb throwing with a practise bomb in a practise trench, which is quite an amusing sport, unless you have too lively an imagination



BAYONETS, BRUSHES AND BOMBS

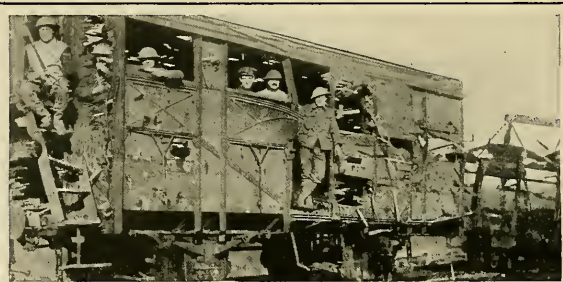
There are various and sundry phases of bayonet practise. The one below is a little less exciting, perhaps, than jabbing straw Germans but it develops accuracy and a quick eye. The man who holds the ring thru which the bayonet is thrust has a not altogether enviable job. If you ever went to boarding school you will be sorry for the men on the right—they are getting their kits ready for inspection. The soldiers will tell you that it is a much smaller misdemeanor to lose a leg or an arm than it is to lose even one small portion of your kit. And it must not only be all there but all in perfect condition. The army has an incentive to neatness, however. A bit of rust on a gun or a mislaid gas mask may be a matter of really vital importance





© Underwood & Underwood

The winter quarters of the men who held the Allies' lines in France waiting for their great spring "push." They have burrowed, animal-like, into holes in the hillside, called appropriately "Monte de Froide Terre." While they waited enemy guns were shelling the position; the growing company of crosses in the valley speaks for their work



Underwood & Underwood

And here is warfare with more action—invented by a brigade of British Tommies to meet an emergency call for quick transportation. "Stormed at by shot and shell, bravely they rode and well" in a freight car commandeered for the occasion. So they came from — to — (deleted by the censor). All honor to the freight car



Root Newspaper Association

The woods are full of soldiers in the Balkans, in this case fresh Austrian reinforcements on their way to the front



International Film
Pickaxe and shovel are the weapons of the infantry now, and their chief protection is a helmet. The U. S. army is considering a sort of super-



Paul Thompson
helmet, designed by Leonard D. Mahon. As the photograph shows, it looks like a sugar-scoop, and may be a trench-digger, mess bowl, or wash-basin



Paul Thompson
The British Tommies have not waited for a composite helmet to be invented. Theirs was designed simply as a protection from shrapnel, but in the shelter of trenches it has been made to do service as a soup-plate and as a finger-bowl, too



© International Film

The British tank is the hero of this photograph taken somewhere on the battlefield in France, where the "unwieldy Willie" helped capture the squad of German prisoners in the foreground



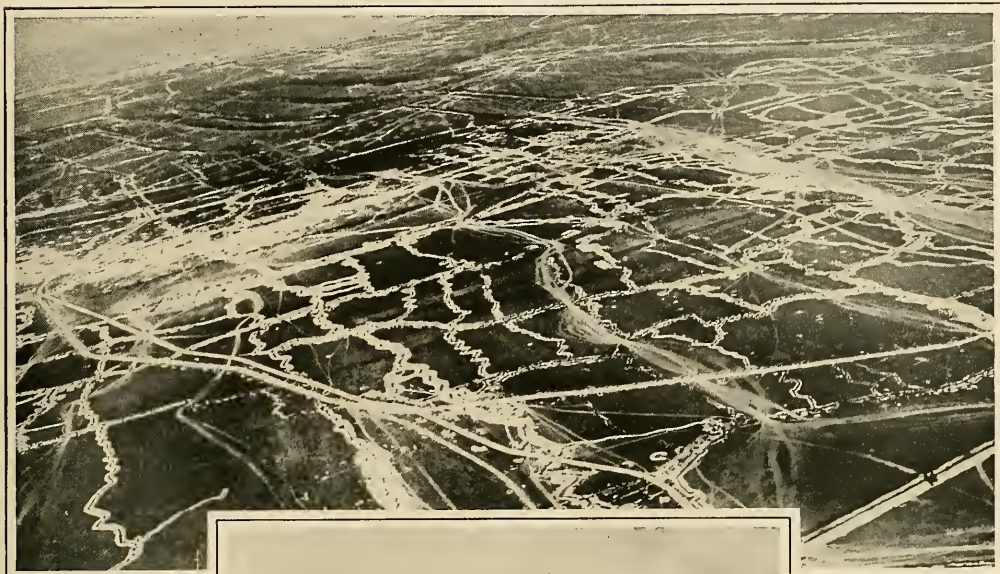
© Underwood & Underwood

Putting it up to Holland is Germany's way of solving, in part, her increasing problem of food shortage. German children are sent to Holland to be fed, tho Holland fears a food famine, too



Underwood & Underwood

England's next crop. There are no slackers in "The Devil's Own," the school-boys' name for their training corps



© Underwood & Underwood

Three views of the Allies' great drive in France—the photograph above shows the lay of land as an air scout sees it, a spreading network of zigzag trenches, roads and fortifications



© American Press

A spectacular phase of the fighting is the gas attack, in this case used by the French with a favoring wind to help them take possession of the first line of opposing German trenches



Underwood & Underwood

That the retreating Germans stood not upon the order of their going is evidenced by the bombs in this evacuated trench



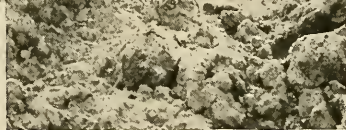
Underwood & Underwood

"Looking pleasant" is an easy job for Tommy, and the records of his bravery include camera as well as cannon attack



© American Press

Official war photographs are rather different. A French aviator risked a flight just above the battle line to get this

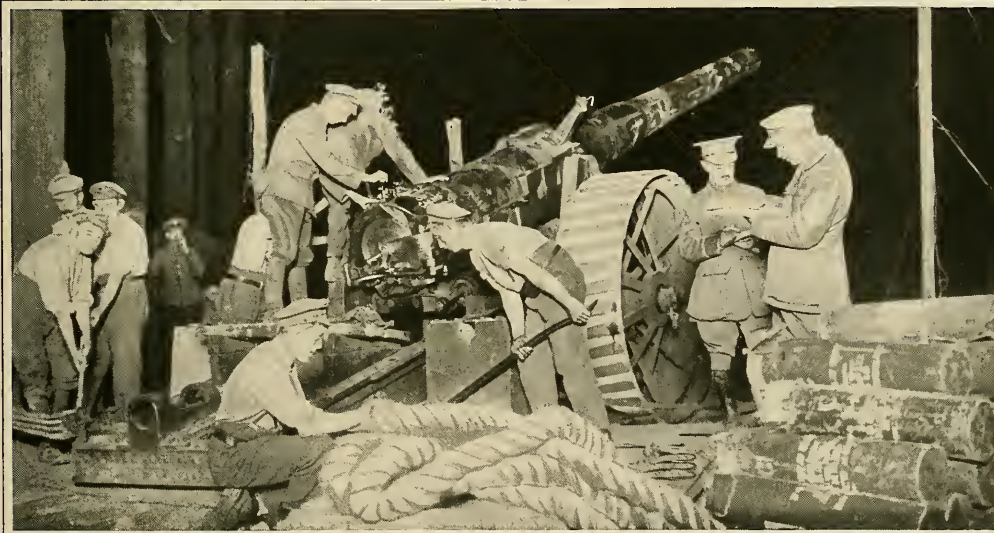
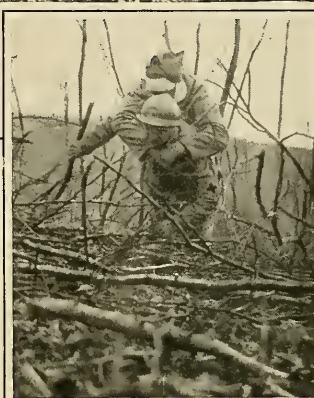


British Official Photograph from Paul Thompson

AS THE ALLIES GO FORWARD
Mud—heavy, sticky, interminable, almost impassable mud—is one of the chief difficulties for the troops that are fighting in Flanders. The group of British soldiers above are plodding thru a stretch of territory particularly well churned up by shell fire

TWO FOR BLIGHTY

The soldier on the left has his good steel helmet to thank for partial escape from German bullets. And on the right a daring rescue by a French ambulance attendant who is carrying in a wounded soldier from the battlefield under fire from German machine guns



© Underwood & Underwood

A LION OF FLANDERS

Somewhere ahead in the blackness are the lines of German trenches, bombarded day and night by the big guns such as this



© ARNOLD MONTGOMERY & LINT

War "as is"; a field hospital in a deserted dugout just behind the first line. The soldiers are bringing up more wounded



Underwood & Underwood

A poignant picture of war's devastation—"the curtain of fire" adopted by both armies to clear the way for infantry attack



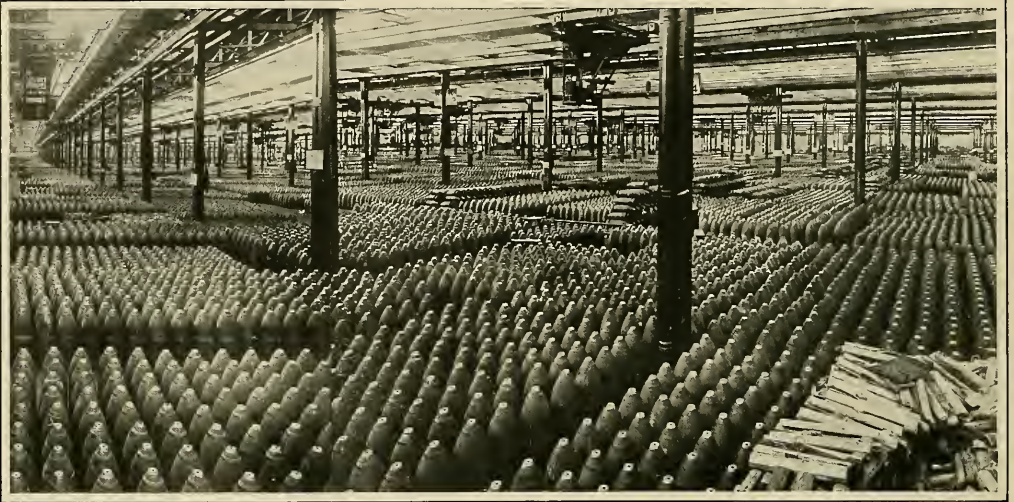
London Sphere, © N. Y. H.

Far behind the lines at Verdun and in the Champagne these thousands of shells are being constantly shaped, filled, packed and shipped. The long German siege of Verdun was continued chiefly in the hope of depleting the French supply of munitions



Central News

In the wake of the German army—a desolate photograph of what fighting really means along the Somme where the Allied and German armies have struggled for over two years thru interminable stretches of mud broken by shell-holes



© American Press

Victory in the making—part of the output at one of England's large munition plants (name deleted by the censor)



American Press

Waiting for a chance at action, a characteristic group of poilus keeping warm in a deserted chapel in northern France

A BITTER PILL FOR THE KAISER

The keynote of German trench defense is this cylindrical concrete structure, nicknamed the "pill-box." These strongholds, roughly made all in one piece dot the entire length of the Hindenburg line. Used singly they are merely shelters or substitutes for dug-outs; with the proper internal arrangements and loop holes they are machine gun posts, or clustered together they make redoubts. The "pill-box" is not easily shattered by shell fire; this one still stands in spite of the terrific bombardment during the British advance which captured it

Central News

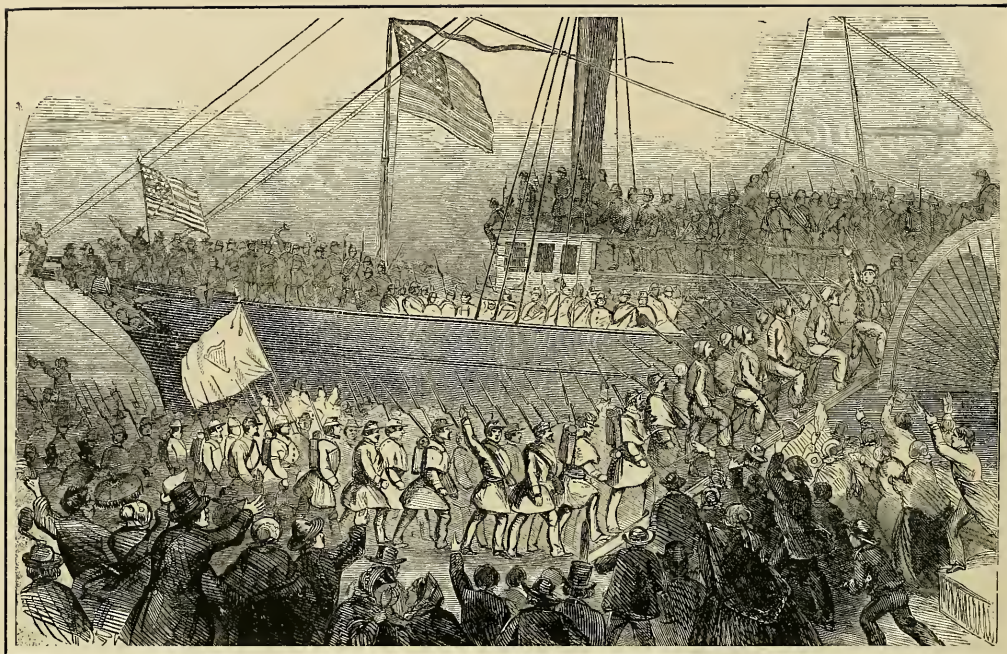


KAMERAD! KAMERAD!

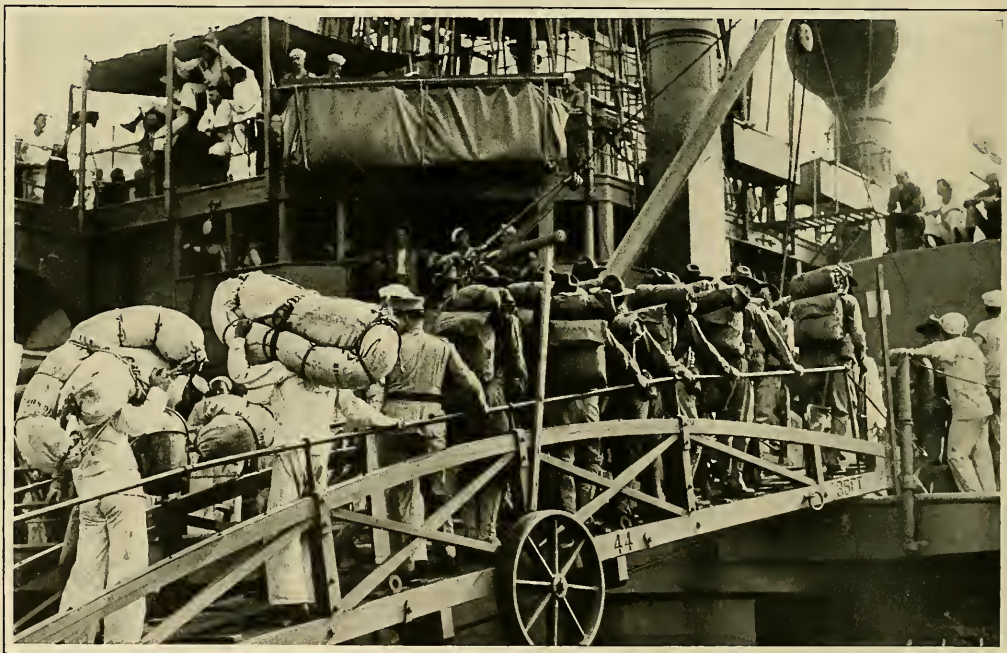
The photograph below was snapped at 4:30 o'clock in the morning by a French "cuirassier" who had just taken part in a surprise attack on the German position. It shows the first of the Boches to leave their trenches. They have thrown down their guns and are running toward the French troops, crying "Kamerad!" and holding up their hands as they offer to surrender themselves as prisoners. Reports from the western front suggest an increasing willingness on the part of German soldiers to exchange the hardships of fighting for the comparative comfort of a prison camp

Underwood & Underwood





We hear nearly every day how much the spirit of '17 is like the spirit of '76. It's like the spirit of '61, too, as the pictures on these pages show. Two of them were taken in 1917; the others are from two numbers of Harper's Weekly published during the Civil War



© Underwood & Underwood

Back in '61 the censorship wasn't quite so strict. The picture at the top of the page is labeled "Sixty-ninth (Irish) Regiment Embarking in the 'James Adger' for the War." The one below is just some American troops embarking on something for somewhere

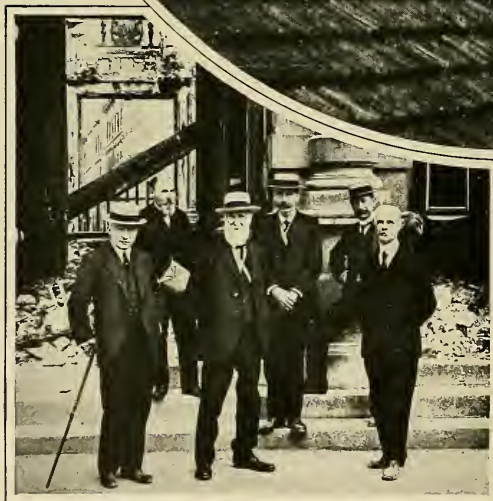
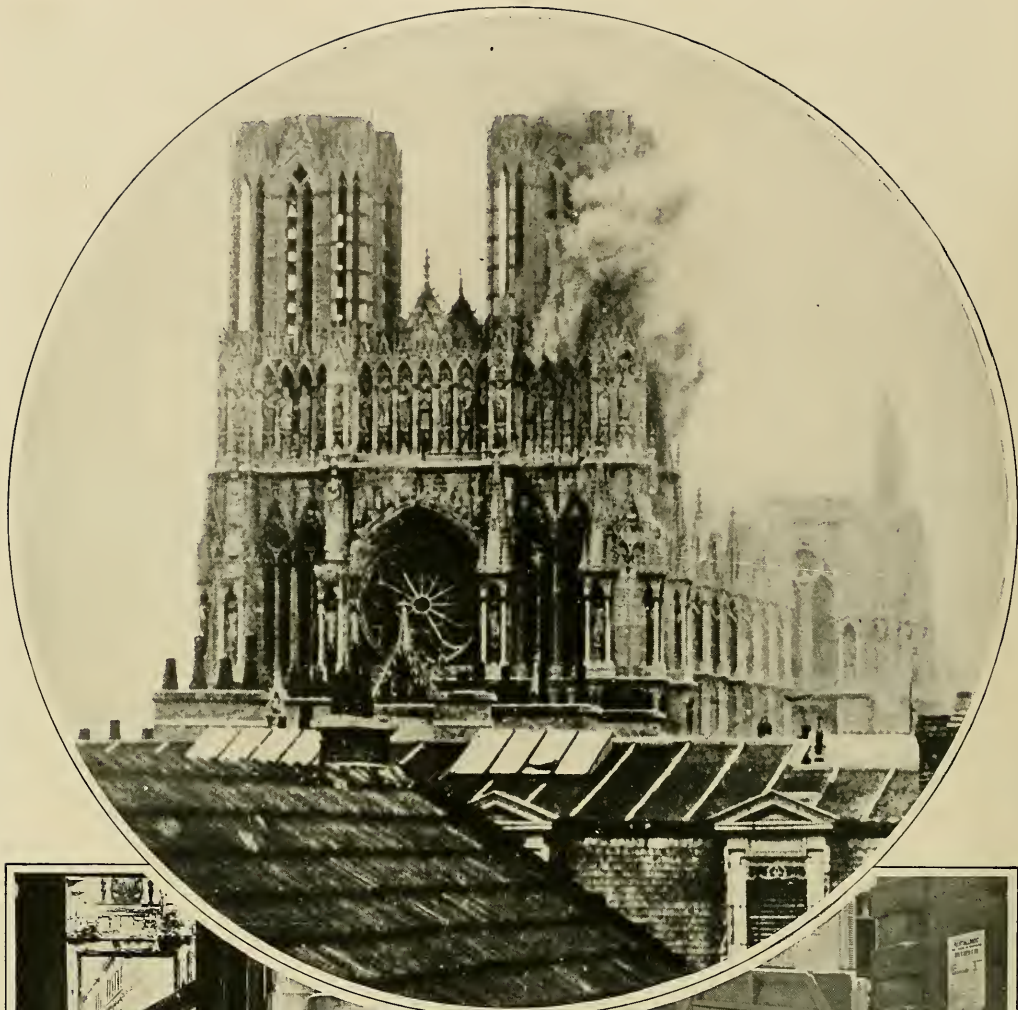


Press Illustrating

This is what Harper's Weekly of 1862 calls "Woman's Influence," which starts a rather fascinating train of thought. Can a sock influence the course of battles? Could a dropt stitch have as far-reaching and fatal consequences as the missing horse-shoe nail?



Even a generation ago Sister Susie sewed shirts for soldiers as the box in the lower right hand corner proves. Apparently she also made comfort bags. She seems slightly more pensive than her 1917 counterpart, but perhaps that is because her skirts are so long



© Underwood & Underwood

Pictorial Press

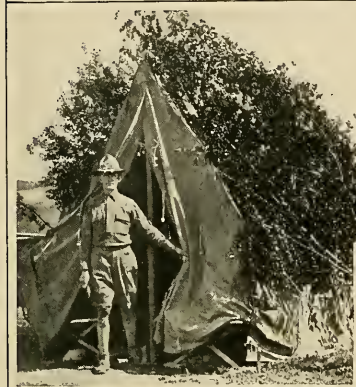
The battered walls of Rheims Cathedral still stand, tho another shot like that photographed above may bring them down. But there's little left of the town itself. The City Council standing here in their ruined hall are forced to hold their meetings in a nearby cellar. The soldiers at the right are trying to carry the few undamaged works of art to a place of greater safety



Pictorial Press

THE WAR OF HIDE AND SEEK

To an aviator the road above is just a smooth, brown field, to the enemy gunners it looks like the edge of a forest, only to those permitted does it disclose itself as a thoroughfare, which can be safely used to bring up supplies for the French trenches



© Kadel & Herbert

UNDER COVER

The simplest sort of camouflage, branches stacked over the army tent to make it look like a clump of bushes. The American soldiers in France are being taught that the art of successful camouflage is as important in warfare nowadays as bomb-throwing, for instance, or digging in. The poilu on the right is in a passage to the trenches which has been completely hidden by painted canvas and foliage

© Underwood & Underwood

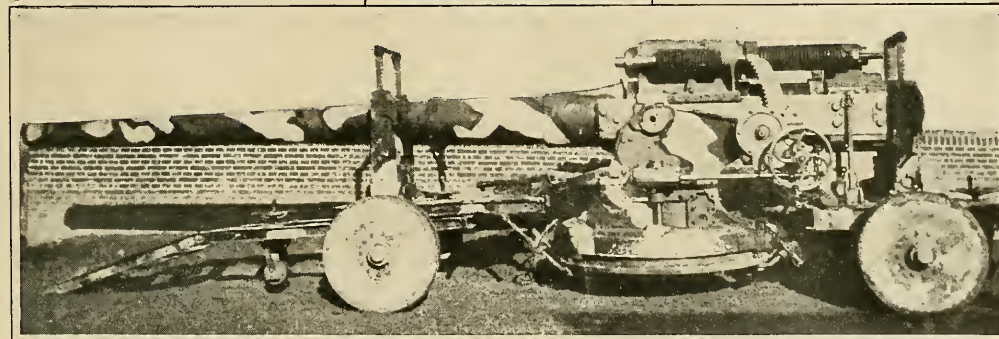


French official photograph from Paul Thompson

HOW CAMOUFLAGE BEGAN

These tents in Macedonia, covered with branches to keep off the heat, suggested the original camouflage—according to one of the numerous stories of its discovery. There's interesting similarity, at any rate, between them and the American tent opposite. The marine gun below looks like nothing at all at a distance. The camoufleurs have worked out an exact science of these miscellaneous painted blotches

International Film





© International Film



Pictorial Press

MAKING FRIENDS ALONG THE WAY

A hospitable young Londoner whose favorite reminiscence in years to come will be the tale of how she shook hands with a Sammy

Girls somewhat older find the Sammies' coming an event, too. This incident in international courtesy was photographed in Paris



Kadel & Herbert

"LET ME TELL YOU HOW WE DID IT!"

A French veteran of 1870 swapping stories with an American



British Official Photograph

"THAT'S A LOT TO CARRY"

Sammy is much impressed by the quantity of Tommy's luggage



Pictorial Press

SAMMY IN THE TRENCHES

The American army in France had its first chance at actual fighting in October, 1917; "a contingent of some battalions of our first contingents," reads the official report, "in association with veteran French battalions, is in the first line trenches of a quiet sector on the French front. They are supported by some batteries of our artillery, with veteran French batteries. Our men have adapted themselves to actual trench conditions in the most satisfactory manner"



© Committee on Public Information, from International Film

GET YOUR GAS MASKS ON!

Seconds are precious when the warning gong is sounded for a gas attack, and drills to develop speed in adjusting the gas masks are one important phase of Sammy's training for the trenches. This photograph and the one above came from one of the training camps in France, where the American soldiers are given a short period of intensive training before they are sent forward to the first line trenches



Kodak & Herbert

AMERICAN TROOPS GO OVER THE TOP





FOLLOW THE FLAG

By Theodore Marburg

Former United States Minister to Belgium

Follow the flag!

By every fireside where live the love of country and the love of justice is heard a sigh of relief that our flag is not, after all, to be trampled in the mire. Now that it has been raised aloft, follow it. Follow it even to the battle front.

Follow the flag!

It goes on a *high* mission. The land over which it flies inherited its spirit of freedom from a race which had practised liberty for a thousand years. And the daughter paid back the debt to the mother. Her successful practice of free institutions caused the civic stature of the citizen in the motherland to grow. It lit the torch of liberty in France. Then, moving abreast, these three lands of democracy imparted to it impetus so resistless that freedom is sweeping victorious round the globe. Today constitutional government is the rule, not the exception, in the world. Once more these three nations are together leading a great cause and this time as brothers in arms.

Follow the flag!

It goes on a *world* mission. If the high hope of our President is fulfilled, that flag will have new meaning. Just as the stars and stripes in it symbolized the union of free states in America, so now they may come to symbolize the beginnings of a

union of nations, self-governing, and because they are self-governing, making for good will and for justice.

Follow the flag!

It goes on a *stern* mission. Follow it, not for revenge, yet in anger—righteous anger against the bloody crew who, with criminal intent, have brought upon the world the greatest sum of human misery it has ever known in all its history. Follow it till that ugly company is put down and the very people themselves whom they so grievously deceived and misled, by coming into liberty, will come to bless that flag and kiss its gleaming folds.

Follow the flag!

Too long it has been absent from that line in France where once again an Attila has been stopped. It has been needed there, God knows! And yet, tho not visible to the eye, it is and has been there from the beginning. It is there in the hearts of those fifty thousand American boys who saw their duty clear and moved up to it. Now at last it may be flung to the breeze in the front line, to be visible by day, and to remain at nightfall, like the blessings of a prayer fulfilled, in the consciousness of men. Follow it and take your stand beside the fifty thousand.

Follow the flag!



© Brown Brothers

THE DOCTORS AND NURSES OF BASE HOSPITAL NO. 4

FIRST AID TO THE ALLIES

BY HEBER BLANKENHORN

THE ship that took them out passed unnoticed. At an Atlantic port, somewhere in America, early in May, 1917, the liner left, utterly without flourish, just one of many slate colored, deep laden, unlabeled merchantmen braving U-boats these days. A long gun jabbed out over her stern.

No American battleflag snapped aloft, to set a thousand harbor tugs whistling in salute as she sailed. Dun, grim, silent—and she carried the “first for France.”

Aboard was the first unit of the United States Army—uniformed, carrying the American flag, under War Department orders—to go to the front, Base Hospital No. 4, two hundred and fifty-two strong. It was not merely the first of the army's forces off in this war.

It was the first army unit that ever sailed in the history of the United States for service on the continent of Europe.

If John P. Holland had not carelessly invented the infernal submarine, Base Hospital No. 4 wouldn't have sailed so unostentatiously. There would have been a parade to the pier, god-speed speeches full of “firsts,” hulla-balloo down the bay, pictures in all the papers, wireless reports all the way over and kudos galore. The submarine has taken the pomp out of war, even in places three thousand miles away from the front.

SOME there were at the pier, of course, who knew what was toward. They shouted gaily at the lieutenant-doctors, in spick and span khaki, lining the rail. They laughed and chaffed when the Red Cross sent to the ship two dozen silver-tipped swagger sticks for the officers. They cheered when a philanthropist hurried over the gang-plank to hand \$25,000 to the unit to broaden its work. Another hurrah went up for some snare drums rushed aboard.

Then the ship moved. The khaki-clad men began singing. It was the

“Star Spangled Banner.” Next they sang “Tipperary.” Cheerers on the pier fell silent, thinking how many thousands of transports have sailed to “Tipperary” and how many will yet sail to the “Star Spangled Banner.”

It was only a regiment of doctors going to a post nowhere near the firing line, with only submarines to face and slight chance of being bombed.

But they were the first to answer the Allies' call for help and some were glad that America's first should be healers, not killers. Others were proud that the first call should find America perfectly prepared.

THE first unit was mobilized and off in seven days. Five more hospital units followed hard at their heels. In all so far Colonel Jefferson R. Kean, Director General of Military Relief, has organized thirty-six base hospitals under the Red Cross to be mobilized with the army under War Department orders.

Ten thousand surgeons, nurses and attendants, this means, are under way for France. They will not all come back, as any one knows who has studied the casualty lists of the medical arm of the belligerents.

The percentages of casualties, according to the reports from the Allies as cited by Captain A. Lippincott, U. S. Signal Corps, run as follows: medical, infantry, artillery, air. The mortality rate among the doctors in official reports for a long time now has been actually the highest of the war. The normal ratio is 10 doctors to 1000 men. At present there is only one doctor to 1000 men in France.

The British army lost six hundred doctors in the battle of the Somme alone. As long as a year and a half ago the French army service became demoralized, between losses and inefficient organization. In the Russian army, with its peculiar system of “flying columns” of doctors who work right in the trenches, the mortality has been far higher in the medical service than

in any other branch. In all the armies it is found that the doctors after three years in war work have spent themselves and must be relieved. American surgeons, conceded the best in the world, are now going by the thousand. It is estimated that the war will take at least twenty-five thousand American doctors and nurses.

THE war surgeon's task is not inspiring to the popular mind. No “citations” in it, no headlines. It is gloomy, discouraging, an endless wade in the “backwash of war.” Toilers in the hospital get no acclaim in the communiqués, not even a notice unless some attendant is killed, as was H. E. M. Suckley of Rhinebeck, New York, by a German avian dropping bombs eighteen miles back of the trenches.

Without a thrill, without even the intoxicated heat of “going over the top” for a charge, without even a hate, the doctors struggle on at the most disheartening job in the whole business of war.

Blasted men, gangrenous bodies, are about them always. They work in stench and moaning and horrible dying. Death is at their elbow day and night. If they succeed they see half their cures return wearily to the trenches, the other half, maimed, go home to drag out a useless existence.

IF the doctor's lot is cheerless, the nurse's is almost unendurable. Pain never lets up in the long wards and the nurse is continually at the beck of torture. She has been overtasked as well in many of the hospitals of France. One nurse, one nurse's aid and a three-fingered orderly with an entire hospital of forty beds to care for unassisted, is not an unusual case.

With this before them the American doctors and nurses are going abroad so eagerly that the commander of No. 4 said on arriving in Great Britain that his people were “crazy to go into action.”

Their enthusiasm grows out of their



© Brown Brothers

AN X-RAY UNDER CANVAS

splendid preparation. Colonel Kean began organizing over a year ago. Base Hospital No. 4 was recruited at Lakeside Hospital Cleveland, Ohio. Its doctors were all officers of the United States Medical Reserve Corps, and some had had "war" experience with the Guard on the Mexican border, while others had served in relief emergencies, such as the flood at Dayton and the like. Its director, the noted surgeon, Dr. George W. Crile, had gone to France for a time early in the war.

This unit accomplished a *tour de force* in mobilizing in a week. A base hospital is a complicated organization. Its two hundred and fifty members include twenty-five surgeons, sixty-five nurses, one hundred and fifty orderlies, recorders, attendants, cooks, mechanics, launderers, electricians, etc., and its equipment for 500 beds when housed under canvas takes twenty-five or thirty tents. The first units for France did not need this equipment, as they were ordered to prepared hospitals. Many sorts of experts went—pediatrists, dentists, X-ray men, ophthalmologists, bacteriologists.

The Lakeside men did heroic things to tear themselves loose and be first off. Famous surgeons instantly sacrificed practises worth \$100,000 a year.

Here is exactly what one young lieutenant did on five successive days: 1, he mobilized; 2, he married; 3, he hurried off to Philadelphia to read a scientific paper, the result of two years' research, before the Society of American Physicians; 4, he rushed back to Ohio to say "good-bye" to home; 5, he started east again—for the front. Like feats were accomplished by the other units, the Harvard, the Presbyterian-Columbia of New York, the Johns Hopkins, the Chicago,

the Philadelphia, the St. Louis, all in the first call to the colors.

Their work is cut out for them. After the dressing stations in the trenches have slapped on "first aid" and the field hospitals back of the lines have operated the vital cases, the wounded pass thru the evacuation hospitals to the base hospitals.

Since hospital ships are being ruthlessly torpedoed these days the base hospitals must be in France and every "drive" from now on will tax them to the uttermost.

No. 4's men intend to do more than the "cut out" work. Major Crile, Major Lower and Major Hoover, the best known among them, would like to see what can be accomplished by quick operative work in the very trenches, dragging their anesthetics and knives into the dark of dugouts and mud of shell holes. Their reasoning is based on the fact that abdominal cases if not operated within four hours after the wound are usually fatal. They want to work out this grim arithmetic—whether by following up attacks right with the fighters the percentage of men saved will not be greater than the percentage of doctors killed. The problem, though unpleasant, must be scientifically resolved.

They hope to do research work as well, with that \$25,000 which Samuel Mather donated at the picnic. One of them, who has been working on the origins of jaundice, had in his pockets reports of how France is suffering from a plague of jaundice due to trench rats. Out of war they will try to distill some essence of good for humanity.

No. 4, convoyed at the last by an American destroyer, reached England on May 17. Major Gilchrist, in command, found his force welcomed by a



© Brown Brothers

ONE OF THE OPERATING TENTS

British general and his staff at a port decorated with American flags in the doctors' honor.

On to London, and humble No. 4 found itself lionized. Buckingham Palace invited its presence for the first reception of the sort that ever took place. Royalty democratically shook the hand of every man and woman and King George addressed them, saying: "We greet you as the first detachment of the American army to land on our shores."

In England No. 4 was face to face with the one thing it feared. The fear had come upon it an hour before sailing. They knew they were trained, they were drilled, they were all prepared—but they had no band. By the screaming eagle, what a fix! They hastily canvassed their administrative personnel recruited a few days before and discovered that of the one hundred and fifty, seventy-six were college boys, enlisted as privates, at fifteen dollars a month, volunteers to do the hardest, meanest work around a hospital. Some of them were runaways.

Of the seventy-six, a dozen were found who "could play anything." An officer rushed ashore and purchased half a dozen drums and as many fifes.

On the voyage over the sharked-up drum corps learned to play "Yankee Doodle"—but not at Buckingham Palace. Even for the frills of war they were competent and ready.

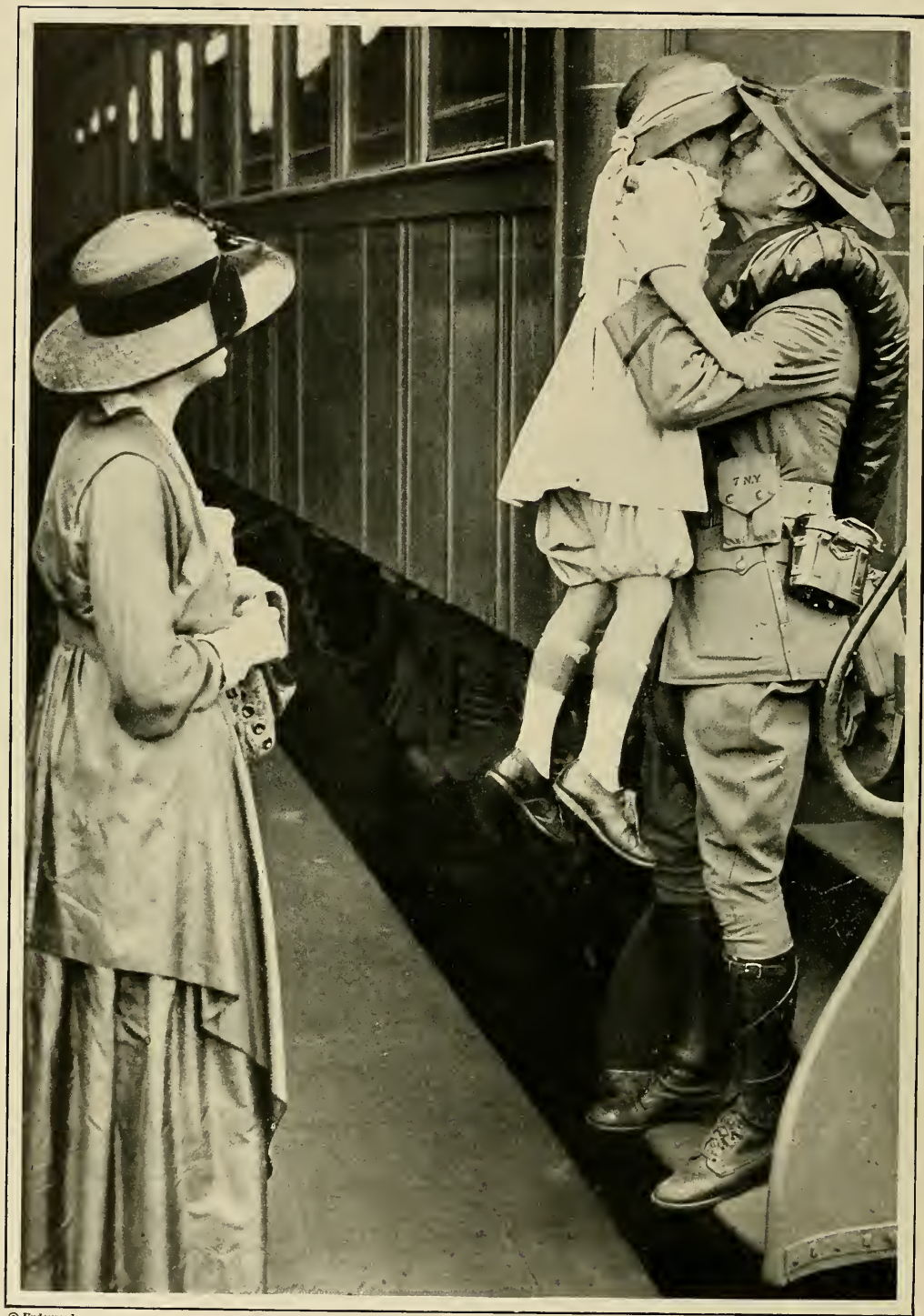
In France in the grim business of saving shattered men these 10,000 American doctors and nurses may in the next year work incalculable good for the race and make the name "American" blest among the nations of the earth.

New York City



© Brown Brothers

THE LINEN DEPARTMENT, AND A VIEW OF A HOSPITAL STREET



© Underwood

SEEING DADDY OFF



Central News

THEY WERE DETERMINED—AND NOT A LITTLE EAGER, TOO

THE FIRST TROOPS OVERSEAS

BY DONALD WILHELM

SOMEWHERE on the Atlantic Coast the "first ten thousand" were ready to start for "somewhere in Europe."

On board one of the transports, a great ocean liner, I went over to a private standing alone by the rail—a thoughtful, dark-haired fellow staring into the distance, past intervening miles, I imagined, clear away to a little farmer mother standing in a doorway, thinking of him. "Are you downhearted?" I asked him.

"I'm just looking," he smiled.

"Where?" I smiled back at him.

"Oh, somewhere," he laughed.

And then, suddenly: "Hell, I got a girl."

Nearly every one of them had girls, I judge. Nearly all had mothers. And some had wives. And many were soldiers of fortune with neither girls nor mothers nor wives. And here they were, all together, bound on the Great Adventure, and if there were any tears shed, neither the ocean nor the officers were any the wiser.

There may have been tears shed, yet mothers who are in dread of embarkations these days should be assured that these thousands were full of fight and of fun, and they went to sea with the soldier "bands" playing. Certainly on one ship the only sign of nervousness I made out was that displayed by a lieutenant, who came up from the ranks by examination, clear up to the point where now he was, with some other officers, on what he called "the roof" of the ship!

He was a little nervous, and a bashful boy, too—one of those condemned to suffer solitude the thousands are all about him. He fretted. He moved round in circles—for him very small circles. He was accustomed, like many a diffi-

dent young officer, to the western fields, I know. He had never before smelled the sea, I am sure. And he was, I think, so intent on appearing self-composed that he forgot, as the big vessel turned her engines, and strolled out upon the canvas covering of the top deck—strolled out, and then strolled right back again, very, very quickly!

He laughed at his own nervousness—a queer little laugh. The others laughed. And a moment later he stole off, to be alone, no doubt—alone with "the girl" thousands of miles away. I thought then that he was the kind of impulsive boy who would some day steal off, quite unaided, over the parapet and across "No Man's Land," and do perhaps as Sergeant Leary did—kill half a score of Germans, capture a couple more, a machine gun and the "V. C." all in one hour of a busy day.

"What's the difference," mused one of the remaining officers—one young enough to talk quite frankly. "If I get shot my uncle will pay all my bills. And if I don't get shot he says he will pay 'em any way if I bring him a German helmet. So I'll send him two German helmets—C. O. D. Well, what if you do get shot—if there isn't any hereafter for a soldier fighting, who's got one coming to him, then?"

The ship's whistle snorted. The Only Civilian made for the head of the gangplank.

There, at the head of the gangplank, was a little group of soldiers—a couple of wistful boys, an older sergeant, three others. They were near the hatch that led down to their quarters—down to the big space full of bunks, three atop one another, all freshly painted and scrupulously clean.

"Now," said the sergeant, winking, "the funny thing about a torpedoc going off under you is that you never know what happened until you feel yourself coming down!"

They laughed, I began to realize that after all these men took the whole situation philosophically, even now, in the first unrushed moment since they had come marching out of the distances that constitute America. Almost all situations in life offer some satisfactions,—and this one did likewise.

And then the boat moved a little—the tension was off its hawsers.

I got ashore.

"I envy you—I wish I were in your place," I called to one of the men at the rail.

"Perhaps you won't three months from now," he laughed. And then, from the same man: "Give my regards to all the girls—"

"—to Broadway, too," called another.

And then another punned on something about Broadway with its skyline of stars, even when it's stormy!

The next moment the boat had cleared, all except two hawsers. I glanced at my watch. There was a minute left till schedule. She waited that minute out. There was that minute's pause, a curt order from the bridge and almost instantly the big craft was moving slowly but surely out toward the sea.

Then there was music. Some boy with a cheerful heart started it with "Tipperary," and the next moment a soldier band had caught up the tune, then turned it to the music that promises to be the marching song that will heal forever the wounds between North and South—"Dixie"!

On the decks, too, were not a few

bluejackets—men assigned to man—or shall we say “mother?”—the plentiful guns fore and aft.

“What are those guns for?” I asked a “jackie.”

He laughed. “Just for sociability’s sake,” he said.

“Regards to Fritz—boom!” suggested a private.

The jackie shook his head dolefully. “You fellows are the ones that will see something doing,” he said.

“Well, Skinny,” retorted the private, “you’ll see something doing when you get this bunch of landlubbers out on the briny!”

This, no doubt, proved to be truth. But there is solace, nevertheless, for the privates—so the jackies intimated—in knowing that the jackies will be enjoying themselves even if the landlubbers aren’t! And, after all, seasickness leaves hardly any sting!

All of which suggests something important—that this trip will constitute an event in the annals of American traditions because it has been very seldom that soldiers and sailors have crost the ocean together, and of course they have never crost on a mission like this one.

There are men from Army and Navy and from the Marine Corps, too, on this first contingent—men from all ranks of our various services. America was represented in those first ten thousands, represented fore and aft and in the lookouts atop decks, in cabins and under hatches, all of America—typical soldiers from whom one can extract nothing in the way of information about themselves; men from the North and the South, from the East and the West—from all the levels high and low of America. There were men with distinguished names,

just like the other privates—Lees, for instance—a few men of wealth, and not a few sons of men celebrated in our down-to-the-date American life.

IT was startling in its psychological effect—the sudden appearance, right on scheduled minute, of these columns. They came marching up out of all the reaches of America—marching four abreast, in line upon line, till their faces made a passing sweep that played on one’s emotions like the flutter of an American flag. They came marching up, into the lighted space, and then flashed on into the shadows, to pause, take a look about and a moment’s rest, then file up the gang-planks, down the hatches and up to the upper decks, and pile themselves into bunks—for they were tired, every one of them.

They were tired; yet they came marching up out of the depths symbolically, with a vigor that was astounding, marching with full equipment ready to stay in Europe till the Germans burn out and freeze themselves under. They came, thousand after thousand of them, in order that the Imperial German Government would have deemed impossible here, at an embarkation. There was no confusion. They came and there were no consequences—just a few low and quiet commands, a few wheelings and swift and direct execution of movements desired. They came in long columns and went aboard, and the strange, quizzical idea that persisted in me, past all the envy that came to this poor civilian at these fellows who are to have their chance, was this, that it was somehow curious that they were going to the other side of the world and taking nothing but their rifles!

Of course on board there was much more merely than rifles. Of course there was aboard that great armada of men and materials much more—very much more—somewhere!

Yet here were all these men, gathered from far and wide, from all the levels high and low of a country as wide and deep as America, bound to the other side of the world, taking nothing but rifles! Of course this is a crazy idea, and yet it persisted, and it still persists. It seemed to this civilian that it was as if a shoemaker were going to Egypt and taking not an awl but merely a hammer. So I said so to one of the officers. He smiled indulgently. “They’re going over to use their rifles,” he explained. “And you know,” he laughed more and more amused, “they’ve got their bayonets, too!”

He did not even add—this vigorous, much amused officer—that old adage among the military to the effect that a soldier’s life is for his family, his death for his country, and his discomforts for himself.

But they weren’t thinking of things like that—not these men. The older soldiers, with the love of a fight that is part of their nature, looked forward to action of a kind past all anticipation. And the young ones with the old were full of wonderment, perhaps, yet they took their cues from the old ones. I had spent hours with them. They were cheerful, full of fight and of fun. They were comfortable. And intelligent, too—that is, they looked at the situation as they found it, knew its dangers and enjoyed them. They were not downhearted, taken altogether. They were determined, and it may be guessed that before their journey was over they were not a little eager, too.

July, 1917



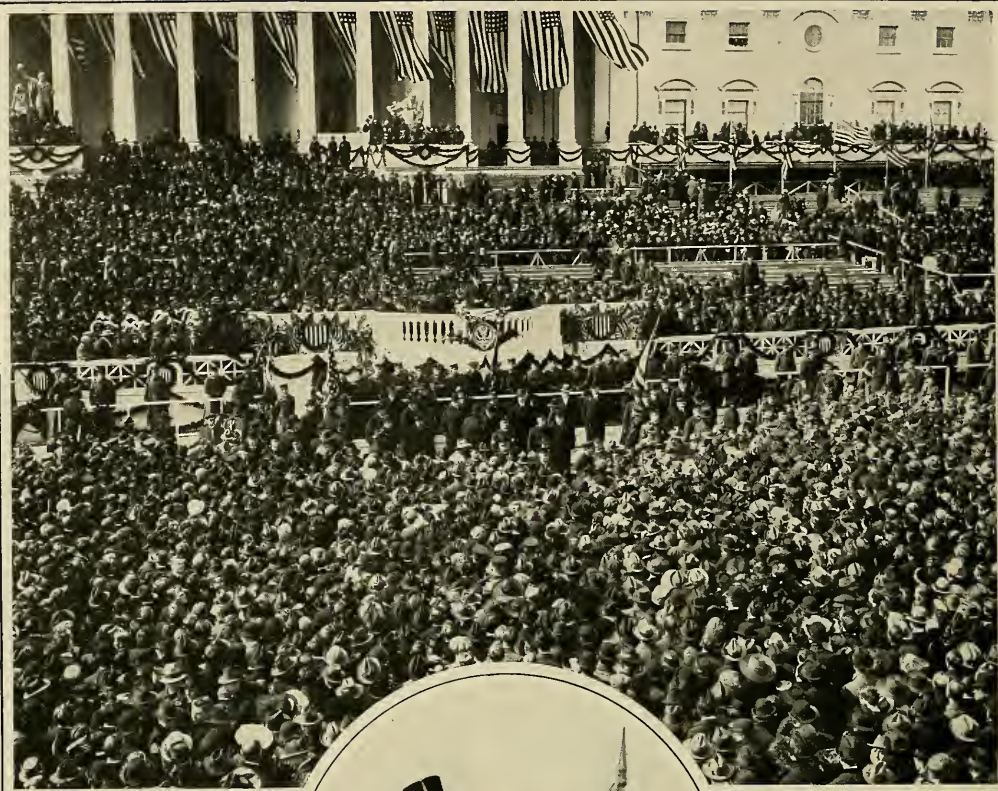
© International Film

“I WISH I WERE IN YOUR PLACE!”

COME ACROSS!

The United States Answers the Call





© Brown & Dawson

The keynote of President Wilson's second inauguration was a consciousness of national crisis. A crowd of many thousands gathered in front of the Capitol to hear the President's speech and to watch



© International Film

the parade. Below: Two characteristic sections: the squad of West Point Cadets swinging up the avenue; and the citizens' division, carrying the banner, "We have dedicated our lives to America"





© Underwood

THE BIGGEST PARADE SINCE '65

125,000 men and women, more Americans than have marched behind one leader since the grand review of the G. A. R., marched up Broadway and Fifth Avenue, New York, on May 13, 1917, to advertise their belief in national preparedness



© Press Illustrating

THE UBIQUITOUS RED TRIANGLE

Wherever the soldier goes, there goes the Y. M. C. A. This is a typical hut. There are others like it in every cantonment camp, in the big cities where troops embark, in Paris, "back of the front," wherever our army goes

THE FRENCH FOR Y. M. C. A.

The location is Paris and the mural decorations are decidedly French, but the games on the tables are those the American soldier and sailor like to play and the magazines and newspapers come from home. There is an infinite variety in the architecture of the "huts" but the spirit of welcome is very much alike in them all

International F.B.M.



© Underwood & Underwood

A GOOD SHOT

Maybe billiards improves a soldier's marksmanship, anyway it improves his disposition. That is why this Y. M. C. A. encourages it by furnishing its huts with tables which are always at the disposal of the man who wants a game. And there are concerts and "movies," too

PORTO RICO, TOO

The Porto Ricans are the first of our colonials to take up the fight. Their troops are training hard and effectively, and spending their odd minutes in the Y. M. C. A. tents. The red triangle and the blue triangle of the Y. W. C. A. are becoming almost as well known as the Red Cross

© Underwood & Underwood





WHEN THE SOLDIERS AREN'T DRILLING

The community Y. M. C. A. at Chattanooga leads in providing recreation for the soldiers off duty—magazines, books, music and “eats”

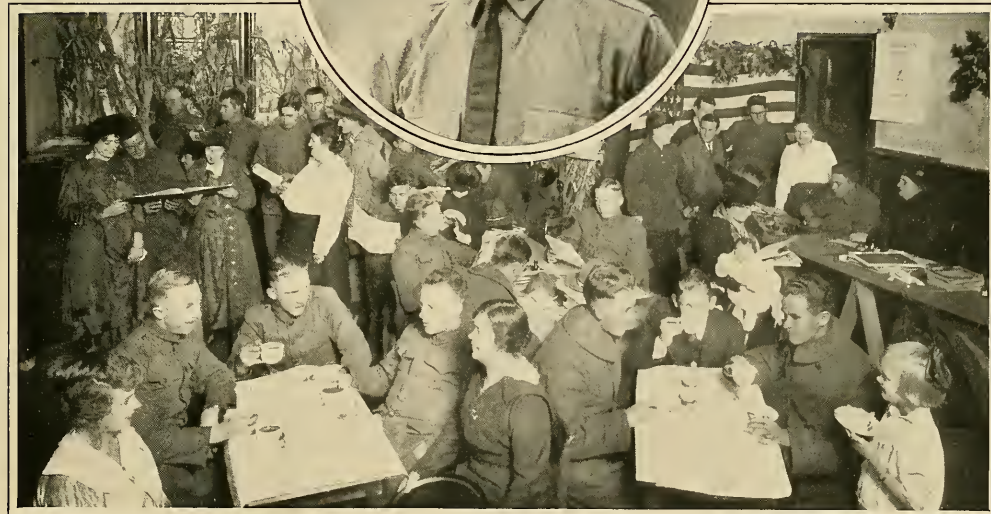


MUSIC HATH CHARMS

The songs are filling in a gap while the men wait. “When a feller needs a friend” expresses the sentiments of the man at the right who hasn’t any Y. M. C. A. to go to

ARMY STRATEGY

A rookie marshalling his forces for a victorious drive—on the checker board. The Chattanooga Y. M. C. A. provides this room where the men can smoke and talk and play



Press Illustrating

THE CHURCH HAS A SHARE IN ENTERTAINING

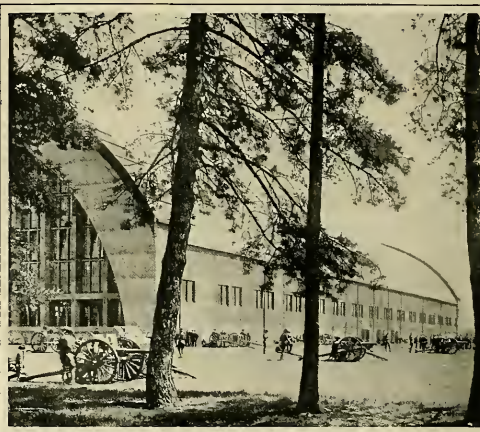
All kinds of fun at an old-fashioned Hallowe'en social given by the young people in one of the churches near a training camp



From Connecticut to California our colleges prepared to do their part before war was declared. The University of Illinois is first in military importance and in the order of these pictures; 2200 students drill regularly there under the direction of three United States army officers



Below, the University of Illinois Armory, a new building excellently equipt; it has a drill floor 200 by 400 feet. Illinois goes in for cavalry practise, too. Engineering is emphasized in the military training at Wisconsin University. These boys are trying out a bridge they built themselves



Cornell had 2100 soldiers-in-the-making in spring term, 1917, when Cornell Company C put the camp in campus



Photographs by Ragan

Everybody, in the East at least, knows the Yale Batteries, organized in 1915 as part of the Connecticut Tenth Regiment



© Underwood & Underwood

This is all in the day's work at Plattsburg, our biggest officers' training camp, where 5000 men took an intensive course in the theory and practise of military affairs in the summer of 1917.



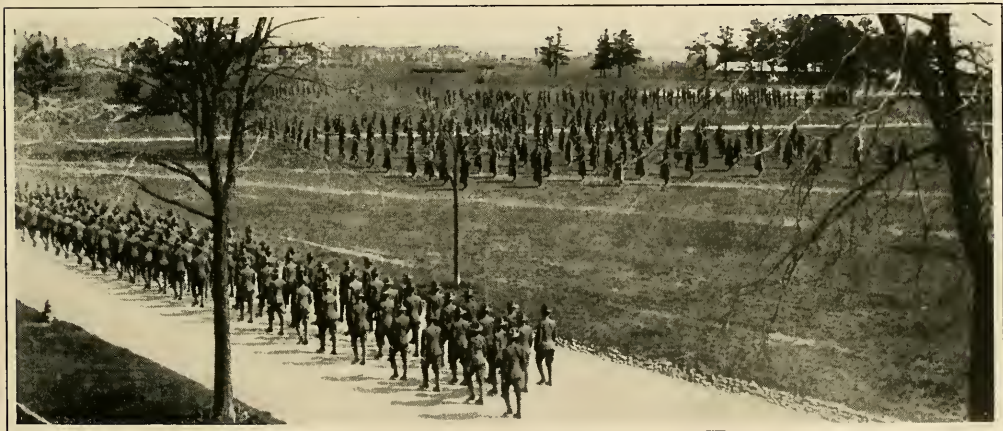
Two incidents in the Plattsburg initiation—the group above is just collecting its ordnance equipment, and the men in the upper left-hand corner have been detailed to get rifles ready for distribution



© Underwood & Underwood



© International Film



© International Film

These sidelights on Plattsburg busyness give color to the story there of a soldier who asked leave to go back to the trenches to rest after his second day of training camp routine. Plattsburg men vouch for it with enthusiasm!



© International Film

The college men come first in war recruiting. These undergraduates are training for work on submarine chasers



© International Film

"We want a rifle for every American" was the slogan of the business men who drilled for weeks with broomsticks



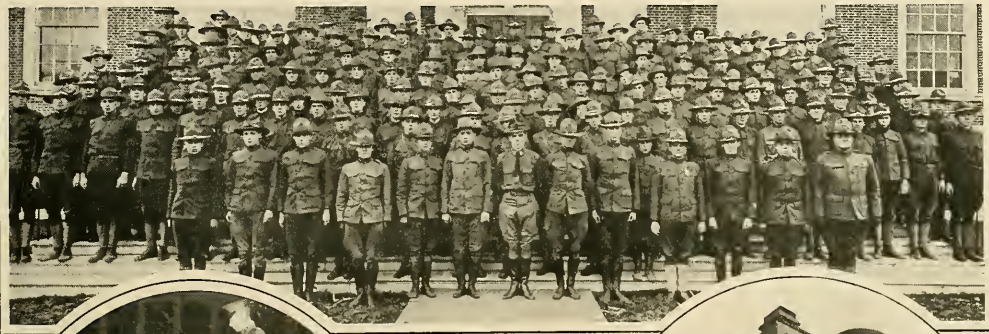
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West Point on dress parade forms a forceful contrast. We rely on these cadets of yesterday for the officers of tomorrow



International Film Service

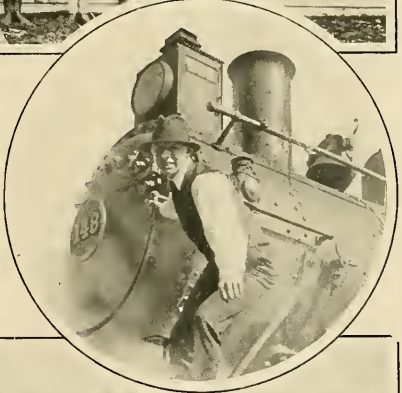
An Indian battalion drilled for national defense. The Carlisle Industrial School requires military training under an officer



© Underwood & Underwood

The college roll of war readiness filled fastest. At Williams, for instance, half of the student body had signed up for military service the day after war was declared. Johns Hopkins has a Reserve Officers' Training Corps (above) and Yale men (at the left) are drilling for artillery defense

Press Illustrating



© Underwood & Underwood

Princeton Pictorial Review

Princeton has no slackers, either. The marching songs of football fame are being used to put pep into the "awkward squad's" daily drill on campus; and some of the men are learning railroad service on the "Junction locomotive"

There's lots a Scout can do to help in wartime! These French boys, for instance, have each a garden plot from which they help to supply the ammunition most needed by all the nations now. The Minister of Agriculture furnishes the land and the boys do the rest



© International Film

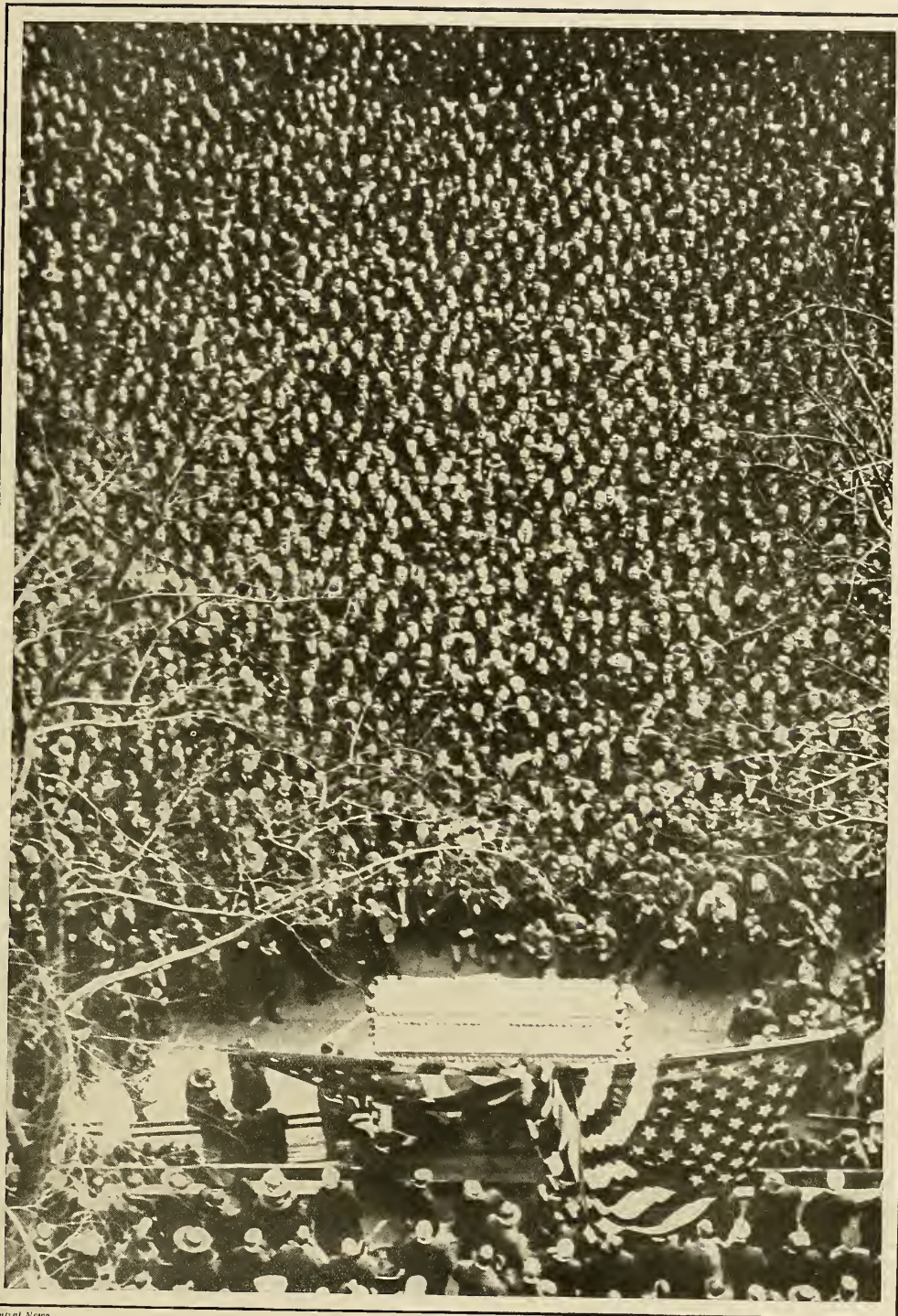
Kadel & Herbert

In New York the Boy Scouts did recruiting. You can almost hear the "Star Spangled Banner" in the tableau above



© Underwood & Underwood

They're ready to do their bit at war work, too, putting up hospital tents like these, moving the wounded, carrying messages



Genial News

THE SPIRIT OF '17

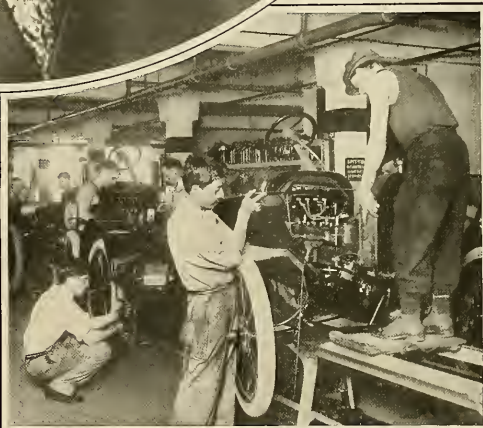
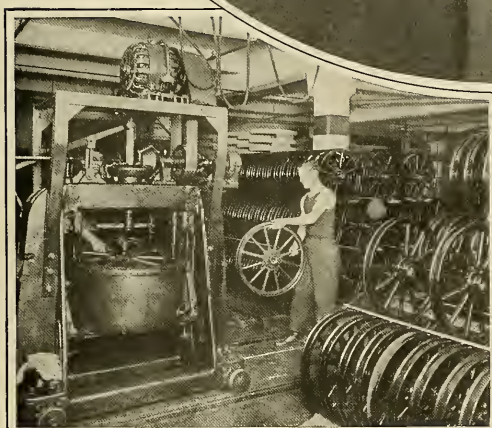
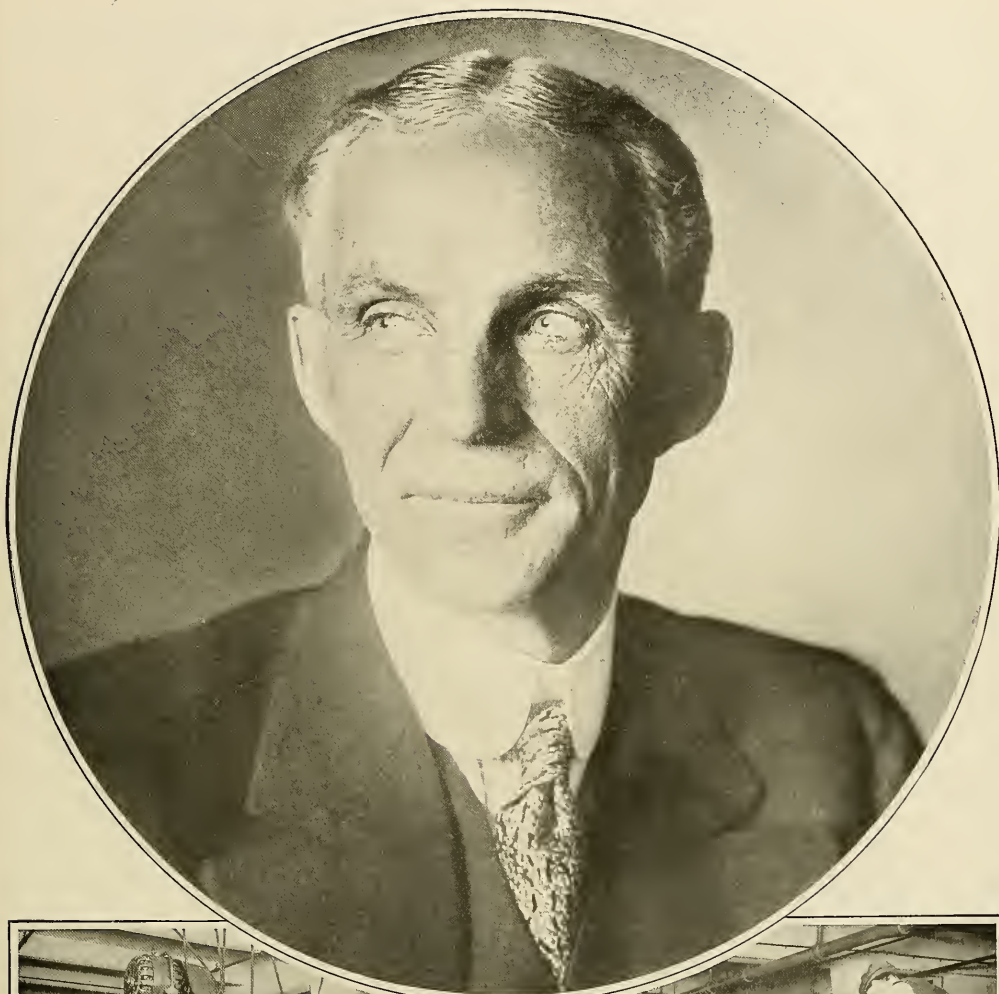
Independence Hall was again the focus of the country's patriotism when this meeting endorsed the declaration of war with Germany



Kadel & Herbert

© Brown & Dawson

Now Uncle Sam is sewing shirts for soldiers, and his shops surpass the speed of Sister Sue; For here are uniforms cut out by forties, stitched, pressed and shipped all day and all night, too



Portrait by Paul Thompson

Photographs of factory copyright by Underwood & Underwood

"If anybody attacks the United States, believe me, I'm going to fight and fight hard." The same willingness to finance his ideals that made Henry Ford send a peace ship to Europe backed his offer of a \$100,000,000 loan to the Government, without interest, and the use of his entire factory, with its 46,000 employees



Underwood Press Illustrating © International Film
 The question of "woman's place" gets more complicated every day. For even without the stimulus of war the boundaries of said place were rapidly coming to include all property adjacent thereto, and now that the need of national service justifies their venturing, women are by no means resting content with even the "adjacent" jobs. In France, perhaps, necessity has called on women most to do the work that once belonged to men. The mechanics at the right are employed at a big aviation station not far from the lines of fighting. The little Parisian messenger at the left stepped into Brother's job when he was called to the front. Above is a bit of the day's work in a Chicago lumber yard. Somehow it doesn't look as queer as you think it ought to!

A MAN-SIZE FACTORY JOB

The woman below is one of the thousands who have stepped into machine-shop work that used to be done by men. They are getting away with it, too; after all a drilling machine and a sewing machine do have a good deal in common



© Underwood & Underwood



ENLISTING THE WOMEN OF AMERICA

Government positions, chiefly at coast defense stations, were filled by women as fast as they graduated from this radio operators' class in New York City



THE CHAMPION GIRL CANNER

Helen Tew, of Washington, D. C., won the first prize given by the National Emergency Food Garden Commission in their contest in vegetable canning this fall



Kadet & Herbert

BAGGAGE-SMASHERS AND ENGINEERS

© Underwood & Underwood

The Bush Terminal Company is training women to fill the places of men called to the front. They're unloading elevators here

A WOMAN AS GATE-KEEPER

Mrs. Phillips, of Montclair, New Jersey, has found another new field for woman's work. She is in charge of one of the Erie Railroad's grade crossings, thereby earning enough to support herself while her husband is fighting in France

Paul Thompson





"Vassar College on the Hudson—We sling-a da ink and push-a da pen along"—that used to be the song in which Vassar outlined her activities. But it doesn't fit any longer. Vassar is at



war work now. One group of students who went in for agriculture decided to spend their summer at hard labor on the Vassar farm. Another "squad" learned cooking from the college chef



© E. L. Welton

Of course the Red Cross enrolled the largest number; 350 of Vassar's 1100 students are working at first aid or nursing

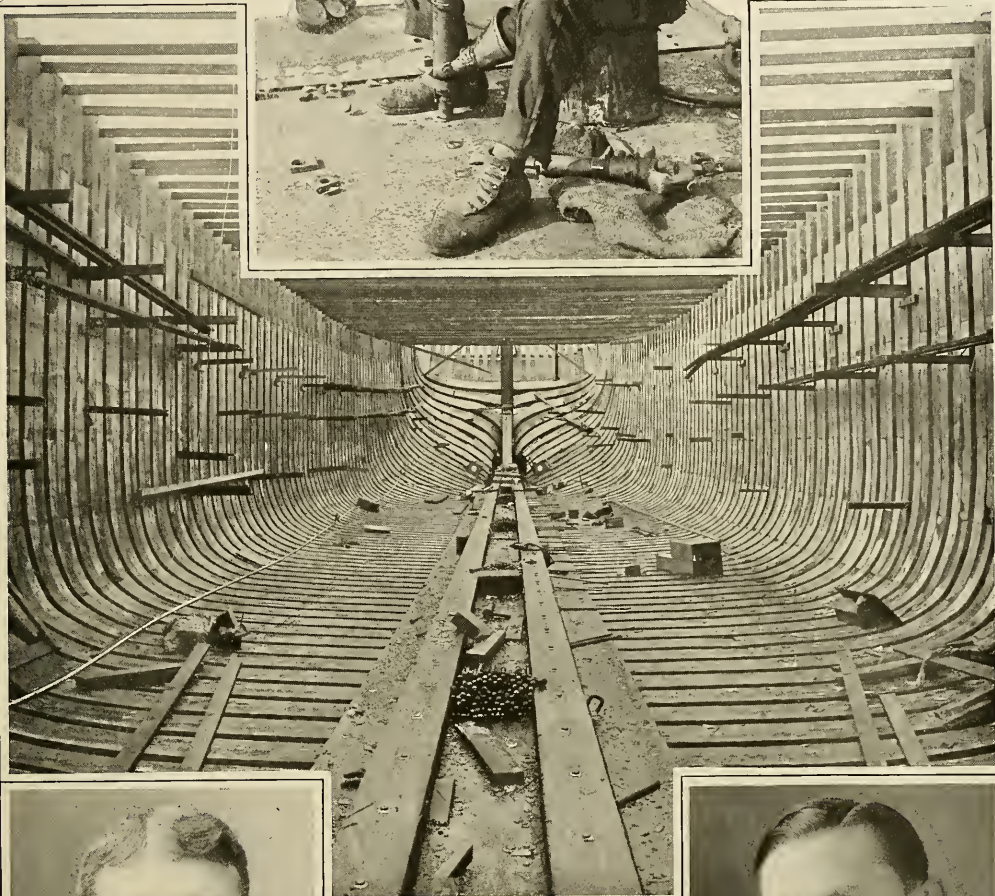
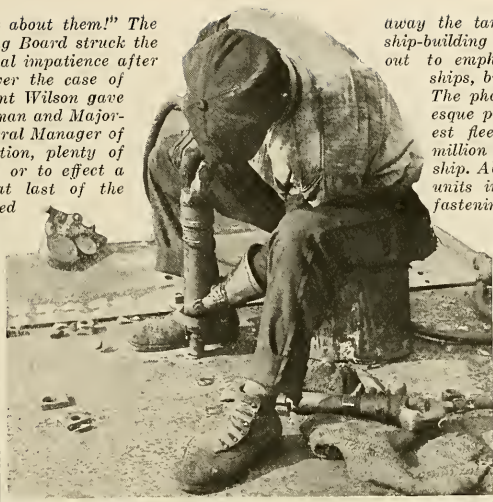
"We must build ships, not talk about them!" The second chairman of the Shipping Board struck the right note to satisfy the national impatience after weeks of futile controversy over the case of wooden ships vs. steel. President Wilson gave former Chairman William Denman and Major-General Goethals, recently General Manager of the Emergency Fleet Corporation, plenty of time to settle their differences or to effect a compromise; his acceptance at last of the resignations of both men cleared

© Underwood & Underwood

away the tangle for a fresh start on our ship-building program, which finally worked out to emphasize the importance of steel ships, but included wooden vessels, too. The photograph below shows a picturesque point in the building of the forest fleet; there are approximately a million feet of lumber in this particular ship. Above is one of the most essential units in steel ship-building, a riveter fastening down the heavy deck plates

Bain

© Harris & Ewing



Here are the men whose job it was to help us win the war by putting on the seas more cargo-carrying tonnage than German submarines can take off. Rear-Admiral Washington Lee Capps (at the left), who succeeded General Goethals as General Manager of the Emergency Fleet Corporation, was formerly Chief Constructor of the Navy. The skeleton or "basket" mast, distinctive of United States battle-ships, is one of his inventions. Edward N. Hurley, Mr. Denman's successor as chairman of the Shipping Board, was appointed to the Federal Trade Commission in 1913 and later became its chairman





© Underwood & Underwood

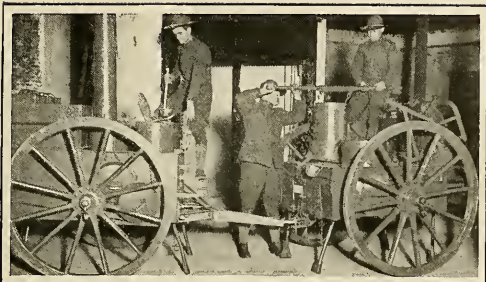
The "entente cordiale" between the United States and France became much more than a phrase as American troops sent overseas entered with enthusiasm upon their task of helping win the war. The poilu's attitude toward Sammee is best illustrated, perhaps, by the poster in the center of this page. Its welcome is unmistakable, but it does not stop to say so. From the troopship to the battle line the poilu points the way; this is the time



Kodak & Herbert

when only actions count! The line of French soldiers at drill, photographed above, focus the thoughts of France. The Americans on the transport below are just getting into "a French seaport." The censor has painted out the name of the ship, we can't tell you, either, which troops these are; but their anonymity makes it somehow easier to see in this group of eager soldiers the essence of American willingness and determination





© Underwood & Underwood



FEEDING A MILLION MEN

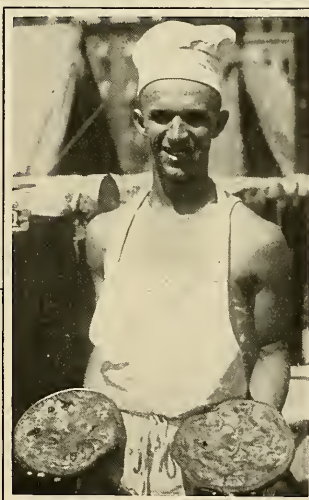
Up-to-date Government cook wagons furnish a good hot stew. Every camp has its "spud squad"—the cook has plenty of helpers



© American Press

PART OF THE AUXILIARY MOBILIZATION

These far-reaching piles of crates and boxes are just a sample of the shipments that Uncle Sam makes to insure good and sufficient food for the men in the training camps thruout the country. More stores are going over, too, to take care of the food problem for the American troops in France



Kattel & Herbert

PIES THAT MOTHER COULDN'T MAKE

The American soldier eats more than any other in the world—pies such as these would seem to prove that there's a reason for it! Even the cook here can't help beaming with righteous pride; he gets the best of modern equipment and material to work with—"Uncle Sam supplies the dough"



A SEND-OFF TO THE "SOLDIERS OF FREEDOM"

The great New York parade of men in the New Army was reviewed by a general, a mayor, an ex-President and two judges, both former presidential candidates. Left to right: General Bell, Colonel Roosevelt, Mayor Mitchel, Justice Charles E. Hughes and Judge Alton B. Parker



© Underwood & Underwood

THE PRESIDENT AS SOLDIER

A snapshot that strikes the keynote of democracy—President Wilson marching in the Washington parade

© Underwood & Underwood

Central News



WHEN THE FIRST DRAFTED TROOPS LEFT NEW YORK



A LESSON TO ROYALTY

The American soldier hasn't any bothersome etiquet about kings to handicap him—and he is cordially ready to talk over army equipment with King George V and to show him just how on American rifle works

Central News



Central News

THE SAMMIES IN LONDON

It was a great occasion—this first popular welcome of England to the American troops. They are marching here past the House of Parliament and over Westminster Bridge. The photograph below shows another section of the same parade, reviewed by the King and Queen



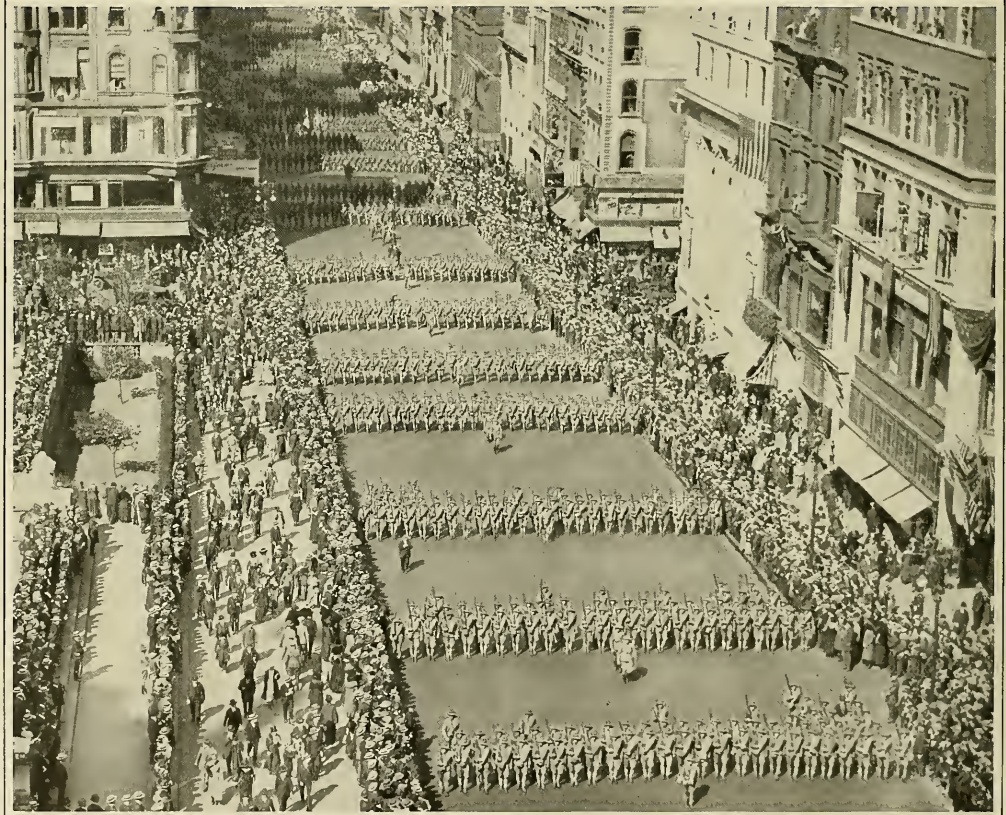
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THE STARS AND STRIPES SALUTE KING GEORGE



WHEN THE SEVENTH MARCHED AWAY IN '61

One of the first Civil War numbers of "Harper's Weekly" published this cut of New York's send-off celebration to the boys in blue



© Underwood & Underwood

THE "FIGHTING SEVENTH" ON THEIR WAY TO FRANCE

New York's favorite regiment leads the way in another war for democracy and "the city of Don't-care" proves again how much it does



© Underwood & Underwood

A FRENCH GENERAL REVIEWS OUR TROOPS CLOSE TO THE FIGHTING FRONT



Pictorial Press

LEARNING TRENCH TACTICS

French officers are giving the American soldiers the benefit of their three years' experience in trench fighting

Pictorial Press

OVER THERE

It might be any old camp where a couple of soldiers had nothing more serious to worry about than a dish-pan, but the carefully "camouflaged" tent-fly belies that first impression. As a matter of fact it's well within sound of the guns. The censor does not say exactly where



© International Film

"TIME OFF" IS BUSY, TOO

The Sammies say that learning to talk French is easy—but perhaps it all depends on how you study it



© DIVISION OF ARMY

The keystone of fighting America West Point Academy has graduated in all nearly 6000 officers for the United States Army. This is the entrance to Cadets' Barracks; on the hill in the distance is West Point's famous chapel

THE FIRST TEN THOUSAND

BY HERBERT REED

WHATEVER may be in the minds of the five thousand or so student officers undergoing, many for the first time, some for the second, the intensified training under way at Plattsburg Barracks that is designed at some no distant date to produce "The First Ten Thousand" who are to organize, instruct, and finally lead the shadowy millions of Americans who thru the selective draft will be called to serve their country, there is in the minds of their experienced instructors one basic idea, and that is that we are at war. Not that we are preparing for war, but that we are *at* war. It is a sweeping change in attitude from the old training camp days when we were preparing for war perhaps. The change is evident in little things, but above all in the great fundamental determination to wipe out at one stroke in the personality and previous attainments of the candidate everything but the man himself. The military life of every man who reported at the bleak barracks on the shores of Lake Champlain after the preliminary weeding out process in his home territory, which in this case comprises New York and New England, began the moment he reported for duty. His future lay thereafter in his own hands. In the mass I believe that has been understood by the candidates for commissions. And that understanding in the mass cannot help but grow until it so dominates the place that the exception will be obliterated.

That is the way "atmosphere" is made in any great assemblage of men afield whether in the great games of peace or the greatest of all games now in its third year on the raw fields of Europe. And in such an atmosphere the man who hugs his individuality cannot breathe. And yet, from Lieutenant Colonel Paul Wolf down there is not a regular army instructor at Plattsburg who does not realize that this is but half the problem. How to crush out of the candidate everything but the priceless kernel of his character, and so nourish that character that it will develop leadership of an order never before demanded in such a branch of human activity in this country—that is the problem in its final form. Will it be solved? I believe so, basing my judgment on even

the little I have seen so far, and convinced as I am that these molders of men have always before them the vision of those shadowy drafted millions which are in the last analysis the nation. They are determined that these millions shall not be thrown away—indeed, that they shall have every chance for their lives compatible with victory.

I want that fact to sink home in the breasts of the mass of men of all orders who will be called to the colors, for I have been on the ground where the problem is being worked out, and I have been among hundreds of men who will be called, and I know their fears based on the experiences of the old volunteer system with its rank favoritism.

FORTUNATELY for the purpose of this chronicle I reached Plattsburg on the day when the first thousands of student officers, after a week of shaking together, had been set free for rest and recreation. From little talks here and there, with men I had known, with men I was seeing for the first time, with pairs, with groups; from a study of their faces and of their bearing I gained an indelible impression of seriousness. There were exceptions, of course, but in the main I found a realization of the task in hand among men of all classes, of all sort of previous attainments and experience, from the youngest to the oldest. There is as I write vividly before me the face of the young man just out of college, superb in his youth, ardent in his aspirations, who said: "I want my ticket for France." Hardly less vivid is the tense

attitude of the gray-haired man of forty who had fought the workaday world for the sort of life he meant to live and had lived till now; who had thrown away the fruits of that fight to fight for the world that he had found so good. These two stand side by side in the ranks, the older as proud as the younger of the new equality.

On the surface these things do not appear. One has to dig deeply. But they are everlastingly there and they are that "atmosphere" of which I spoke. The process of stifling those who were not and never could be of that atmosphere began early, and, as I write is still going on. You cannot serve Caesar and the ideal which is ours at the same time. And those who prefer Caesar are being sent back. One man wanted a few days off to attend to his business. He had forgotten that he was now about his country's business. He received an honorable discharge on the spot, and even that was a concession. There were here and there cases of overanxiety which will wear off, of sheer exuberance which will also wear off to a large extent without adversely affecting the morale of the men. Despite discomforts due to the sudden, the tremendous, and in some ways unexpected growth of the post, it has so far been a happy encampment. Much has been said of the grinding work, but there is nothing in the schedule that need wear down men who are physically fit for it, and the intensive mental training is well within the powers of the type of man who has been sent on by the examining boards. And

I have never seen any course of study, even of the non-military order, better worked out to shift swiftly from theory to practise, and from practise to theory. The mind is rested as the body swings into action, and the body relaxes as the mind takes up the burden. Tact, quantities of it, goes with the instruction every minute of every hour, and so far as such a quality may be passed on, it is being passed on here. Men are being taught not merely how to act, but to teach others how to act.

I know not what better to call it than a famous football man once called it, "Coaching the coaches." It is that with this addition, that the new coach must be also a personal leader.

Just a word more about the real democracy of this



American Press

MR. REED REVIEWING A PLATTSBURG SQUAD



Paul Thompson

COACHING THE COACHES

quota of officers-to-be. There are in the ranks day by day men who by virtue of previous instruction, preparation and examination, much of it undergone at considerable personal sacrifice, had already attained rank, some as high as major, in the Officers' Reserve Corps. They wear the insignia and draw the pay of their rank, yet they are privates, and they must fight in competition with the veriest newcomer for the right to retain that rank or even a lower one in the New Army. The men at their side do not even salute them. And yet I have not heard one of them grumble.

There have been obstacles, and serious ones, to a quick getting under way, to the processes of even development. They included a shortage of food, a shortage of blankets, this a serious drawback in a country where nights are often bitterly cold at this time of year. No, there has not been enough to eat for men doing the work of these men. The fault is whose? I do not know; but this I do know, that it does not lie at this end of the line. Thus

for some days the men have been stoking up on pie and cake and milk supplementary to the mess. They have been good-natured about it, for they have realized the size of the task here in taking care of more than twice the number of men who had been anticipated, and who have appeared suddenly and in batches of varying and in some cases not predetermined size. Here is the comment of one of the men, and it is typical of the corps:

"It has been pretty tough at times, but it will work out all right."

Now, as every one knows, there are in the ranks men of great family names and great family fortunes. Their presence is "news" to photographer and reporter, and there is no doubt that the appearance of their pictures and "specials" about them in the newspapers has stimulated interest in this difficult undertaking thruout the land. In their own behalf, be it said, they have craved none of this publicity. In another day the continued following of their movements as individuals might be of ab-

sorbing interest, but this is a serious business, and I venture to predict that in the future there will be less and less of individual news from this post, and more and more interesting "group" news. And this group news is new indeed with the American people. So it would be as well for the reader to say good-by to the great names here in the ranks until such time as they thrust up out of those ranks thru their toil and their brains and the great good thing that is deep within them. Today they are as drab and dull and all but indistinguishable against the brownish background of the parade ground as the shoemaker's son.

How far can this thing go in the brief time allotted? No man can tell, but this I know, that the beginning has been good and that the promise is great. There is the "atmosphere," there is the democracy, and there is that vision of the shadowy millions who must not be cheated of their right, to back the promise.

Plattsburg, New York, June, 1917



© American Press

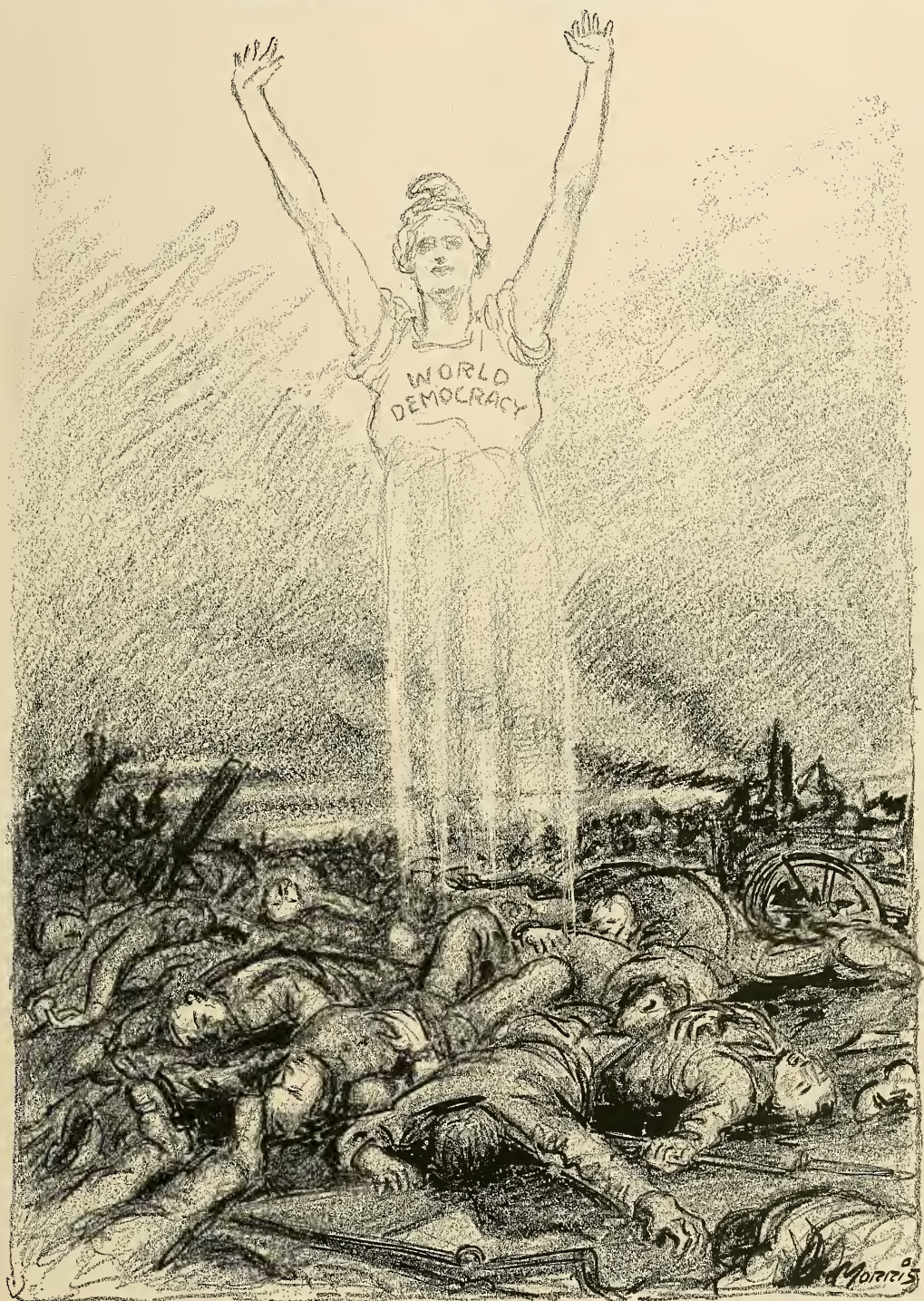
BUGLE CALL IN THE MORNING



International Film

THE END OF A PLATTSBURG DAY

CARTOON COMMENT



Drawn for The Independent by W. C. Morris

THE PHOENIX



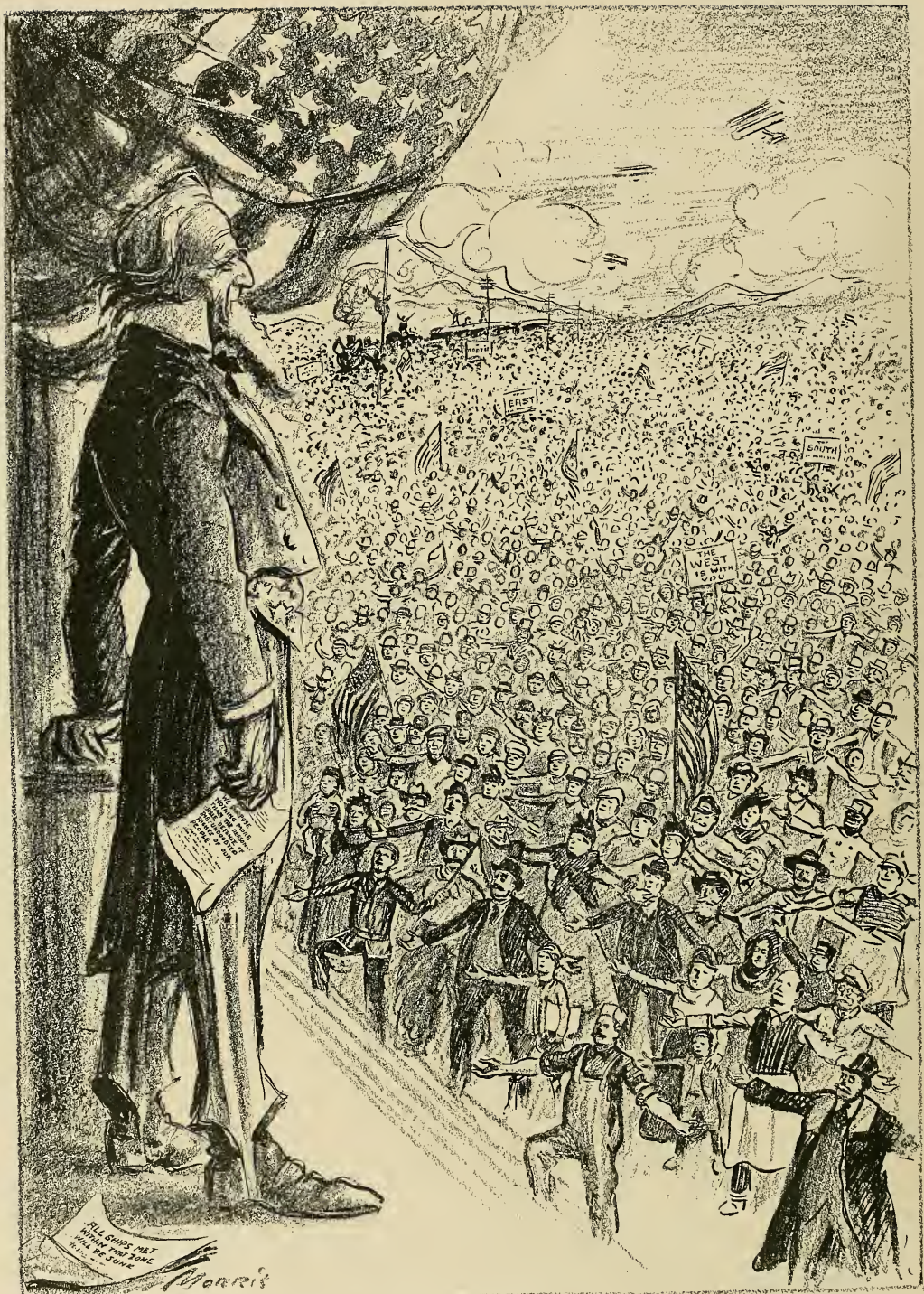
Drawn for The Independent by W. O. Morris

HOLD THE FORT! I AM COMING!



Drawn for The Independent by W. O. Morris

THE CALL



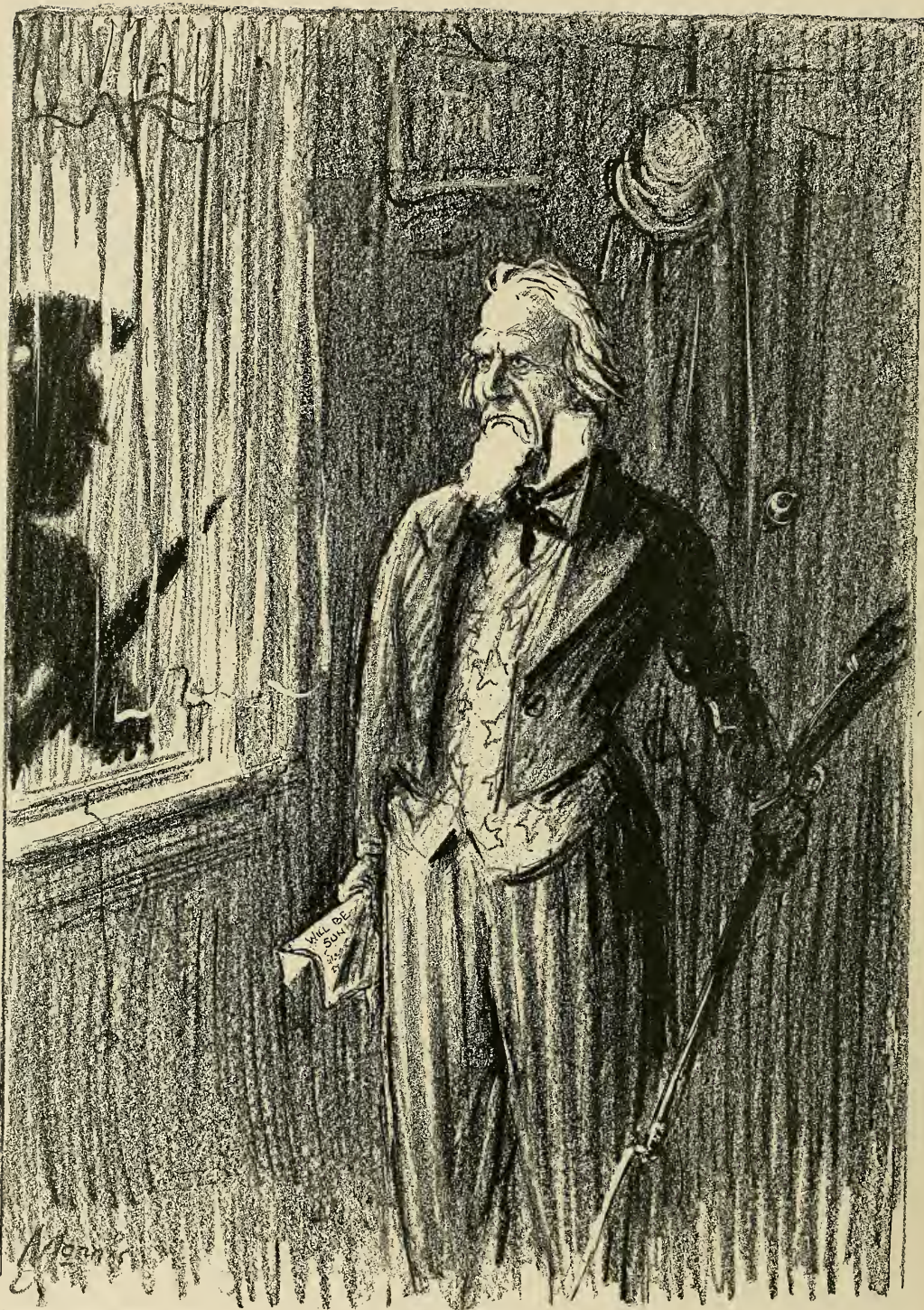
Drawn for The Independent by W. C. Morris

"READY, UNCLE SAM!"



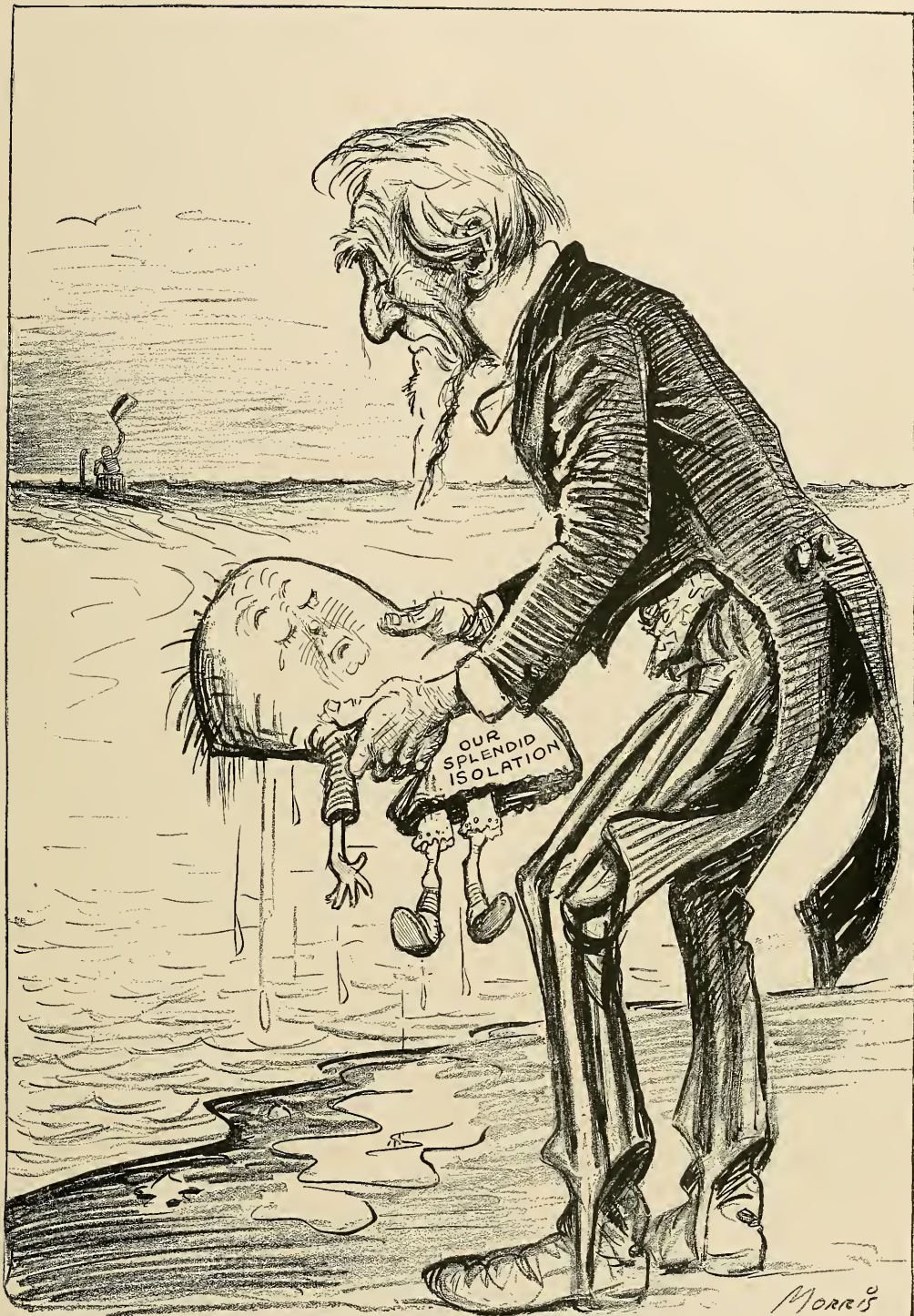
Drawn for The Independent by W. C. Morris

"WE MUST PAY WITH OUR BODIES FOR OUR SOULS' DESIRE"—THEODORE ROOSEVELT



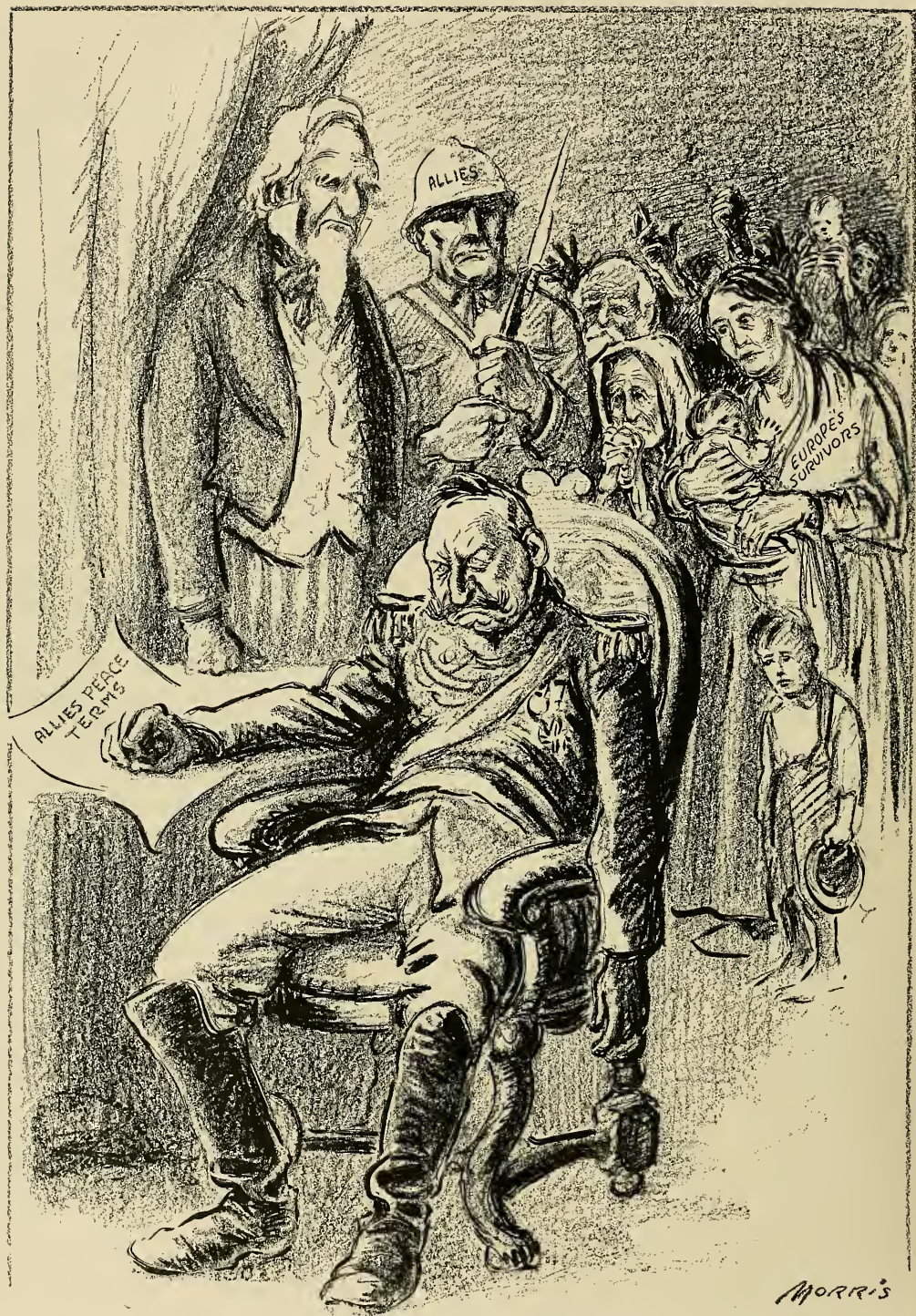
Drawn for The Independent by W. O. Morris

THE SHADOW



Drawn for The Independent by W. O. Morris

ANOTHER INNOCENT SLAUGHTERED



Drawn for The Independent by W. C. Morris

UNCLE SAM: "WELL, WILLIAM?"

MORRIS



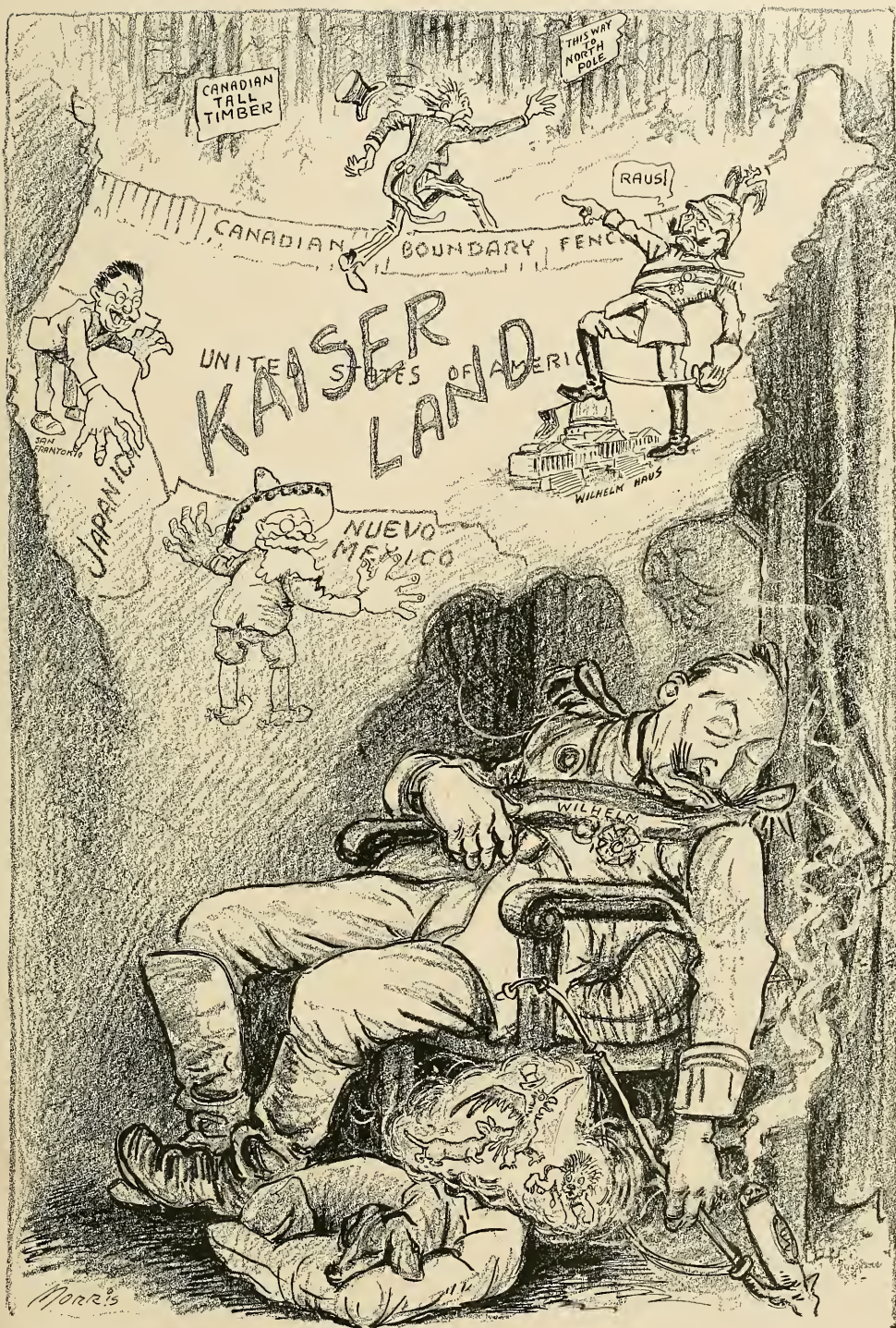
Drawn for The Independent by W. O. Morris

"ONWARD WITH GOD"



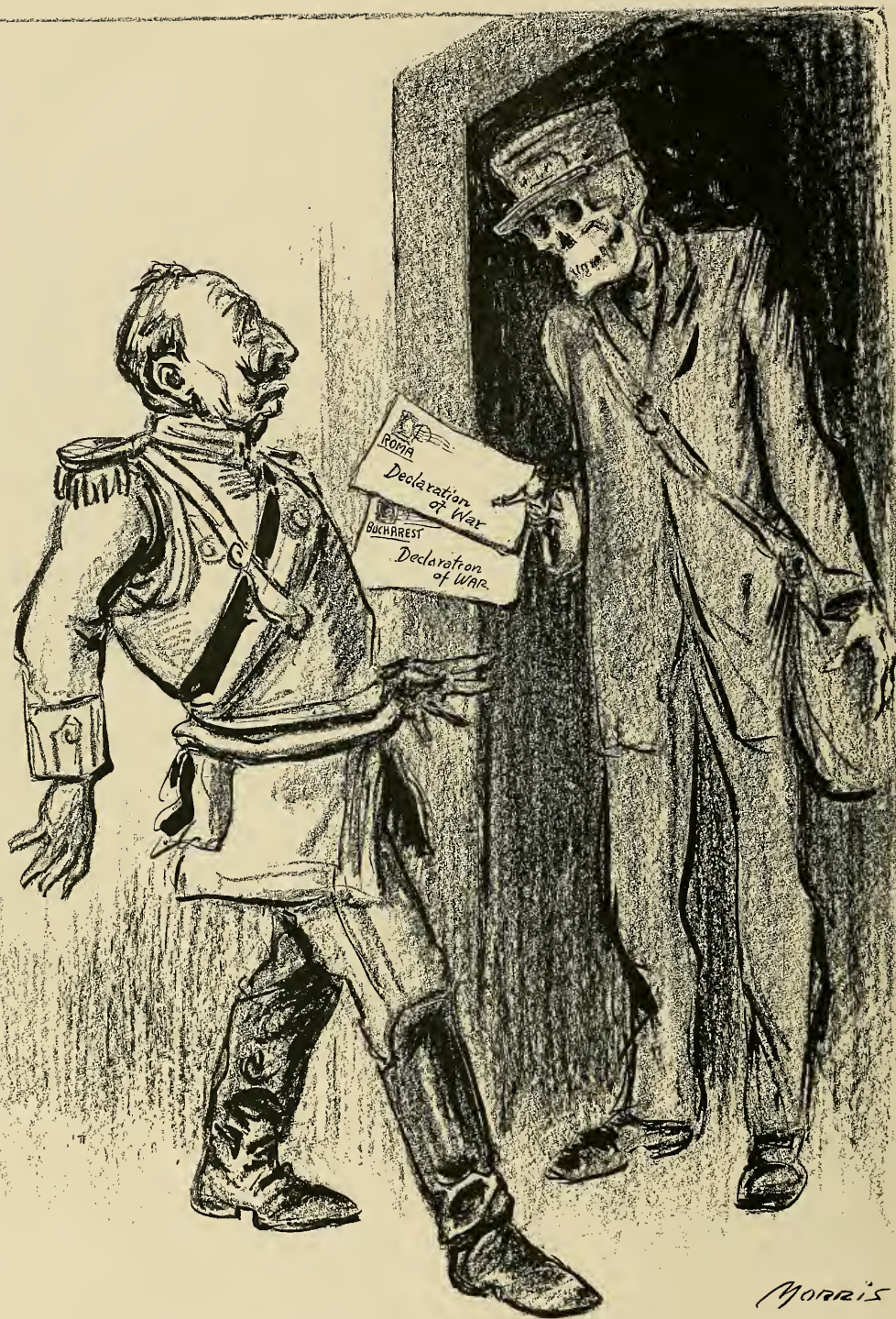
Drawn for The Independent by W. C. Morris

THEY THAT TAKE THE SWORD SHALL PERISH WITH THE SWORD



Drawn for The Independent by W. C. Morris

PIPE DREAMS.



Drawn for The Independent by W. C. Morris

THE POSTMAN: "TWO MORE, SIRE"



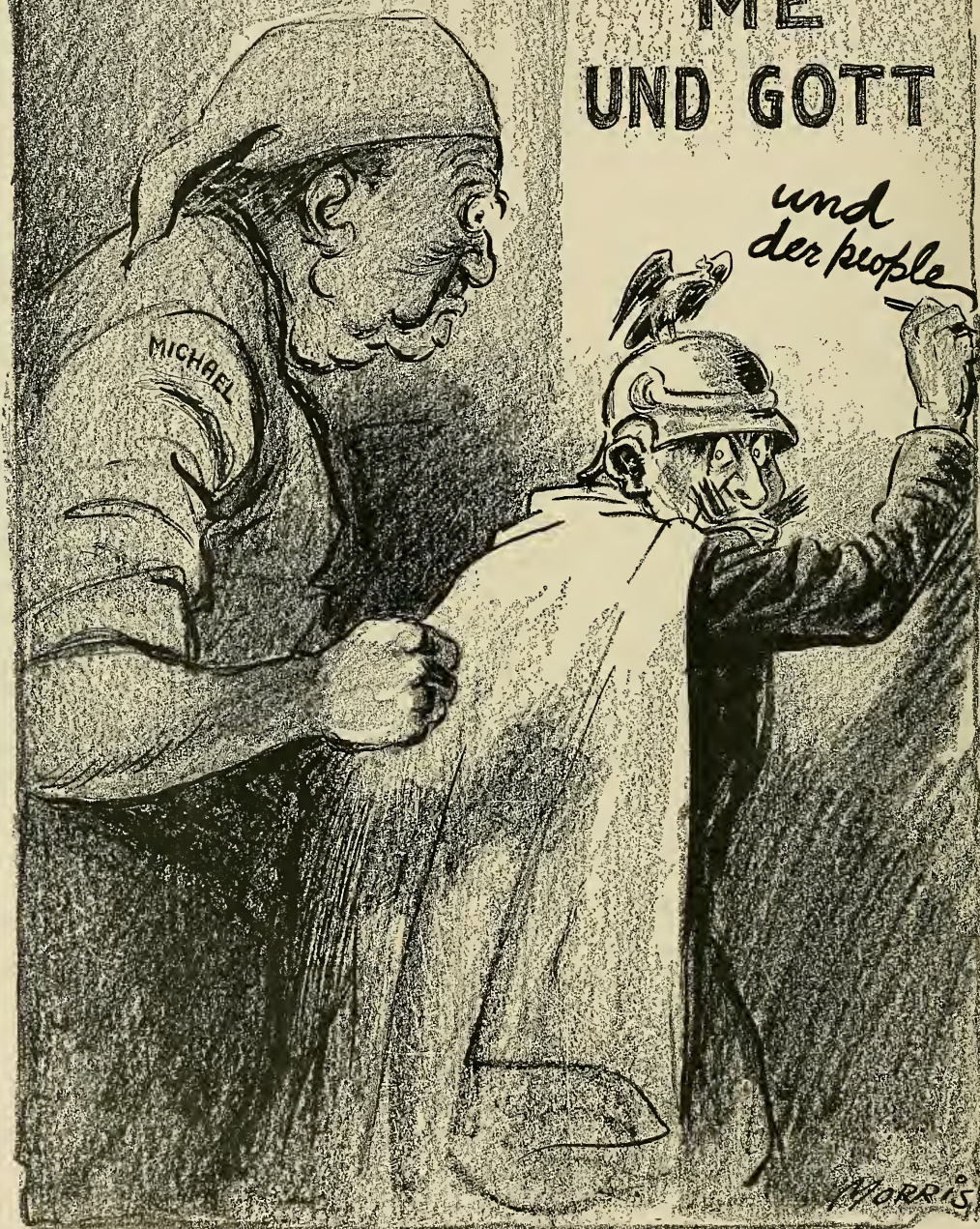
Drawn for The Independent by W. O. Morris

DIE NACHT

Der tag, "the day" to which German militarism for years looked eagerly forward as its goal, is rapidly darkening into night

ME
UND GOTT

*und
der people*

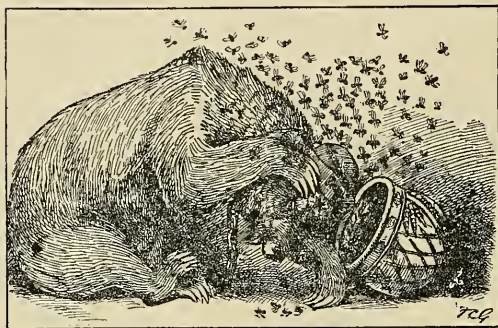




Drawn for The Independent by W. C. Morris

THE DELUGE

HER NEIGHBORS DISCUSS REVOLUTIONARY RUSSIA



UPSETTING THE HONEY POT

The Russian bear is being justly punished for trying to get away with unearned sweets.—"Westminster Gazette," London



THERE'S A LION IN THE WAY

Great Britain warns Russia, says the London "People," that the Prussian eagle's blandishments must not obscure the warring lion



A GERMAN VIEW

"Kladderadatsch," Berlin, rejoices in the Russian army's report of dissension—"and one company too drunk to fight at all"



AT A STANDSTILL

Russia (to the Allies), "Well, boys, I'm fired! Now it's up to you!"—a pessimistic view from "Reynold's Newspaper," London



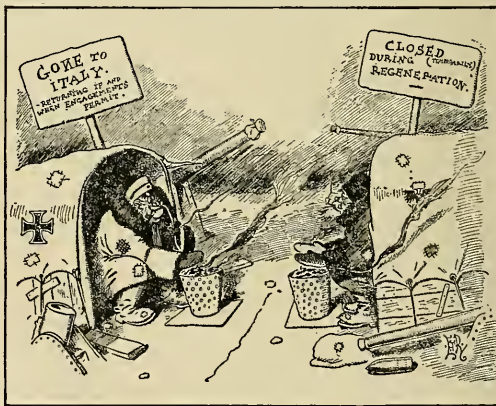
FREEDOM?

Another German cartoon from "Kladderadatsch." The branches on the tree of freedom represent the knout of slavery



A CZAR'S SOLILOQUY

Nicholas is enjoying his vacation. "I see from the papers," he remarks to his wife, "that we stand a good chance yet of getting that old job of ours back again."—"Novi Satirikon," Petrograd



THE CARETAKERS

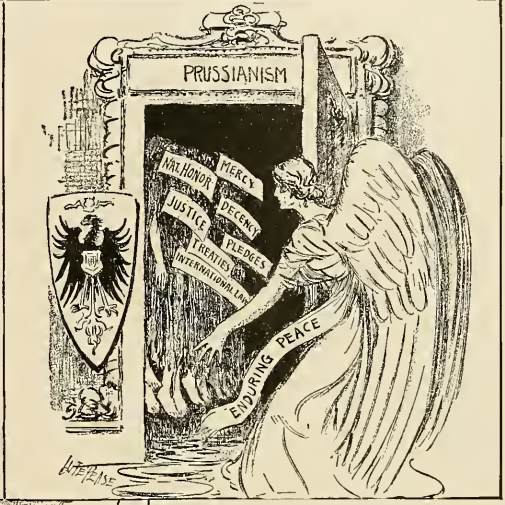
What Armageddon has come to on the eastern front. A British comment on the enforced inactivity of the opposing Austrian and Russian armies.—"Sunday Evening Telegram," London

PEACE PROPOSALS



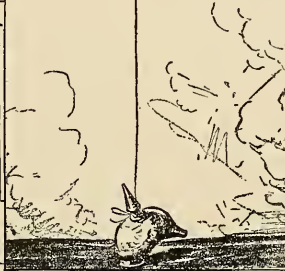
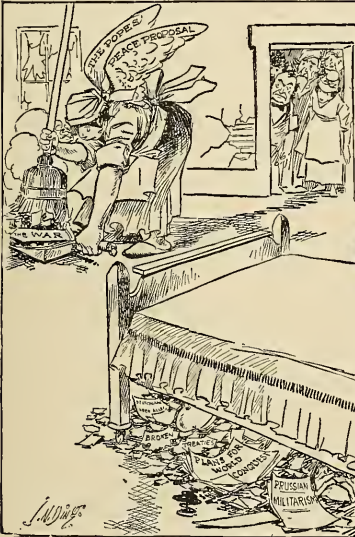
THE MILLENNIUM?

Rogers of the New York "Herald" declares that the millennium is certainly here when the little Peace at any Price lamb lies down beside the German lion. The expressions of the Kaiser's cubs are well worth studying. The dove as an emblem of peace is not quite so fashionable as it used to be. Perhaps it is because drawing doves becomes tiresome after you have done, say, twenty or thirty. Perhaps the bird has been depicted so often of late in a battered condition that there is very little left of it. However, Kirby in the New York "World" remains true to the dove and depicts the poor thing doing its best but heavily weighed down by a German helmet



AN ANGEL IN DIFFICULTIES

When the cartoonists get as good a chance as the Pope's proposal offered to represent peace as an angel they make the most of it. Peace in the Newark "Evening News" sees the angel of Enduring Peace entering the Bluebeard's closet of Prussianism and starting back aghast at the sight of the murdered wives: Honor, Mercy, Justice, Decency, Treaties, Pledges and International Law. Vanderhem in the "Nieuwe Amsterdamer" depicts Peace as anxious to take the world up again in her arms but saying pathetically: "I can't see where I can get hold of it!" The Dutch cartoonist has preserved his neutrality with extreme care and skill



Darling of the New York "Tribune" sees a delightful similarity between the Pope's proposal and the angel maid who attacks her work with the best will in the world and a highly commendable energy, but will have to learn, her onxious employers feel, to sweep under the bed. There are so many things there that must be cleared away before we can really have peace. Sweeping up the war is all very well, but it isn't enough. There are still a few scraps of paper which the excellent papal maid seems to have overlooked

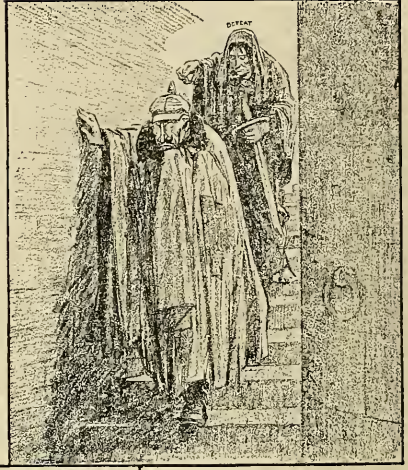


STRAWS



DOWN, DOWN, DOWN

The incorable command of Defeat, forcing the Kaiser to relinquish his ambitions of world victory and descend into dark despair is graphically presented (on the right) by Kirby of the New York "World." The other cartoons on this page are from two representative London papers; they are at the same time grim and humorous illustrations of the growing popular impression that Germany's military resources cannot possibly last much longer and that the German people are at last becoming aroused against their present rule



A WATCHED POT THAT SEEMS TO BE BOILING

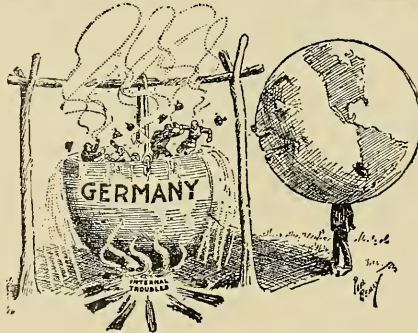
Popular disturbance is increasing in the German melting pot as the fire of internal troubles grows hotter, and the world looks on with increasing aproral as the people prove that they have a will of their own. Cartoon by Paul Benly in "London Opinion"

THE UNINVITED GUEST

"I have come to stay with you, dear Wilhelm, to the very end," says Famine to the shrinking Kaiser in the cartoon above. It was drawn by Owen Aves for the London "Passing Show"

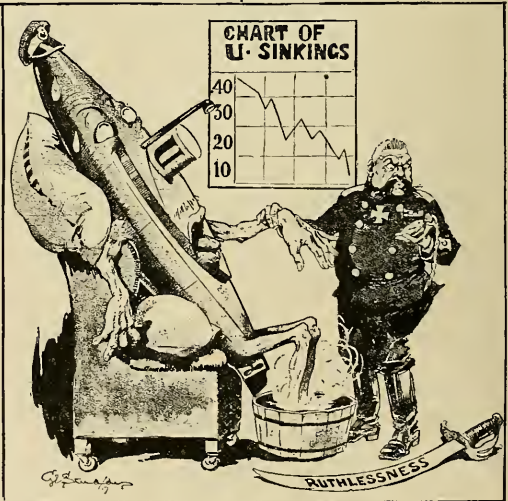
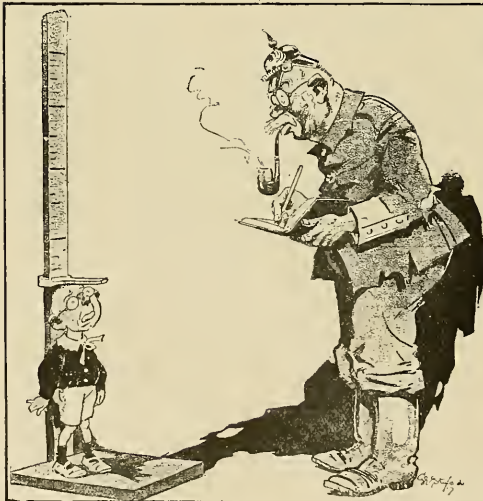
GERMANY'S MAN SHORTAGE

The report that boys from thirteen to sixteen years old are coming in among the German prisoners is the basis for this cartoon of G. E. Studdy's, published in the London "Passing Show." "Himmel," says the Prussian official, "How is it you have not been called up before?"

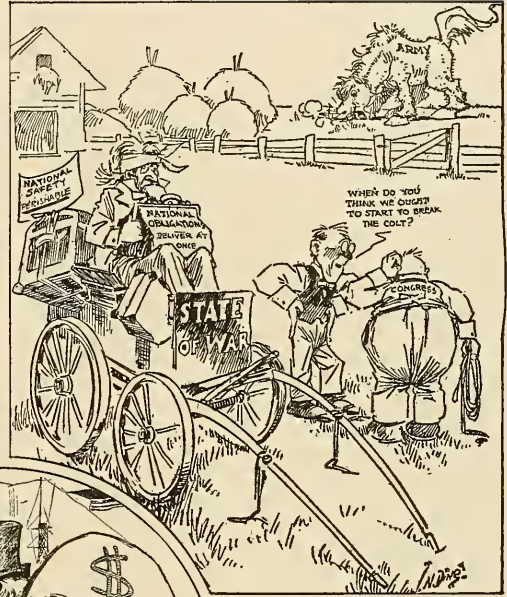


GETTING WEAKER

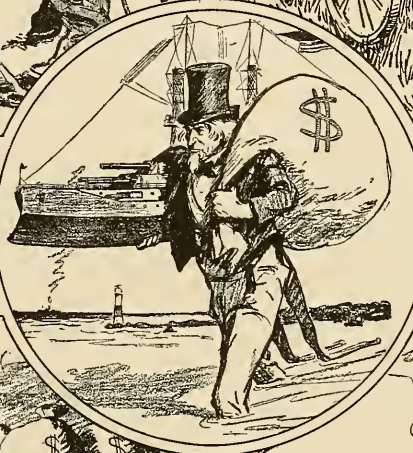
It is a rather optimistic forecast, this cartoon by G. E. Studdy, of Germany's U-boat campaign failing fast. Hindenburg has dropt the sword of Ruthlessness to give his attention to his pet patient, but U-boat seems nearly done for



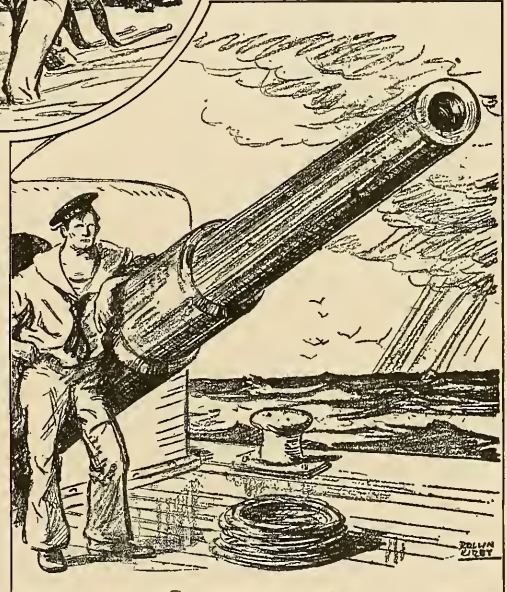
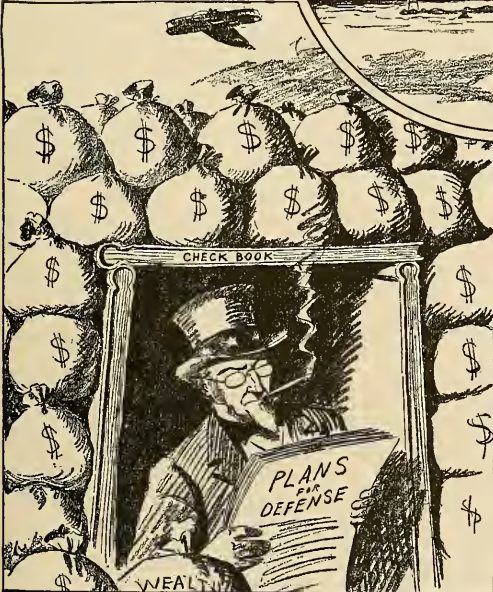
AS WE GO TO WAR



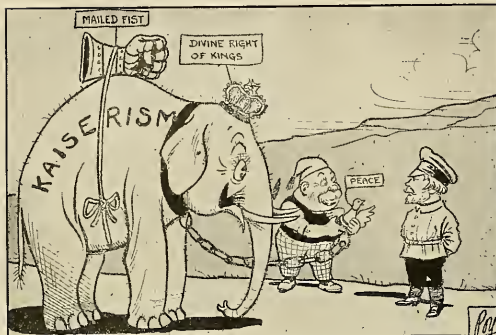
"And I always thought until now it was a man!" "London Opinion" congratulates Uncle Sam's "Awakening." "First Aid" (at the right) drawn by Rollin Kirby for the "New York World" points out the action that must follow our awakening. And it's "Not Bomb Proof," says Nelson Harding, in



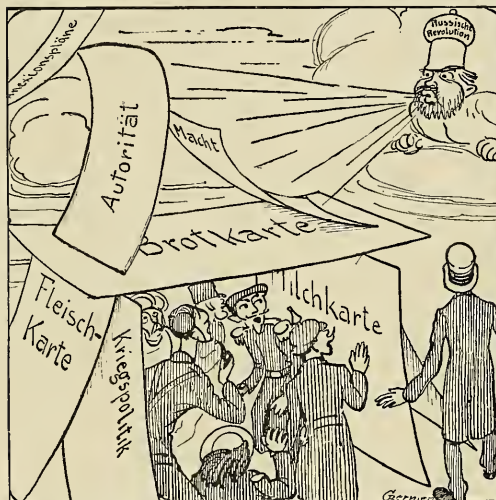
the "Brooklyn Daily Eagle," as he pictures Uncle Sam (below) relying on dollar defense. Ding, in "New York Tribune" (above) rebukes our unreadiness in "Putting the Cart Before the Horse." But the "New York World" suggests that we have a fair-sized navy now "Waiting for Orders"



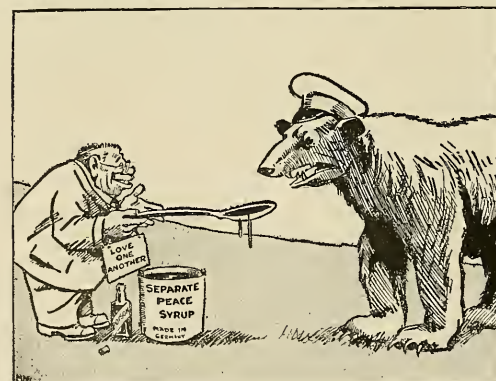
THE ADVENTURES OF BROTHER BRUIN



England and Holland and Switzerland and Italy all contribute their viewpoints to this European council on Russia, opened by the London "Evening News" with a picture of Germany presenting the peace dove to Russia. Fritz explains that "the elephant is thrown in with the dove!" At the right is "De Amsterdammer's" view of the bear tempted by the wily fox to put his paw in the cleft oak

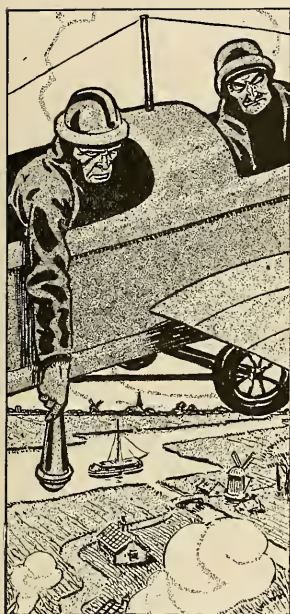


The Zurich "Nebelspalter" would have Russia turn the tables on Germany. "This east wind will soon upset everything." And Italian confidence in Russia is express in "Il 420," Florence, in Ivan's dismissal of the Kaiser's proposals—"By your works I know you!"



"The lordly tin of syrup" hides a bottle of poison in the Manchester "Sunday Chronicle's" cartoon of German peace proposals. The London "Sunday Telegram" interprets John Bull as saying: "Ah, my dear Ican, it takes time to get free. But you'll keep your word!"

AIR RAIDS AND REPRISALS



A NEUTRAL'S RIGHTS

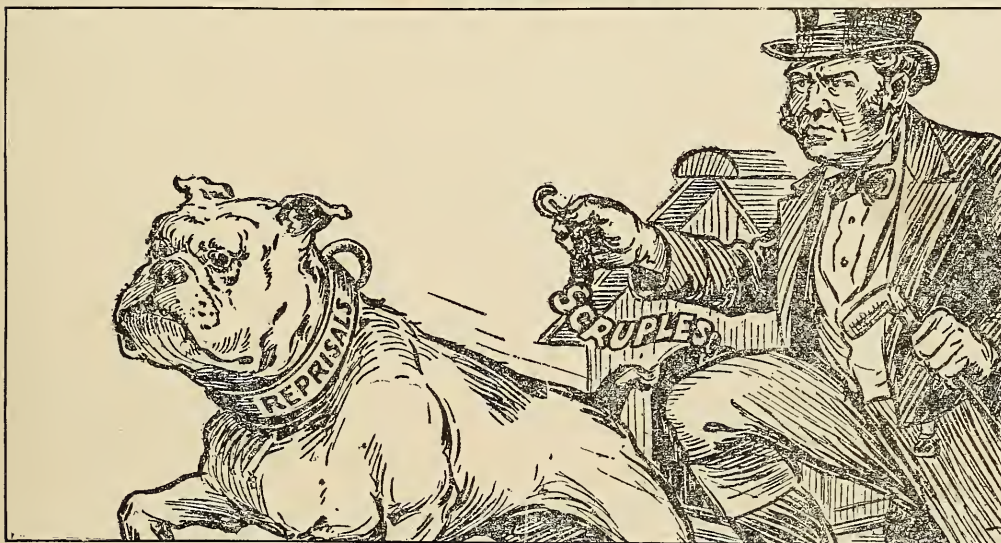
"De Notenkraker," Amsterdam, presents this cartoon of a somewhat ignored point of view on air raids. "Drop them here," says the aviators, "these are only the neutrals"

THE BOOMERANG
Germany's increasingly successful Zeppelin attacks on London have roused the British people to a vigorous demand for reprisals. General Smuts, South African statesman and member of the British War Cabinet, struck the note of popular feeling when he said: "We are dealing with an enemy whose culture has not carried him beyond the rudiments of the Mosiac law, to whom you can only apply the maxim of 'an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth.'" Roy, of the London "Evening News," has sketched below his interpretation of Germany's reactions



IMMUNE?

"Well, it's been a wonderful protection — so far!" comments the foxy Kaiser under the umbrella of "British Forbearance" in this cartoon by Williams, published in "London Opinion"



JOHN BULL: "AFTER 'EM! THEY'VE ASKED FOR IT, AND WHAT THEY GET THEY'LL WELL DESERVE!"

IS THERE A FOOD CARD IN YOUR HOME?



MEMBER OF UNITED STATES FOOD ADMINISTRATION

WIN THE FOOD FIGHT

The food card campaign has labeled every patriotic home thruout the country with the badge of membership in the Food Administration. "Fully Prepared" is Satterfield's approving comment on the ladies' aid to Uncle Sam, illustrated by the cartoon above from the "Harrisburg Patriot." Pease in the "Newark Evening News" (below) advises Congress to "Hurry Up With That Hoop."



IT'S UP TO MOTHER!

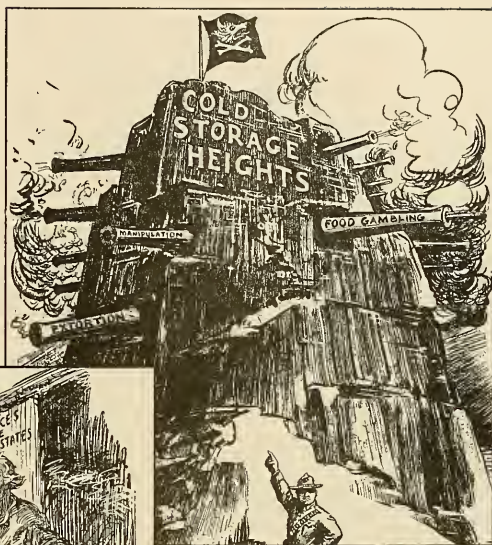
The bad boys of the United States family, "Food Waste" and "Great American Appetite" are being sternly taken in hand by Uncle Sam. "It's Up to Mother to Tend to 'Em," says Ding in the "New York Tribune." Rehse in the "New York World" (below) points out "The Order of Service" which we must follow in the international bread line



THREE SQUARE MEALS A DAY?



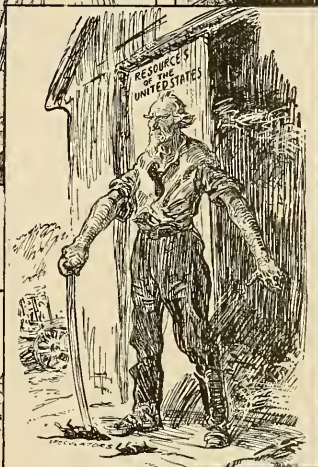
The spirit of '17 has been a favorite theme for war cartoonists lately—however, Nelson Harding, of the Brooklyn "Daily Eagle," seems to have found a vigorous and a brand new way to use it here



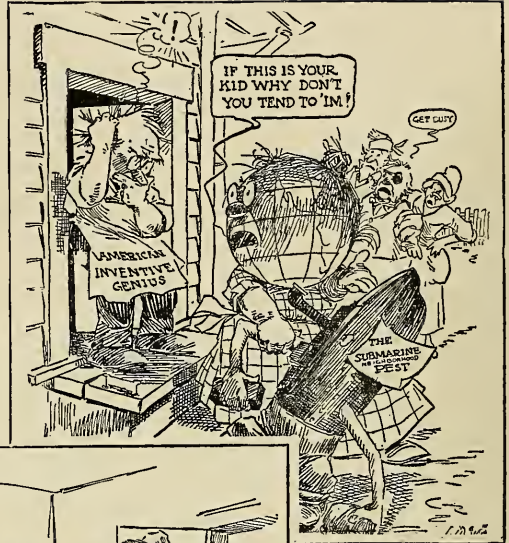
"Get control of this Heligoland—or lose the war!" says Rogers of the New York "Herald" in a cartoon of Food Commissioner Hoover standing ready to storm "Cold Storage Heights" and capture them



The two sides of our food problem: at the left, Unjust Prices scurrying down at the threat of Government Control—"Strange they couldn't do it until now!" says Ding in the New York "Tribune"; and at the right, the task of the producer—Winsor McCay of the New York "American" shows Uncle Sam saying "Well Done!" to the farmer, bringing in this year's harvest. "The Open Door—but one to be watched," is Cesare's comment in the New York "Evening Post" on Uncle Sam's storeroom of national resources

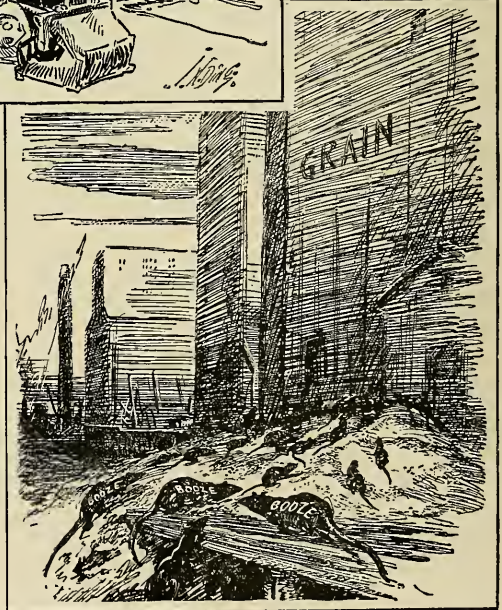


COME ACROSS!



Here are five civilian answers to our new war cry, Come across! — United States for "Do your bit." Food production of course comes first, Ding of the New York "Tribune" calls it "The Most Critical Race in Our History." Ding is also responsible for the next two forceful appeals to American patriotism:

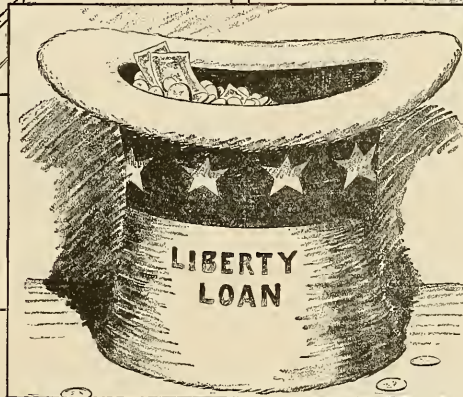
Putting the submarine problem "Up to Father" and (center) "A Proud But Touching Parting" with our profits. "Liberty in Bonds" is Nelson Harding's slogan in the Brooklyn "Daily Eagle," and in the last cartoon Cesare of the New York "Evening Post" presents a striking argument for bread vs. beer.



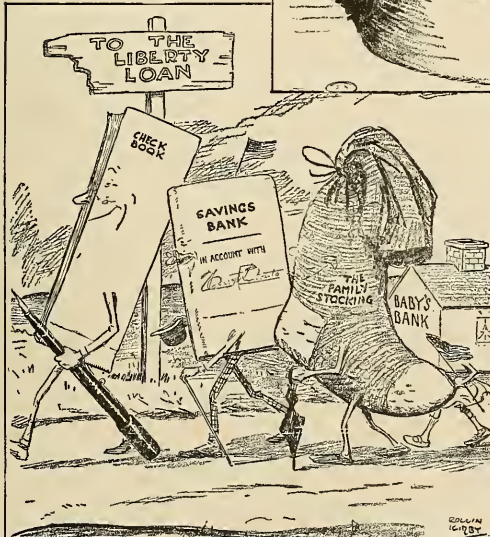
WINNING OUR FIRST GREAT DRIVE



The cartoonists have earned no small share in the glory of our first big victory—the over-subscription by nearly a billion dollars of the \$2,000,000,000 Liberty Loan. Ding in the "New York Tribune," for instance, sugar-coats the moral, "Better a Liberty Bond than an indemnity bond," with a particularly entertaining sketch



of "the human race." And there is no escaping the direct appeal of Nelson Harding's cartoon in the "Brooklyn Daily Eagle." "Fill It to the Brim" is his slogan when Uncle Sam passes the hat! The unenviable position of a loan slacker is the point of the "Baltimore Star's" attack; patriotism points "The Finger of Scorn"



There is an entertaining march of Liberty Loan recruits in Kirby's cartoon in the "New York World." Ambrose in the "Rochester Post-Express" preaches a powerful sermon—"The Challenge" of Common Good to selfish Individual Interest

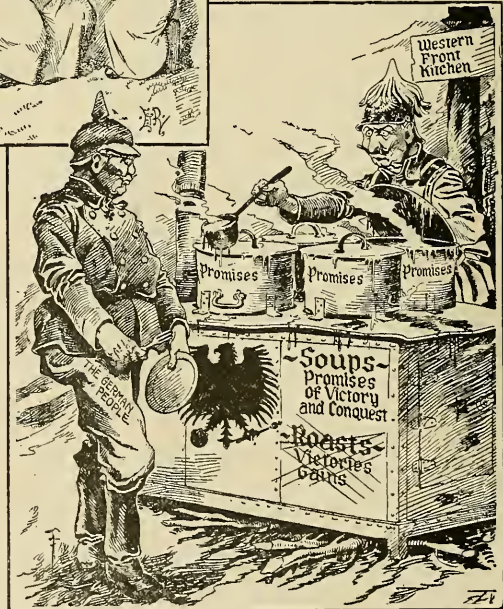
GERMANY AFTER THREE YEARS OF IT



Ding of the New York "Tribune" pictures the Kaiser and von Hindenburg as whistling to keep up their courage; and the London "Sunday Evening Telegram" shows the Great God Pon-Germanism at a discount with the Teutonic K-Nymphs



The Italian cartoonists seem to get a lot of fun out of their job. "L'Asino" cunys "The Situation." Kaiserism and militarism are seen clinging desperately to the rope of popular ignorance which is being rapidly cut in two by the shears of evidence



China's declaration of war inspired Cesare's conception in the New York "Evening Post" of the Wandering German expelled from get another land. Kirby of the New York "World," sees the Kaiser ladling out spoonful after spoonful of the soup of promises

CLOSING IN ON HOHENZOLLERN



Three notions—none of them German—suggest these next moves for the Kaiser. "Out!" says Rehse in the New York "World," adding a forceful reminder that "there are two who won't resign"—Defeat and Starvation. Ding, whose real name is Darling, has drawn Kaiser Bill in sorry plight for the New York "Tribune" (center). "That's what he gets for trying to walk off with the world," Ding's explanation of the



Kaiser's peace talk (in the lower left corner) is convincing, too. He finds him "a little late with his suggestion." The British comment (above) is from "Reynold's Newspaper"; it points the way to Wilhelm of Germany as "The next to fall" in the game of "Royal Ninepins." Italy has borrowed a bit of United States slang to point the moral in "L'Asino." Rome's finger of fate is suggesting "This Way Out!"



DON'T YOU THINK IT'S ABOUT TIME TO TALK PEACE



AN EMBARGO THAT BEATS THE DUTCH



THE DEVIL AND THE SEA
The strait and narrow path of neutrals now is shown by Cesare in the New York "Evening Post." Denmark, Holland, Sweden and Norway watch their step as they pass between the clutching hands of the Teutonic monster and the guarding trident of the Allied blockade

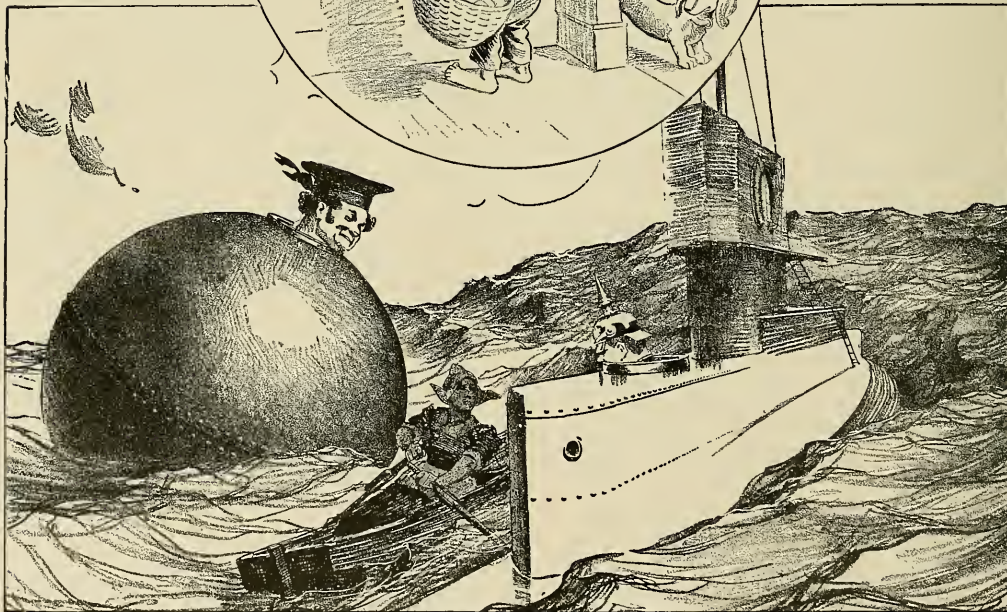
"NO MORE DOG MEAT, SONNY!"

In the cartoon below—a typically American treatment of international problems—drawn by Knott for the Dallas (Texas) "News," Uncle Sam is stern tho kindly in his refusal of little Holland's plea for just a little more "dog meat" from the world's Provision Store. No wonder the German dachshund, waiting just around the corner almost out of sight, looks decidedly anxious—he has been getting a living for many months on the "scraps" that have come to him from that neutral market-basket



NOTICE TO QUIT

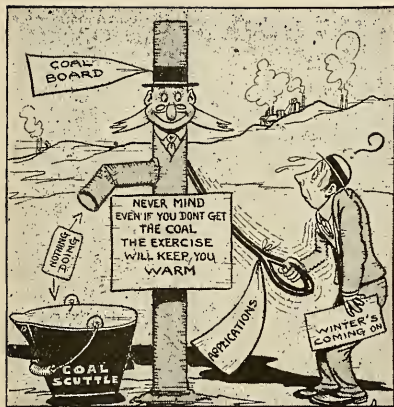
London puts the matter in plain terms. "Look here, my dear Miss Hook of Holland," says Uncle John Bull, "Give that hulking blackguard notice to quit or Uncle Sam and I shall have to restrict your supplies." The cartoon was drawn by Thomas Maybank for "The Passing Show"



HOLLAND TRYING HARD TO BE A "LITTLE FRIEND OF ALL THE WORLD"

This neutral finds herself in a dilemma, according to "De Amsterdamer," which illustrates with this cartoon of the small craft trying to steer between opposing perils a recent speech from the throne that "Our relations with all foreign powers remain friendly"

HINTS TO HOUSEHOLDERS



PUZZLE PICTURE: FIND THE COAL

"Never mind even if you don't get the coal; the exercise will keep you warm," is the comforting placard of the government's coal board in England. But it doesn't seem to satisfy the householder. "Oh, What a Happy Land Is England!" is Roy's caption for it, published in the London "Evening News"

RHONDDA'S RE-PRICE-ALL

"The People," London, is responsible for the pun which titles the cartoon at the right. The Food Controller's offensive begins—butter and baker succumb at the first shot



THE SQUEALERS

This cartoon from the Cleveland "Plain Dealer" urges Uncle Sam to use food control against greed, extravagance and waste



NEW TOOLS FOR THE BAKER

An Italian comment on food regulations requiring on exact size and weight for loaves of bread. Drawn by Grog for "Il 420"



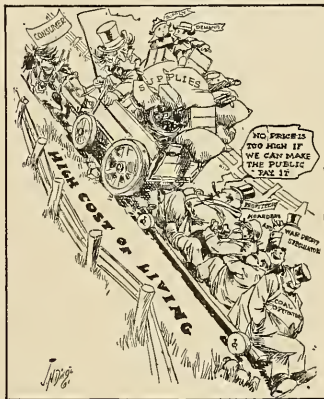
ANOTHER SAMSON

The profiteer brings down upon himself his own destruction. Drawn by Stinson in the Dayton (Ohio) "Daily News"



I'VE MET YOU BEFORE!

Cesare in the New York "Evening Post" represents Food Commissioner Hoover standing firm against exorbitant war pleas



WHIP BEHIND, MISTER

What chance has the poor consumer with profiteers, hoarders and speculators dragging him back? Ding in New York Tribune

COURAGE, MON VIEUX!

HOW ADRIENNE, OF PROVENCE, REVEALED THE SPIRIT OF FRANCE

BY HENRY G. DODGE

IT was there at the station in Marseilles that we saw the thing which shall surely live longest in our memories, which—more than all the battlefields and hospitals in France—brought us face to face with the realization of what war really costs.

As we drove up we found the square packed with waiting ambulances and automobiles driven by soldier chauffeurs. A number of the *grands blessés*, or the badly wounded, had just arrived from Geneva by way of Lyons, and were being unloaded here for distribution thruout Provence. They were a part of the great exchange of crippled prisoners that is continually going on between France and Germany, thru the intermediary of neutral Switzerland. Tho entirely recovered, no one of them will ever fight again, for it is only the hopelessly crippled who are exchanged.

We stood by the station entrance and watched them cross the narrow platform to the line of ambulances backed up to the curb. They came out of the door, a pitiful company, a hundred strong, and each man had lost a leg or an arm. Behind those who were walking or hobbling on crutches or canes came a line of wheel chairs with those who had lost both legs; and behind them—the blind.

I do not know if other wars have left in their wake so much of that most hopeless of afflictions—blindness, but it is the most terrible and impressive result of this war. A dozen of these poor sightless heroes, each supported by two orderlies, came thru the door of the station, out into the sunlit square. They felt the warm glow of the Provencal autumn, but they would never see its brilliance again. Their Provence, the "Empire of the Sun" as its children love to call it, could now only give to them its soft airs, its familiar sounds, and the warmth of its summer days. The brilliance of its mornings and the beauties of its nights, its rugged Alps and its lordly Rhône, and the sparkling blue of its Mediterranean, are to be no more for them.

The waiting crowd, silent and with uncovered heads, as if at mass, made a lane thru which the blind soldiers came. They stumbled over the flagging and down the steps with groping feet, and always, tho the orderlies guided

them by the arms, their hands were stretched before them, open wide; hopeless, hesitating hands, distrustful of the dark.

The last in line was a handsome boy not over twenty-one, a sub-lieutenant of the Chasseurs d'Afrique. His fair hair was pushed back from his forehead by the black bandage over his eyes, his red fez was tipped to one side by another dressing on his head—and his right sleeve was empty. And tho there glittered on his breast the Military Medal and the Cross of the Legion of Honor, pinned there when he had crossed the Swiss border into France, he was trembling from head to foot, and kept repeating over and over, "J'ai peur, j'ai peur, j'ai peur"—"I'm afraid, I'm afraid, I'm afraid." France had given him all she could—but he was afraid of the dark.

AND then that happened which changed the whole gruesome picture of horror and misery into something sublime.

A girl stepped out of the crowd to the boy's side, put her arm about his waist, and took his groping hand in hers. She was no more than sixteen, beautiful with the dark, splendid, Greek beauty of the women of Provence—a girl of the people, who looked as tho she might have come into Marseilles that day from the country with her cartload of garden truck.

"Courage, mon vieux," we heard her say, and the boy could feel, I am sure, the smile in her voice, even tho he could not see, as we could, her smiling and compassionate eyes. "Do not have fear. Let me walk with you."

The orderly saluted and unhesitatingly stepped aside. The boy turned his bandaged eyes toward the girl and, as he felt the protecting arm about his waist and the strong hand closing over his, his trembling ceased, his shoulders went back, and what had been a terrified child became a soldier again. It was the woman's touch that he had been needing—the hand and the word of encouragement of a woman of his own France—during the agonizing days in the hospital, and the long terrifying train journey in the darkness.

"Courage, mon vieux!" It was the spur to make him a soldier again. One

does not show fear before a woman. He took the few steps across the pavement to the waiting ambulance with steady and confident feet, his head turned always toward the sound of the voice at his side, and as he walked he smiled into the girl's face. How long it had been since he had smiled!

They came to the curb; and as she released an arm and an orderly stood ready to guide his foot to the step of the ambulance, he turned to the girl and paused a moment, with trembling lips. He raised his hand half way to the salute, and stopped.

"What do you call yourself, my friend?" he said.

"Adrienne, my lieutenant," she replied softly, still smiling.

There was no trace of coquetry in her voice or in her bearing. She stood, slim and straight, before him, like a soldier before his superior officer.

The boy whipped off the red fez from his blond head and tucked it under the empty sleeve pinned to his breast. His hand went out and found her shoulder, as she instinctively stepped nearer to him, a look of incredulous wonder upon her uplifted face.

"*Merci, Adrienne,*" he said huskily, and bent and kissed her upon both cheeks.

THE little peasant drew herself up like a queen, but her eyes were full of tears and for a moment she could not speak. Then, tremblingly but proudly:

"*Merci, mon lieutenant.*"

Her hands were clasped together upon her breast and on her face was the look of Jeanne d'Arc standing before the Vision. The boy took his seat in the ambulance and as it swung away from the curb his hand went to the salute, and his bandaged eyes turned toward the spot where she was standing. And until the car disappeared into the traffic beyond the station gates we could still see his erect figure and his hand raised to his forehead.

The girl stood motionless, looking after him, until he was out of sight, her face transfigured and her dark eyes still brilliant with tears. She had not been kissed; she had been decorated, and she wore the red badge of her glory in her flaming cheeks as proudly as the blind boy soldier wore the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor upon his breast.

BATTLE POEMS

BY WILFRID WILSON GIBSON

THE RETURN

He went, and he was gay to go;
And I smiled on him as he went.
My boy, 'twas well he couldn't know
My darkest dread, nor what it mean—
Just what it meant to smile and smile
And let my son go cheerily—
My son . . . and wondering all the while
What stranger would come back to me.

THE QUIET

I could not understand the sudden quiet—
The sudden darkness—in the crash of fight,
The din and glare of day quenched in a twinkling
In utter starless night.
I lay an age and idly gazed at nothing,
Half-puzzled that I could not lift my head;
And then I knew somehow that I was lying
Among the other dead.

WAR—BY THE WAY



© Medem Photo Service

THE ONLY SON LEFT

A SOLDIER TELLING HIS OLD MOTHER HOW HIS THREE BROTHERS FOUGHT AND DIED FOR FRANCE



© Mledem

Two French youngsters, whose father has been killed in the trenches, are telling one of father's comrades all about it

PARIS WITH A DIFFERENCE

LEAVES FROM A WAR-TIME NOTE-BOOK

BY HAROLD HOWLAND

TO draw the portrait of a great city is as nearly impossible as to "indict a whole people." The task demands too huge a canvas. The drawing must be done at the same time with too broadly sweeping strokes and with too much meticulous detail. I would paint a picture of Paris after fourteen months of war. But the thing cannot be done. I can only tear out of my notebook leaves filled with rough notes and random sketches.

The First Leaf
THE BEAUTY
AND THE CHARM
OF PARIS

One can imagine many reasons for coming to Paris at any time—some good, some not so good, some far from good. But there is one that ought to overshadow all the rest—that Paris is beautiful. It is beautiful itself, and it is full of beautiful things. Now the beautiful things are hidden away in these uncertain days, but for the rest—

To stand in the Place du Carrousel and look up the splendid stretch of the Champs Elysées to the culminating majesty of the Arc de Triomphe is to marvel at the creative genius of man and to wonder that he has been willing to make so many cities of the world commonplace and consecrated to the dreary god of utility. To drive about the city in a fiacre—thanks be to the war that has taken away so many swooping, motor taxis and brought back so many of their leisurely, cosy predecessors—and catch glimpse after glimpse of fine vistas framing stately churches and dignified public buildings, of splendid parks, of worthy monuments, of broad spaces and noble avenues, is to record upon the tablets of the mind an indelible impression—Paris the beautiful.

This impression the war has done nothing to efface; nor can it—unless and until the enemy shall succeed in meting out to Paris the grievous fate of Rheims. The beauty of Paris is unscathed; the charm of Paris—ah, that is another thing. But here I hesitate. To say that Paris has lost its charm is to say too much. But it is only by saying something like that that I can express what I mean. But let us change it a little. The beauty of Paris persists; the charm of Paris is veiled, hidden, supprest. For beauty and charm, I take it, are two things. A statue in cold marble or a body in cold flesh may have beauty; only a warm and living woman can have the more precious attribute. It was not until the kiss of the Prince fell upon her lips that the beauty of the Princess was infused with charm. Paris is not dead—but surely Paris sleeps. Where are the gayety, the lightness of heart, the sparkle, the verve—in a word, the charm, of yesteryear?

The Second Leaf
A NOT
ILL-NATURED
COMPARISON

It is inevitable that a visit to Paris after London in these dun days should provoke comparison. The temptation is irresistible, but in yielding to it I would be absolved from the charge of invidiousness. The comparison is inevitable, but so is the difference. For Paris has heard the guns of the enemy clamoring at the gates. London, save for the irritating but on the whole negligible stings of the enemy's insect swarm, is untouched. Paris is the capital of a land whose richest acres lie in the alien's grasp. London is the heart of a country lying inviolate behind the walls of oak now turned to steel. England knows war at arm's length. France feels it gnawing at her vitals.

Curiously enough, while London is full of soldiers, Paris is empty of them. London streets swarm with them, London restaurants are yellow with khaki, London music halls draw half their income, at a snap guess, from Tommy—and his officers. You sit beside them on the busses and in the tube trains, you stumble over them on the grass in the parks. Half the girls in London hang on uniformed arms, half the people in your hotel seem to have come up from the country to consort with soldier sons and brothers and husbands and sweethearts on leave.

But in Paris the soldier is, comparatively speaking, infrequent on the boulevards and avenues, in restaurants, theaters, cafés and hotels. In the French capital the misty blue of the uniform puts accents into the picture; in the British capital the greeny yellow of the khaki mellows the picture's entire tone.

The soldiers of Paris are different, too. The boys in khaki look just that—boys who have put on khaki as a new dress and are not yet quite accustomed to it. The men in blue wear their blue as tho they had spent years instead of weeks in it, as tho they had worked and lived and, perhaps, suffered in it. Their uniforms are worn and faded—and many of the faces match the clothes. There is just the difference. England has a great army in the making; France has a great army in being, which has toiled and fought, and still goes back to toil and fight again. It is the masses of the material being molded into the new British army that one sees in London; in Paris it is bits of the splendid French war machine, released for a moment from their appointed places in the mechanism. For France has been forced by geographical position and the grim shadow over its frontier of a threatening militarism to be a military nation. England, snug

behind the ramparts of the British fleet, could wait to create its army when the need should arise.

Another suggestion of the same difference. On every bare space in London flaunts a gaudy poster, one of a hundred different designs, exhorting loyal Englishmen to enlist to fight for king and country. In Paris here and there hang the torn remnants of a single uniform announcement tersely declaring that general mobilization is ordered for midnight on the second of August, 1914. England called, and still calls with ever greater earnestness, for volunteers. France merely notified men trained and ready that the hour had struck.

The Third Leaf
ALONG
THE STREETS
OF PARIS

An entirely adequate reason for coming to Paris at any time is to *flâner*—the word is untranslatable, but the act of contemplative loitering, of philosophic idling, has a universal human appeal. The streets of Paris are the *flâneur's* Promised Land. A Barbecue shopping tour—but that is tautology, for all shopping as distinguished from buying has the exotic and insubstantial quality of a Barbecue feast—skirting the treasure houses of the Rue de la Paix, or among the antique shops of the Boulevard St. Germain and the Quartier Latin, or thru the haunts of tomorrow's fashions in the Faubourg St. Honoré, or by the print shops of the Rue de Rivoli and on the Rive Gauche, provides the stuff the *flâneur's* dreams are made of. He loves a sentimental journey among the emblems of feminine charm that throng the Elysian Fields and the Wood of Boulogne on an afternoon of early fall sunshine, falling in love at first sight a dozen times in an hour and out again as promptly at the first sight of the next comer. The hour of the appetizer, that twilight interval between the business of the day and the business of the evening, is the *flâneur's* hour. Then he takes his ease at his sidewalk café over a long drawn out glass of coffee, a *sirop au vin blanc*, the insidious essence of wormwood, or the incomprehensible sugar and water. Then he surveys the passing world with a reflective eye and finds it good.

But *nous avons changé tout cela*. Or more accurately, the gods of war have changed it all. Paris is too sober to *flâner*, too sombre to *flâner* in. Many of the shops are closed—"closed on account of mobilization" runs the legend on the shutters. Practically all of them lock their doors for a couple of hours in the middle of the day because of a depleted staff. It is not good form to buy lavishly and to indulge in luxuries. France needs the last *sou* in the toe of the last stocking-bank; and

when a nation is sternly practising self-denial it is no time for the individual to spend with a careless hand. So one *fâner* among the shops, if one does it at all, shamefacedly and a little furtively; and one does it almost alone, for Frenchmen have no heart for business.

The restaurants and cafés are deserted. I use the word not carelessly and figuratively, but with deliberate literalness. It is not so in London; but in Paris it is. Not only the smart ones—that was to be expected, but the simple, every day ones—that is almost pathetic.

Even the streets seem strange for Paris, where the streets ought to be gay. There are no men of military age—*ça va sans dire*—for Frenchmen all are soldiers now. There are no motor busses hurtling thru the streets—and Paris without these Juggernauts is safer surely, but hardly natural. Once out near the front I found the reason why. An old familiar shape came trundling down the road, familiar and yet odd in grim war gray with bulging load of precious war supplies. Mobilization has taken the busses too.

The streets by night—a greater difference still. The picture that the words "Paris by night" call up—*ça n'existe plus*—there is no such a thing. In place of brilliancy we find a gruesome dusk; in place of pleasure hunting throngs, hurrying or loitering as the purpose suits, a sprinkling of passers-by, groping their way toward home or other goal. The sidewalk groups of chairs and tables outside cafés that make in better times the outdoor life of Paris a thing to conjure with are empty now. None sit and sip and chat and watch life flowing by. Those that are left go early home to bed.

The Fourth Leaf
THE CHANGING
OF
THE GUARD

After three weeks of London, punctuated by four pleasant little visits from earthquake-dropping Zeppelins, and other three weeks of Paris with tranquil nights and no sign of hostile visitors, one finds oneself wondering. Why the difference? Paris is only half as far from the enemy's lines as London. It offers as fair a mark. Why no bombs for months and months? Gradually one gets a glimmering of a possible explanation.

Each afternoon between four and six a little spectacle is staged that never fails to fascinate. If I am in my hotel room a giant humming comes dropping down the central court on which my windows look. It sounds like nothing but a monster vacuum cleaner hard at work. It never fails to draw me to the street. There overhead a monster bird wings its way across the sky. Slowly, perhaps a little wearily, it flies, from east of north to west of south. It comes from out that quarter where the fighting is. Then comes an-

other from the opposite compass point. No wariness to this one's flight; it shoots along like cloth-yard shaft from good yew bow. They meet and pass and vanish, each to its appointed goal.

It is the changing of the guard. Each hour of the day—and night as well, as you shall see—four faithful birds like these mount guard above the city, and sail and dart and skim about, and watch and watch and watch. If need arise they can do more than watch, for to swift wings they add sharp beaks and ruthless claws.

It is my last night in Paris, a "wonderful clear night of stars." Loitering across the Place de la Concorde to my hotel, my head is in the air. It always fascinates when in a distant land to con the stars and find all there the old familiar ones of home. Jupiter, an incandescent globe, commands the sky. But what's that other star just there that glows as bright as he? The planets do not shine in pairs like that. And look! This one has moved, is gliding steadily across the sky. Right overhead it goes from east to west. Once past the zenith it begins to shrink, and dwindles slowly to a point of light that presently snuffs out. But soon the point of light is there again, growing and growing till this second planet rivals Jupiter again. Then once more it shrinks and vanishes off in the east.

Again it is the changing of the guard. Our lawless planet waning and waxing and waning again is but a biplane watching with sleepless eye above the sleeping city. No hostile aircraft minded to drop its bombs on helpless folk but shall run a gantlet perilous. Come it by day or come by night, the guard is there, waiting and watching and ready armed to fight. One reads of London raids, "our aeroplanes went up." In Paris, if the raid should ever come, "our" aeroplanes are up.

The Fifth Leaf
LE DERNIER CRI

Among those many reasons for coming to Paris what more compelling one than to see the fashions. It is only in Paris that one finds *le dernier cri*, the style not of yesterday nor even of today, but of tomorrow and the day after. As I write, I find in a morning journal a complaint from manufacturers in Switzerland that they are in perplexity about modes, "because Paris, which used to give the lead in regard to innovations, does not do so now." It is a sad predicament for the rest of the world. It cannot be fashionable, for there is no one to set the fashion. Paris has laid aside for a sterner task its time-honored leadership in the gentle art of dressing as everybody else does now in order to dress as nobody else did last year.

So it would seem. But Paris is incorrigible. The habit of *le dernier cri* is ineradicable.

It shows itself in many little ways. For instance, it is the new fashion—an inflexible code—not to linger at dinner in a public place after half past ten. (Besides the lights go out.) There is no longer any evening dress; for men the morning suit for dining out and for the theater, for women the tailor made in somber tones.

These be new fashions, but there is one more striking than all—and more popular. It is a simple style, not depending for its effect upon exaggerated lines or startling color schemes. One sees it everywhere. One cannot pass a dozen women on the street that one of them does not affect this newest mode. It is a versatile style, adaptable for morning wear, the home, the street, receptions, luncheons, dinner, for work, for leisure, for every kind of life—save one, I think. One does not play in it, for if one wears it one is disinclined to play at all.

It's *chic*, this style; what *mode Parisienne* is not? It has that grace of line, that artistry of cut, all that I-know-not-what that proves the French modiste an artist, not an artisan.

All classes wear it, from the gracious *femme du monde*, costumed by Paquin, to the pert *midinette*, whose dress is but the product of her nimble fingers and the midnight oil. It is worn by young and old; but more it seems, by young than old—a startling, saddening thing. In fabric and design it is a varied style, only in color is it uniform. There persists a dreadful monotone. For it is black, all black, unvaried, unrelieved.

It is the widow's costume. On every street, in every shop, one almost thinks in every home, the widows of the men of France who give their lives that France may live wear the glorious dread regalia of their sacrifice.

The Last Leaf
AND WHAT
OF
FRANCE?

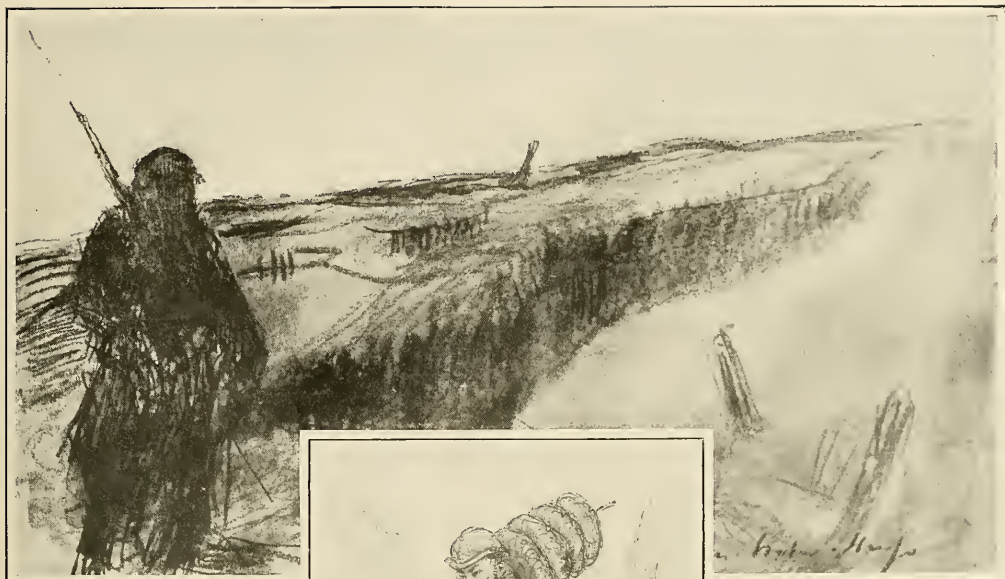
Thus my rough notes on Paris. But what of France? With what spirit do the people of the pleasant land face the future and the task that still is theirs?

For the answer to such a question one cannot give chapter and verse. One does not find the whole answer anywhere—one finds its elements everywhere. It is in the air like the tone of a vibrant autumn day. It thrills the nerves like a charged electric atmosphere.

It is sad to see France so changed. But France is not sad. France suffers but its spirit does not quail. France bleeds but its courage mounts only the higher.

France has but one mind, expressed in the word of the Apostle, "This one thing I do." France is stoical under its affliction, united in its unflinching purpose, aroused, unflinching, determined. Whatever may be the outcome, France will endure to the end.

Paris, November, 1915

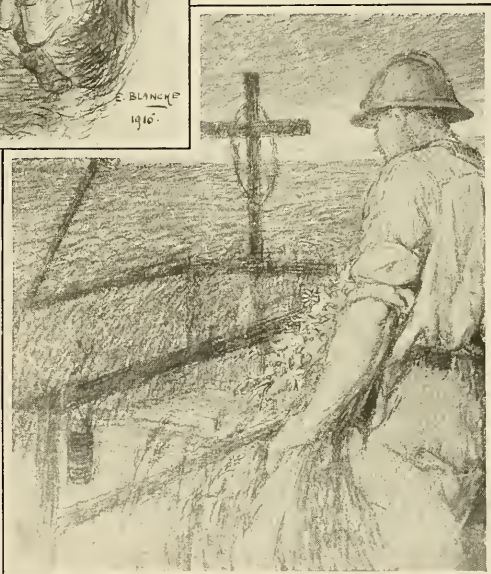


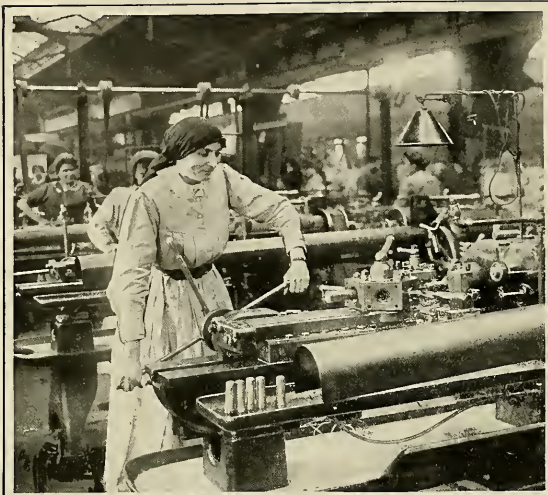
Pictorial Press

What the soldier in the trenches sees in war—a group of pencil sketches drawn by the men who are defending France. "Patrol during the night" (at the top of the page) is an effective picture of a sentry's grim loneliness. It was drawn by George Victor Hugo, grandson of the author of "Les

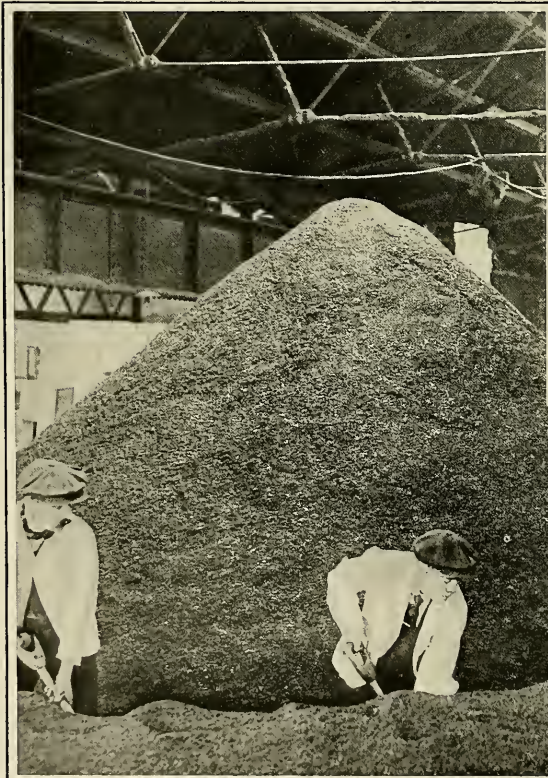


Miserables." In the center is the French for "Gunga Din"—E. Blanche's sketch of a soup and bread carrier in the first line trenches. The ruins of a church in France (in the lower left-hand corner) typify to A. Franquet the pity and the necessity of this war. The last sketch, "The End," is by Sereagny

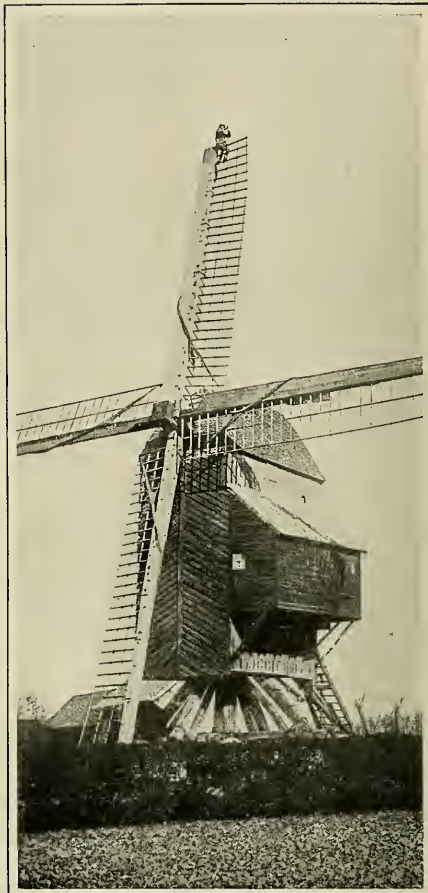




Three pictures of war—with a difference. The Parisienne in a munition factory is making shells with the same skill she once used as a fashionable milliner trimming hats for the ladies of Paris

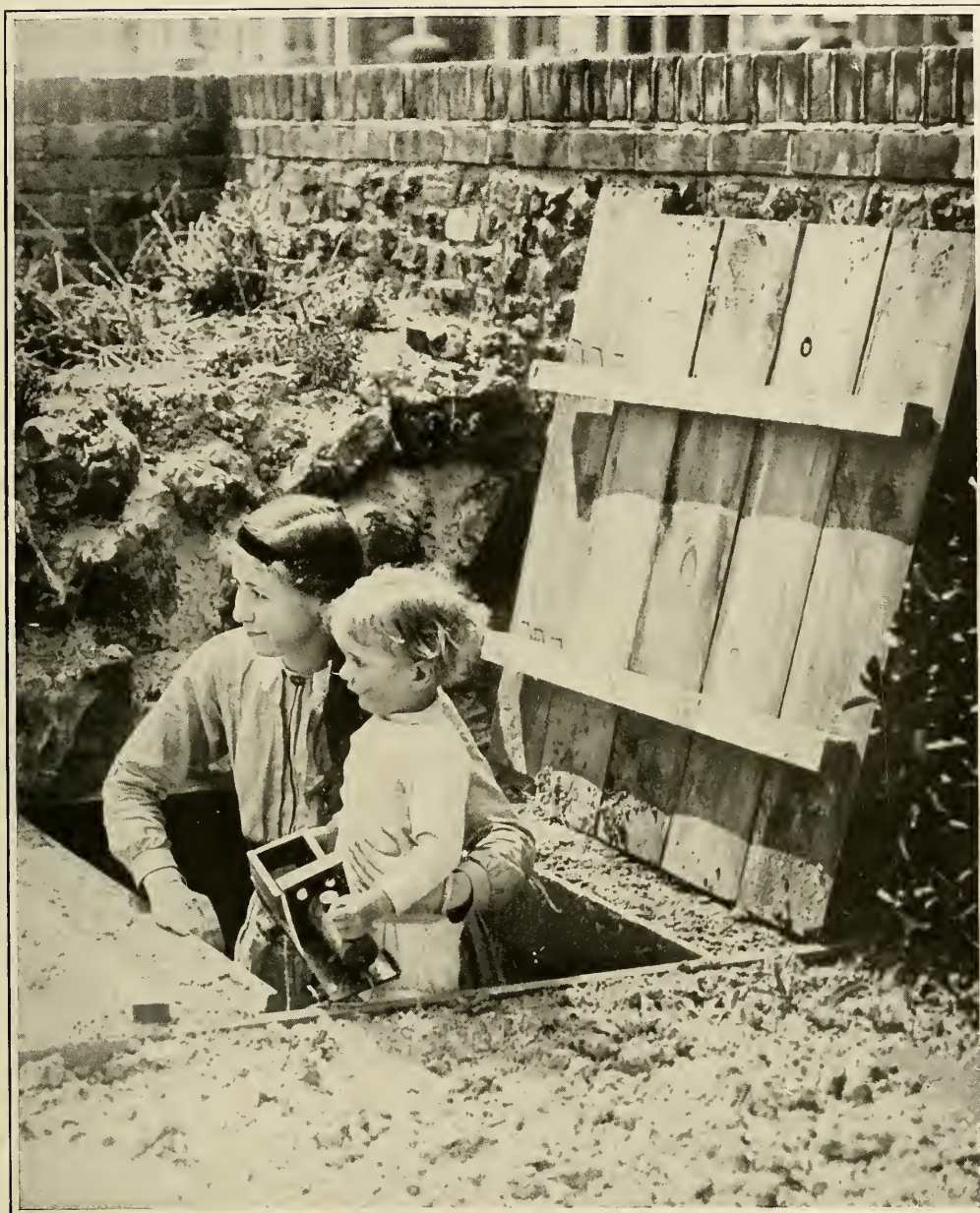


© International Film Press Illustrating American Press
"Tea-diggers" may be the official title of the men in these trenches who are blending 48,000 pounds of tea for the army



A new use for a windmill. Perhaps the Belgian lookout who found this post remembered the man who always got a seat in the Ferris wheel at horse races





Central News

THIS TIME THE ZEPPELINS PASSED!

But English homes have each their underground shelter now to protect the women and children left at home from Prussian air raids



Underwood & Underwood

The man who pushed Greece off the fence and King Constantine from his throne. Ex-Premier Venizelos reviewing his troops



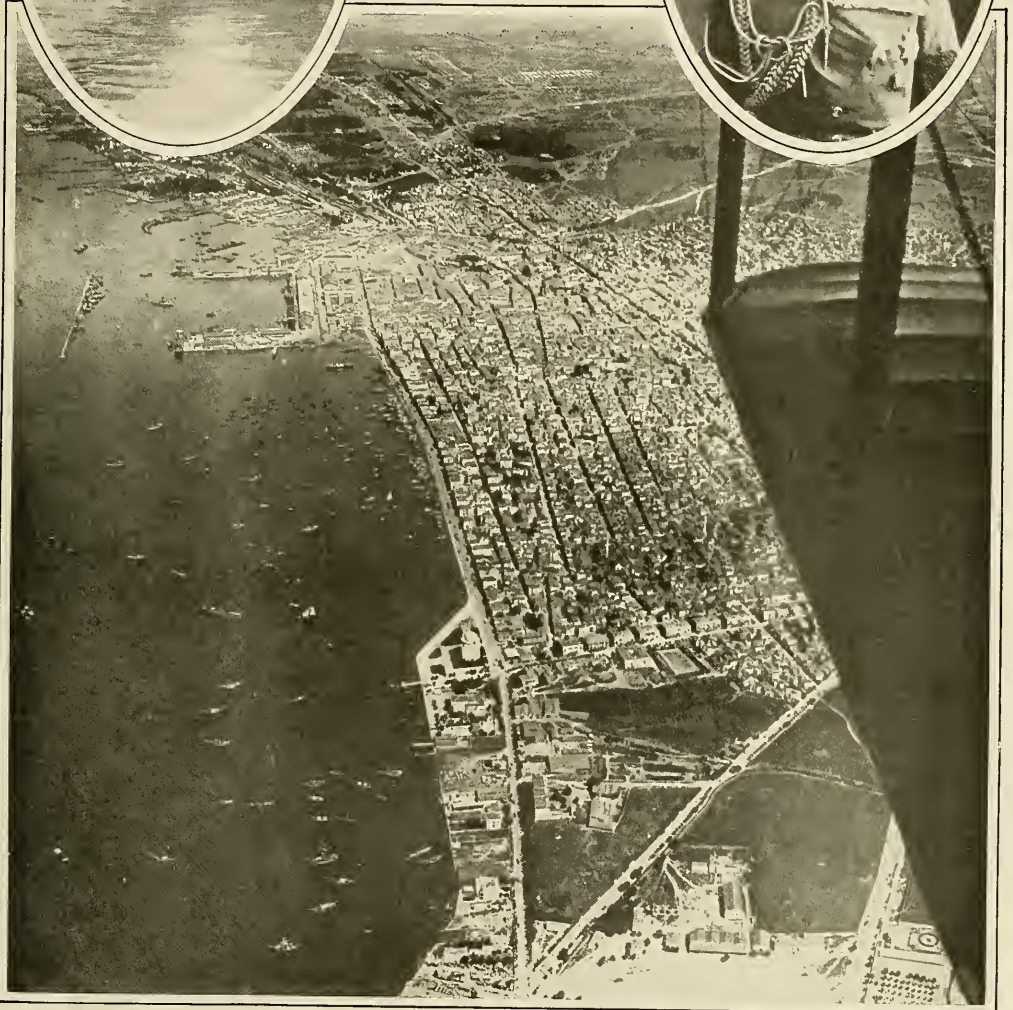
Underwood & Underwood

This lift, swung from ship to shore, is one of numerous new devices to make it easier for wounded soldiers sent home

King Constantine of Greece held out for his Teutonic relatives as long and stubbornly as he could, but finally dynastic interests had to yield to national interests. At the left is one of the reasons for his decision to join the Allies: one of the warships which made a "demonstration" off Piraeus, the port of Athens. To the right is the King himself, drest just as bravely as if he still ruled Greece himself, instead of being forced to bow before an overwhelming public opinion marshaled by the shrewdest and strongest diplomat of the Balkans, Venizelos

© American Press

Press Illustrating



Where the Greek revolution came to a head—the harbor and city of Salonica photographed from an Allied aeroplane



Hubel & Herbert



Central News

SITUATIONS WANTED

Since the Russian revolution Grand Duke Michael, once commander of the Russian army, has been playing golf in France

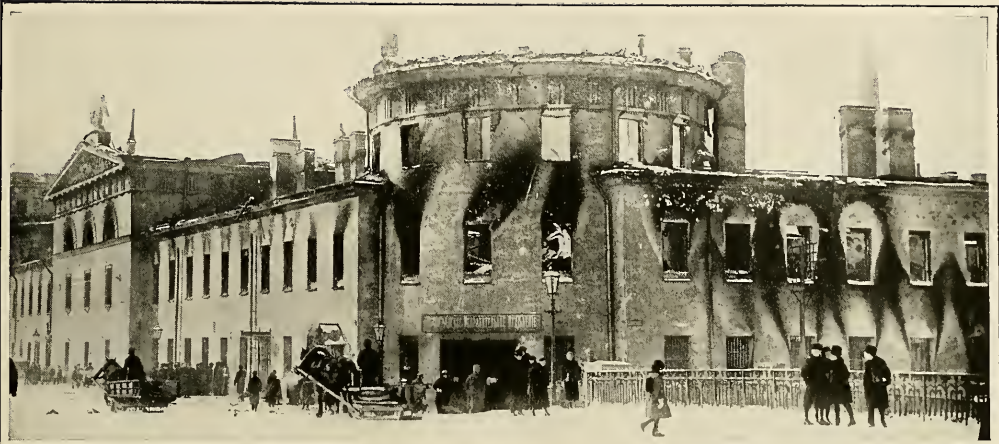
Would you say that the Czar was up a stump? This photograph shows him in prison at Tsarskoe-Selo. Later he was sent to Siberia



© International Film

ANOTHER KING OUT OF A JOB

Constantine of Greece in exile in Switzerland with his two daughters and eldest son; the second son is nominal ruler of Greece



© Underwood & Underwood
A REPUBLIC IN THE MAKING

First photographs of the Russian revolution, the sidelights that give body and color to the salient facts. The ruined prison above, for instance, expresses graphically the first eager impulse of the successful rebels to destroy their bonds. At the left is the soldiers' banner carried in the funeral procession for the martyrs to Russian freedom. The Red Cross sister and officer of the new government, on the other side, are standing in what was a dungeon for enemies of Czardom



© Underwood & Underwood

A new page in history—the first session of soldier-deputies in the Duma. The Czar's portrait is torn from its frame



Paul Thompson

Here's a stimulus to keep on digging when war garden enthusiasm wears off a bit! For Albert Brunswick, fourteen, grew \$122.40 worth of lettuce and tomatoes in a 30 by 90 patch of Cincinnati backyard and had a bully time doing it



Photographs from Arthur L. Dahl

The battlefields in this country are showing the scars of our own spring drive. The tractor, prototype of the army "tank," leads the way in the great agricultural advance



For once we may emphasize all the harrowing details, abundant in the photographs above and below, which show two stages of American preparedness for war efficiency in crops



In fact the farm horse's days are numbered, for the tractor is the man-of-all-work on American farms nowadays. It can plow, harrow, seed and cultivate, do all the heavy hauling, and even entertain the summer boarders by a hay ride



Underwood & Underwood

A war medal for war relief; it is given by the Belgian Government, without distinction of nationality, to those whose charity in wartime has helped save the life of Belgium. Elizabeth, Queen of the Belgians, is sponsor for the medal. On the reverse side is a symbolic design, Charity in the shadow of misfortune, still keeping her light burning and caring untiringly for the sick and wounded



Underwood & Underwood



Central News

War has its picturesque and pleasant phases. "The Gleaners" by Millet repeated in the fields of northern France, where a couple of Canadian Tommies are strengthening the "entente cordiale" and incidentally helping finish off the harvesting





© Underwood

© International Film

THE WAR IN NEW YORK

War against food shortage, against high prices, and even against starvation. "Sure I was in the food riots," said one old woman typical of the East Side army of women who bombarded the New York City Hall to beg for food. "The way prices is, the kids ain't had a square meal in our house for a month. It's funny that if a couple of us was to go off sailin' on a ship three thousand miles away the Government would get awful excited about any one botherin' us, but thousands of us can be starvin' right here in New York and the Government never bats an eye." At the right is "Sweet Marie": Marie Ganz, labor organizer and leader in the food riots



© International Film

Signs of the times: several close-ups of the New York protest parades against the high cost of eating. Mrs. Ida Harris, holding the verse below, has carried the hunger campaign into Wall Street by noon mass meetings



© American Press

The biggest anti-starvation mass meeting in New York was held in Madison Square, its placard propaganda in full view of Fifth Avenue. The Mothers' Anti-High Cost League led a demonstration up the avenue later



American Press

One explanation of the high prices for food. These railroad yards are a fair sample of freight congestion in the East



AMERICAN PRESS

The greatest war surgeon, Dr. Alexis Carrel, who took charge of a military hospital unit in New York to teach United States Army and Navy surgeons his methods. The Rockefeller Foundation gave \$200,000 for the work



International Film

"Camouflage" is the poilu's term for the curious stage settings with which he deceives the enemy gunners and air scouts. The soldiers in the picture above are constructing a screen of brush to conceal a road. All along the



Hindenburg line are little fortresses like the one in the center of the page. Built of solid concrete and almost invisible beneath an old farm house and a grass covering, it furnished fortified shelter for a deadly machine gun



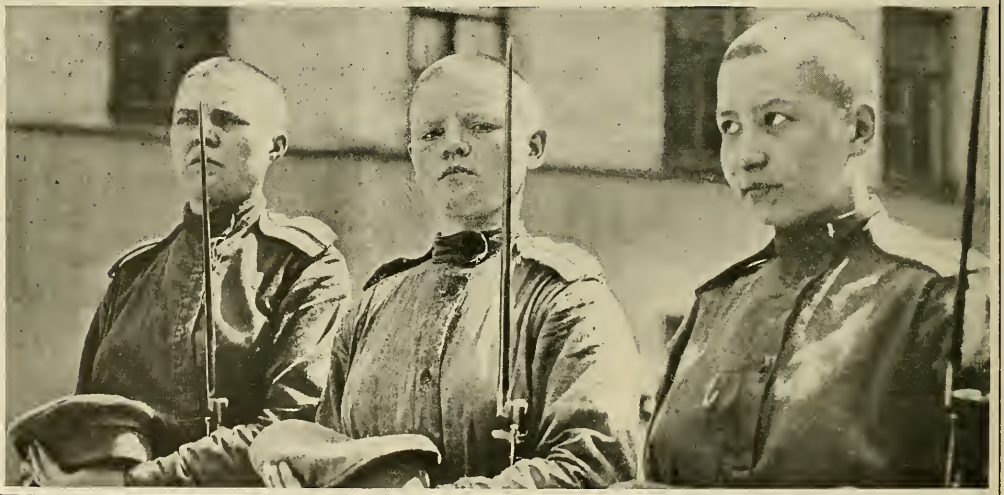
Pictorial Press

"Camouflage" again. Seen thru field glasses this ammunition shelter looks like a chicken coop of no strategic importance

THE BATTALION OF DEATH

The regiment of Russian women, which has seen active service of the most terrible kind on the eastern front, was organized by Mme. Batchkalev (on the left). She fought first in the regular Russian army, then conceived the idea of a regiment of women, received permission to form it and became its colonel. She has been wounded and is decorated with many medals. The women fight with heroism and with fury. The Germans are said to fear them far more than the Russian men. Other women's battalions were later formed with the approval of the War Department. Any woman over sixteen who can present certificates of character, education and citizenship is eligible. If the recruits pass the rigid physical examination they are initiated into the regulations of the battalion and swear in. They wear the regulation uniform and accept the existing military rules, and, in addition, nine others which show with what terrible earnestness they have entered upon their undertaking. "All the members of the battalions are bound to observe the following: 1. First of all, the honor, freedom and welfare of the country. 2. Iron discipline. 3. Firmness and steadfastness of spirit and purpose. 4. Bravery and recklessness. 5. Precision, accuracy, persistency and rapidity in the execution of orders. 6. Absolute honesty and a serious attitude toward the work. 7. Cheerfulness, politeness, kindness, sympathy, cleanliness and punctuality. 8. Consideration for the opinion of others, the fullest mutual confidence and nobility of purpose. 9. Quarrels and personal feuds are inadmissible as degrading. Those guilty of breaking the above rules shall be subjected to the most rigorous punishment for disgracing the name of the Russian woman." Stern rules indeed!

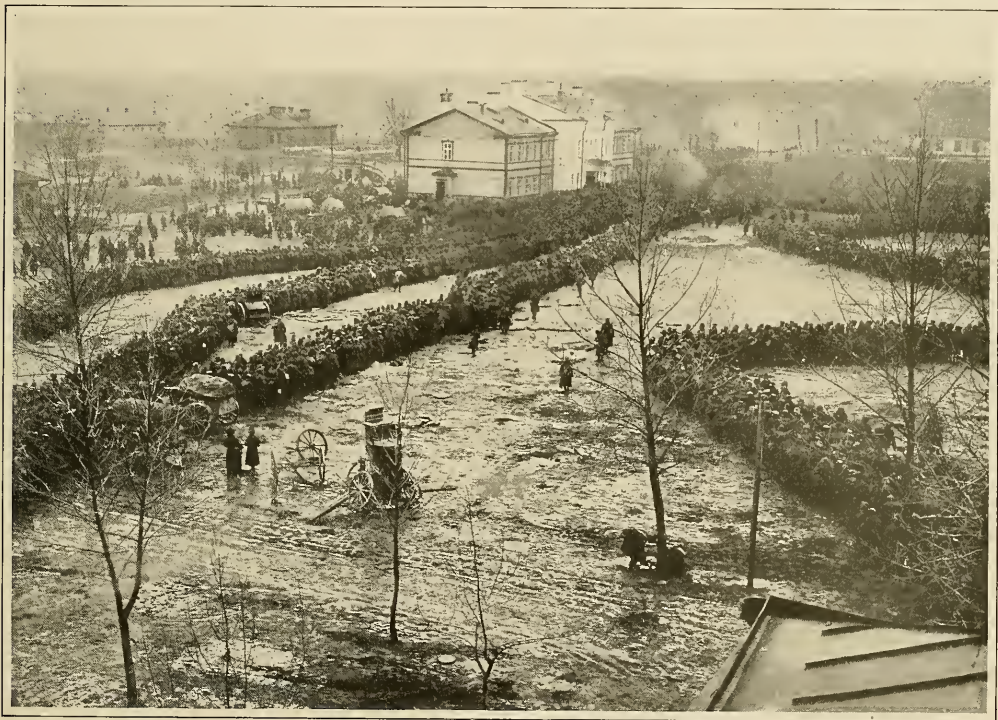
© Underwood & Underwood





IN GERMANY'S PRISON CAMPS

There is illustration for both sides of the discussion as to Germany's treatment of war prisoners in these photographs, brought over by an American woman recently living in Berlin. The Englishmen at Rulieben (on the left) prove by their faces, as well as by the poster, that their condition is fairly enjoyable. But the quarters of French prisoners (on the right) present a rather different picture



THE TASK OF FEEDING FIFTEEN THOUSAND RUSSIANS

Can prisoners win the war? These breadlines of Russian soldiers in Germany suggest one way to complicate the enemy's troubles



An American receiving the highest honor that France can bestow. A. Piatt Andrews, chief of the American Ambulance, decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honor and receiving, with a truly Anglo-Saxon expression, the accompanying kiss on both cheeks

Mine sweeping is the most dangerous of all the dangerous jobs upon the sea. It calls not only for physical endurance and courage, but for strong nerves to stand the terrible strain of always watching, watching. These are men of the "Crest," hauling up a mine

© International Film

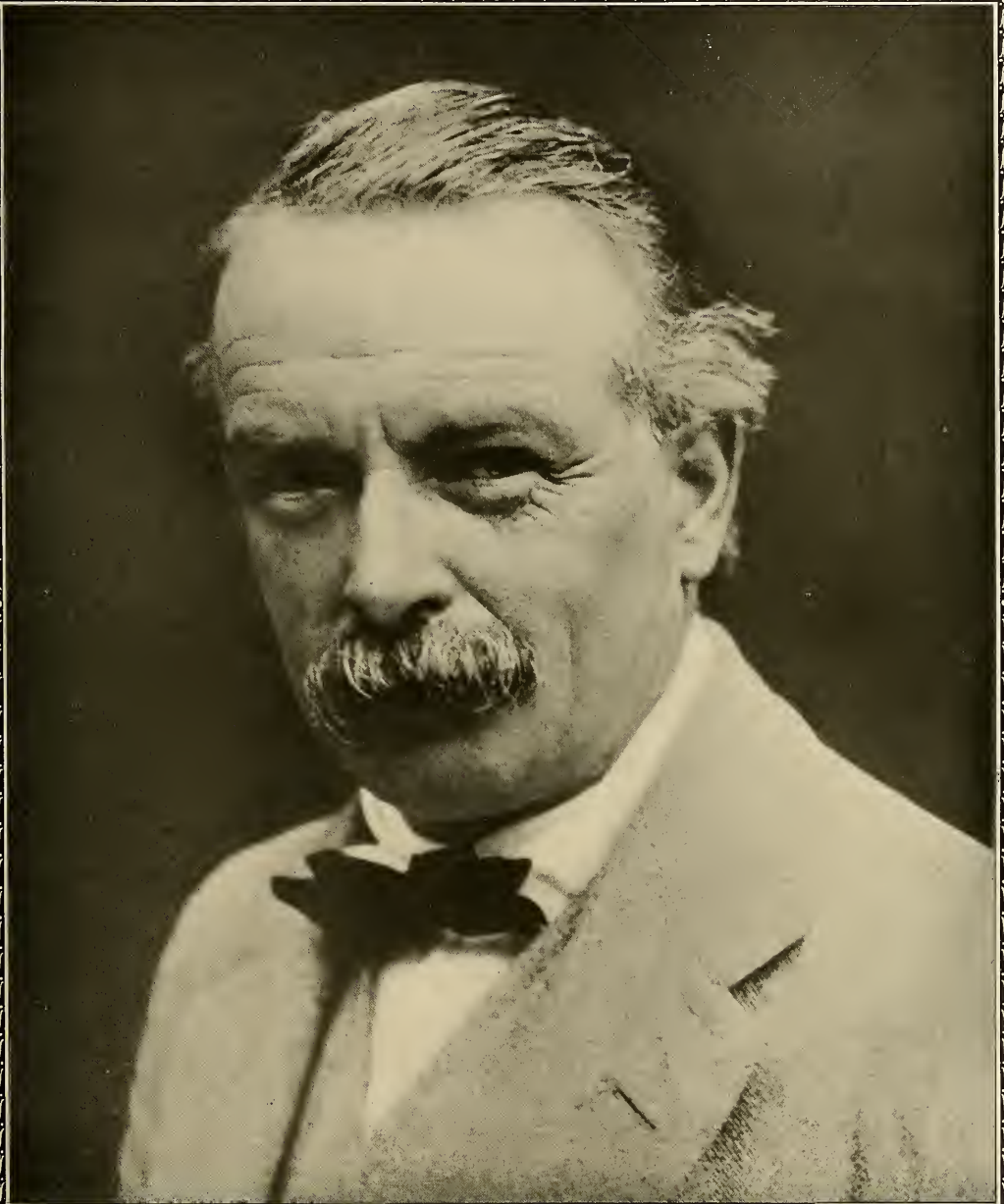


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Pictorial Press

A British wiring party going up to string a line. They use iron rods with corkscrew ends instead of poles

WARTIME LEADERS



American Press

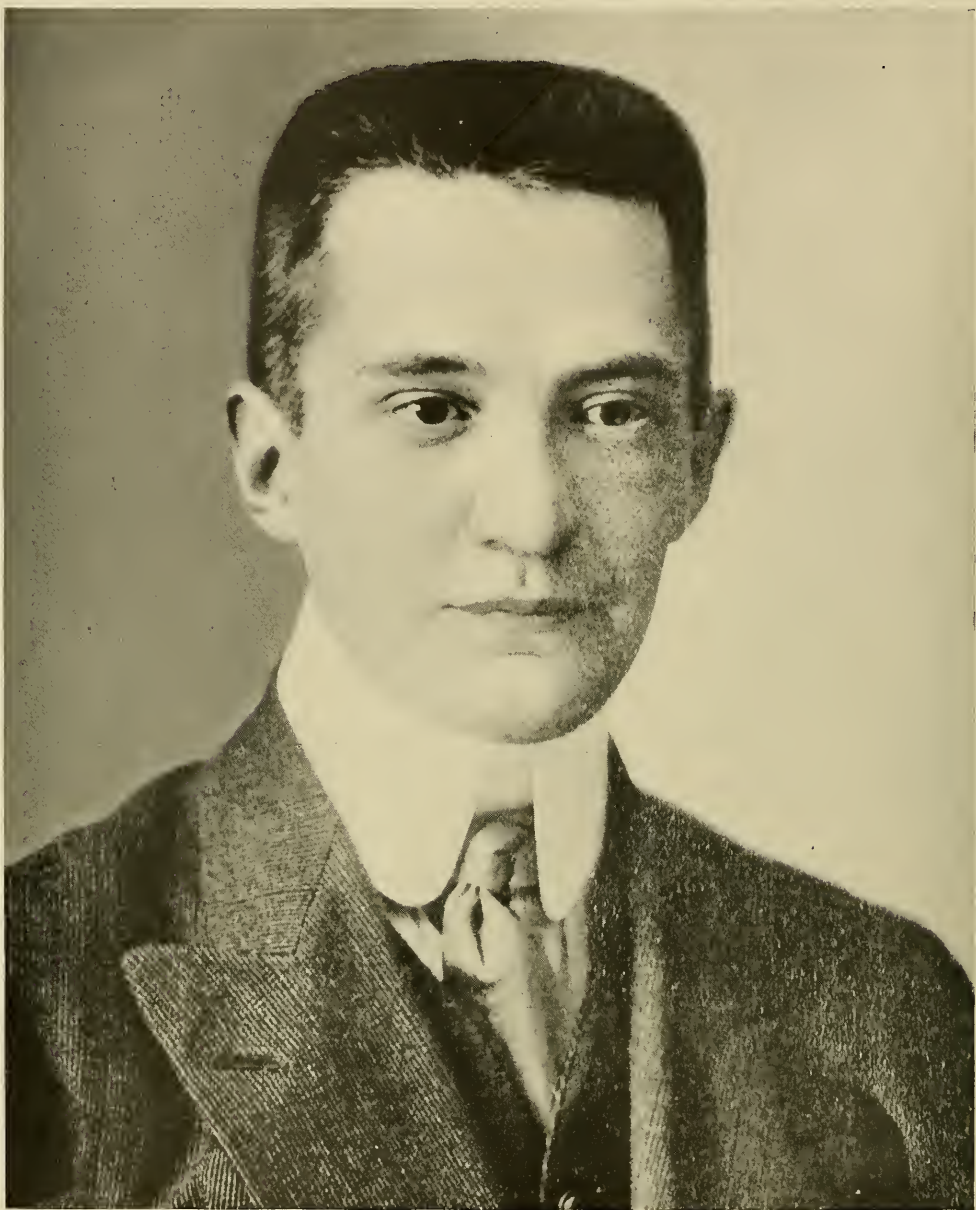
ENGLAND'S MAN OF THE HOUR—LLOYD-GEORGE



© Underwood & Underwood

GENERAL JOHN J. PERSHING, COMMANDER OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY OVERSEAS





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"The man who put the rush in Russia"—Premier Alexander Kerensky, who checked the rise of anarchy, led the troops to a brilliant victory, and organized the republic—only to be driven out of power by German intrigue and the Bolsheviks



International Film

General Cadorna, who led the successful Italian advance toward Trieste in the summer of 1917. This photograph shows the Italian commander with one of his aides reviewing some of his troops from an army aeroplane



© International Film

THE FOOD ADMINISTRATOR, HERBERT HOOVER



© HURTIS & LIVING

THE MEN WHO GUIDE AMERICA

This photograph of President Wilson and his Cabinet was taken in August, 1917, outside the executive offices of the White House. In the front row, left to right, are William C. Redfield, Secretary of Commerce; Robert Lansing, Secretary of State; David F. Houston, Secretary of Agriculture; President Wilson; William G. McAdoo, Secretary of the Treasury; Albert S. Bursleson, Postmaster General. In the top row, left to right, are Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the Navy; William B. Wilson, Secretary of Labor; Newton D. Baker, Secretary of War; Thomas W. Gregory, Attorney General, and Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior



AMERICA'S REPRESENTATIVE IN THE ALLIED WAR COUNCIL—COLONEL E. M. HOUSE





Underwood & Underwood

HENRY P. DAVISON—DIRECTOR OF THE RED CROSS WAR COUNCIL



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THE MEN WHO MADE MILITARISM

Field Marshal Paul von Hindenburg, Chief of the German General Staff, is a dreamer. He sees the world as a great battlefield; nations as being organized to wage wars; men as being created to fight. Rivers, mountains, forests and roads mean nothing to him unless they possess strategic possibilities. Nature must be adaptable to war to fulfil its highest functions. With maps and soldiers von Hindenburg plans his gigantic military campaigns. If it were not for General Ludendorff (at the right), First Quartermaster of the Teutonic forces, von Hindenburg's dreams would never come true. He makes rivers and mountains fortresses. Mines and factories he converts into war engines. Ludendorff executes what his superior creates. In August, 1914, von Hindenburg was living in Hanover as a retired general. He had been out of the army several years because he "defeated" the Kaiser in war maneuvers. Before this war no one ever heard of Ludendorff. Today these two men are the uncrowned Napoleons of Germany, Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria and Turkey. Nearly twenty million soldiers are pawns on their chessboards. These two men are the parents of Militarism.



© Broten & Dawson

THE AGGRESSOR

THE KINGS MUST GO

Editorial Comment From The Independent

WHOM THE GODS WOULD DESTROY

ANCIENT history closed at midnight of July 31, 1914. The monstrous war with which modern history begins will end, as the big and little wars of the old days did. This is hard to realize now, but the sooner those men upon whom will fall the duty of shaping a new order of things begin to think about their problem, the better it will be for all concerned.

There will be some accounts to be settled after peace is declared, and the biggest one will be that which Enlightenment has against Medievalism.

Whatever causes of strife may have been lurking in the minds of the peoples of Europe, they would not have massed and exploded in this demoniac war without the agency of the Head Devils. Race differences there are. Conflicting national interests there are. The growth of populations already dense, and looking for new opportunities for enterprise and livelihood, has been disturbing economic equilibrium. Religious antagonisms have fostered hatred. But none of these things by itself, nor all of them in combination, would have made war if the consuming vanity, the monstrous egotism and the medieval-mindedness of the absolute monarchs had not been thrown into the scale.

When the work of devastation is done there will be left the stricken, sobered peoples. Every family will have lost father or son, husband or brother. Resources will have been swept away. Industry will be paralyzed. Farms will have been stripped, villages, towns and cities desolated. But fortitude and courage will be left, and men will set themselves about the task of building a new civilization.

They will not be tolerant then of pious hypocrites asserting divine right, and claiming to be viceregents of God. They will not be tolerant of taxes for the wanton expenditures of royal families. They will not deprive themselves of the necessities of life to enrich the manufacturers of artillery and powder. They will cross these items from their ledgers, and turn their attention to the creation of a social order under which men and women who are content to dwell peaceably on their own reservations can enjoy liberty and pursue happiness.

Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad. Mad with the lust of power, drunk with their own egotism, the Head Devils have signed their own doom. Their days are numbered. The monarchs must go—and they will.

August 10, 1914

DAIMONS

A YEAR ago we said, "The kings must go, the good ones with the bad ones," and we added, "they will go."

They are not gone yet, not even the bad ones, not even the unforgivable ones, who, from their swaggering dissolute youth planned the murder of men by millions which now, in fulfillment of public boasts made long ago, they are perpetrating. But it took a long time to make kings, and it may take a longish time to unmake them. We have seen no reason to abandon our prophecy. Only now, after a year of observation and reflection, we have to emphasize more strongly the word of obligation. The kings must go.

Kings were begotten by superstition in the womb of war. Primitive men feared their strong men not as dynamos, but as "daimons"; the same thing, but different. They were full of the awful "mana," the divine dynamic of the supernatural frightfulness. In the most literal sense of the words, they ruled by divine right. In war their value was supreme because they were "devils of fellows." Their chief business was to terrify their foes.

It has already been their chief business. It would be their chief business now if there were as many superstitious people in the world now as there used to be. The people that still believe in kings are the people who, in their secret hearts, still reverence kings. The kings that still believe in themselves still think of themselves as "daimons." They do

not doubt that they are "possest and inspired." To those of us who believe such stuff no longer they are the same thing, but different. We change "ai" to "e" in our spelling. They are "demons."

They are demons because their one birthright and normal function is to be frightful in war. That is the one thing they can do better than anybody else. If a nation is to give itself over to militarism it should on all accounts have a king. If its proper business and its ideals are the business and the ideals of peace it should quietly, humanely and by due process of law get rid of monarchy. The sovereignty of a war-making empire dwells in the "mana." The sovereignty of a peace-abiding nation resides in its people.

The kings must go. There can be no security for civilization while men who believe that their thoughts and their purposes are divine, and therefore of higher authority than the consciences and the covenants of ordinary men, are permitted to rule. Why should not king or emperor make war to save his dynasty from overthrow, his house from profanation? Would any other course be less than impious?

Between the sovereignty of the "mana," the "daimon," the "demon," and the sovereignty of conscience, of reason, of humanity, there can be no compromise. One or the other must go.

August 2, 1915

AND THERE SHALL BE NO MORE KINGS

EUROPEAN nations have been taking a surprising interest in the United States of late. They all cultivate our friendship, they appeal to our sympathies, they seek to justify their actions in our eyes. This is a gratifying change from the open hostility or amused contempt with which American ideals and opinion used to be regarded in Europe and we welcome it as indicating a better understanding and consequently a more cordial relation between the two hemispheres than has prevailed in the past. But such an understanding cannot be attained by assuming as a basis a false unanimity of sentiment. We would gladly aid in bridging the gulf between Europe and America, but we would not begin by denying that any gulf exists. Frankness is the only true foundation of friendship and it seems to be necessary to make plain that we Americans differ very decidedly from many Europeans on the fundamental principle of government. There is in much of what we read about America, even in what is written expressly for the purpose of winning American sympathy, an unconscious assumption that we have practically abandoned our republicanism and are willing to tolerate if not approve of the monarchical system.

That assumption is false. American republicanism is not so boisterous and blatant as it used to be. Travel and intercourse with Europeans have taught us to treat their views with more courtesy and often to keep silence rather than wound their feelings. This courtesy and silence have been sometimes interpreted as acquiescence and agreement, and so it becomes desirable once in a while to make a plain statement of what we Americans do most firmly hold and believe. Such a statement cannot be better put than it was by Emerson in the ode he wrote on the birthday of free America, January 1, 1863:

God said, I am tired of kings,

I suffer them no more;

Up to my ear the morning brings

The outrage of the poor.

Think ye I made this ball

A field of havoc and war.

Where tyrants great and tyrants small

Might harry the weak and poor?

I will have never a noble,

No lineage counted great;

Fishers and choppers and plowmen

Shall constitute a state.

This is what we believe to be the divine will, and so believing we hold that any man who stands up and says that he is by divine right or the Grace of God ruler of his fellowmen is a liar and a blasphemer. We make no exceptions. We have no more respect for the claim of the King of England to a divine right to rule than for that of the Czar of Russia, for the claim of the King of the Belgians than for that of the Negus of Abyssinia. We regard every monarch as *ex officio* either a tyrant or an absurdity. The word "tyrant" is here used in the original sense given to it by the first republicans, the Greeks, who applied it to any man claiming kingship. In the course of history the word naturally and inevitably acquired the secondary meaning of an oppressive ruler. We recognize of course the vast difference that exists between a mild and constitutional king and an unjust and autocratic king, but neither in our opinion has any right to exist. It often happens that the better the man the more dangerous he is as a king. There are from the American standpoint only two kings on earth who have any shadow of legal claim to their thrones; the rest are usurpers. The two apparent exceptions are King Peter of Serbia and King Haakon of Norway, both of whom were elected by the

representatives of the people. But the King of Serbia came to the throne thru the assassination of his predecessor and was himself an accomplice of the murder after the fact if not before. The Norwegians are a democratic people and did not desire a king, but when they separated from Sweden, the monarchical powers of Europe, some say England, some say Germany, it matters not, compelled them to take a king as the condition of recognition. A Norwegian republic would have made the thrones of Europe unsafe. France, Switzerland and Portugal are standing menaces to monarchy and republican sentiment is growing in Italy and Spain.

In England, on the contrary, republicanism has declined while democracy has grown. The two things are quite distinct and ought never to be confounded. Democracy is the rule of the people regardless of the form of government. The Russian mir and the Chinese village are in some respects more democratic than England or the United States. Republicanism means the abolition of any individual or class claiming to rule by divine right, inheritance or similar form of privilege.

Fifty years ago there were many outspoken republicans in Great Britain. Now there is scarcely one. When Victoria was crowned some found the ceremony especially interesting because, as they said, it would probably be the last coronation that England would ever see. One of the Chartists of '48 used publicly words as bold as those of Patrick Henry: "If Parliament will accept our petition, very good. If not—well, France is a republic." A British labor leader now would hardly dare to use such language.

Our British friends assure us privately that their king has no real power, that he is merely "a sort of glorified rubber stamp." Then a little while later, forgetting what they have said, they tell us how the virtuous Victoria overruled her ministers for the good of the realm and how the wise King Edward thru his own personal influence brought about the *entente* and the isolation of Germany. Now whether or not it was good politics to encircle Germany with the ring of steel we shall not know until we see the outcome of the war, but whether it be credit or blame that is to be given to Edward VII, we cannot regard him as a mere figure-head.

We are being inundated just now with literature from England filled with quotations from the speeches of the Kaiser and his sycophants. Our British friends believe that such exhibits of grotesque megalomania will arouse the disgust and abhorrence of Americans for a man who will make such claims and a people who will submit to them. That is right; we do feel so. But do our British friends realize that the phrases they themselves use so casually, so lovingly, grate almost as harshly upon republican ears? The British Prime Minister talks of "His Majesty's Government" and "His Majesty's Army" and writes "By Order of the King" at the bottom of a proclamation. You say that it is not true, that the King did not really have anything to say about it, it was all done by the ministers. Very good; we think better of the King—but what shall we think of Mr. Asquith?

We used to be told that kings were excellent things because by their intermarriages they kept peace in Europe. Perhaps we used to believe it. But that was before the publication of the "Dear Nicky" letters exchanged between the royal cousins while Russia and Germany and England and Belgium were actively preparing for war.

As a man Albert of Belgium is a decided improvement over the long-bearded satyr who preceded him. Even republicans must join in the general chorus of praise. But as a king he is a public menace. We have not forgotten that before the war his name was talked of as a possible candidate for the French throne in case the royalists inside and out-

side of France succeeded in overthrowing the republic. Perhaps the plan is not yet abandoned. Certainly King Albert has a stronger hold upon the affection of the French people than before for his courage and devotion in adversity, and if the French should again be seized with a desire for a king as they have twice before, he would make a much stronger candidate than the Bourbon or Napoleonic pretenders.

If this had been a war between Germany and France alone, in which one of the two was not notoriously the aggressor, there would have been no question where American sympathy inclined. America always tends to favor any republic against any monarchy regardless of the cause of the quarrel. But when the great European republic, to whom we owe undying gratitude for rescuing us from a king, unites with five monarchies and among them the most autocratic, our sympathies are divided and we can only hope that the outcome will not be the crushing out of all republicanism in Europe.

It has been said that the Monroe Doctrine is the only thing that Americans would fight for. However that may be, it certainly represents a principle dear to the hearts of the

American people, for we believe as firmly as in 1823 that any attempt on the part of European powers "to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere is dangerous to our peace and safety." The Monroe Doctrine has been amplified and interpreted to mean many things, the hegemony of the United States, America for the Americans, the cultivation of Pan-American trade, etc. But its primary and fundamental purpose was simply the maintenance of republicanism. "Their system" meant the monarchical system and the United States opposes that now as it always has. The Monroe Doctrine means that one continent out of the five shall be kept forever free from the curse of kings. As for the rest of the world, it is not so much our concern. We rejoice whenever a people like the Portuguese or Chinese rises and overthrows its tyrants. We will give them what encouragement we can and we hope so to conduct ourselves that this republic of ours may become an example of the benefits of republicanism instead of a reproach. For we know we are right and we look forward with perfect confidence to the day when it may be there shall be no more kings in all the earth.

March 22, 1915

Kings

By G. Bernard Shaw

We sent G. B. S. a copy of the editorial entitled, "And There Shall Be No More Kings," in The Independent of March 22, 1915, and the following, penned on the margin of the clipping, in his careful handwriting, is his comment on what he calls "a wise and timely article"

This war raises in an acute form the whole question of Republicanism versus German dynasticism. After the mischief done by Franz Josef's second childhood as displayed in his launching the forty-eight-hour ultimatum to Serbia before the Kaiser could return from Stockholm, the world has the right—indeed the duty—to demand that monarchies shall at least be subject to superannuation as well as to constitutional limitation.

All recent historical research has shown that the position of a King, even in a jealously limited monarchy like the British, makes him so strong that George III, who was childish when he was not under restraint as an admitted lunatic, was uncontrollable by the strongest body of statesmen the eighteenth century produced. It is undoubtedly inconvenient that the head of the State should be selected at short intervals; but it does not follow that he (or she) should be an unqualified person to hold office for life or be a member of a dynasty.

I may add that if the policy of dismembering the Central Empires by making separate national States of Bohemia, Poland and Hungary, and making Serbia include Bosnia and Herzegovina, is seriously put forward, it would involve making them Republics; for if they were Kingdoms their thrones would be occupied by cousins of the Hohenzollerns, Hapsburgs and Romanoffs, strengthening the German hegemony instead of restraining it.

LONDON

THE DOOM OF THE DYNASTIES

THE Romanoff autocracy has fallen. The doom of the Hapsburgs and of the Hohenzollerns is at hand. The kings must go; and go they will.

On August 10, 1914, in its first editorial reaction to the war, The Independent said: "Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad. Mad with the lust of power, drunk with their own egotism, the head devils have signed their own doom. Their days are numbered. The monarchs must go—and they will." Our prediction is verified sooner than we dared then to expect. Complete fulfilment may take a longer time than we now are willing to contemplate, or it may be accomplished swiftly. Royalty may be abolished altogether; or, stripped of all real power, it may be permitted to survive, as in England, on condition that it shall function democratically, useful chiefly, like the flag, as a symbol of political unity. Whichever of these possibilities comes true, monarchy as absolutism is a fact of ancient history, and ancient history, as we said ten days after the event, closed at midnight of July 31, 1914.

The Head Devils began this war. This also we said in our first reaction to the Demon Dance. None of the other alleged causes by itself, we contended, "nor all of them in combination, would have made war if the consuming vanity, the monstrous egotism and the medieval-mindedness of the absolute monarchs had not been thrown into the scale." To-day all the world knows that this assertion, like our prediction, was true. The war was begun because the dynasties saw their thrones endangered by the rising tide of democracy.

The Czar goes first, because he tried to play the traitor's game. He has been the Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde of the war. Professedly organizing and leading the forces of his empire against the Hohenzollern, he and his minions have been paralyzing the arm of the fighting force, disorganizing communication, scattering and confounding munitions and supplies, starving the people, and preparing, if at any moment the attempt should seem safe, to make a separate peace.

The house of Romanoff, partly Teuton in blood, largely Teuton in sympathy, and wholly Teuton in interests, has met the inevitable fate of the traitor, and it is one that satisfies the world's profoundest sense of justice.

After Nicholas, the Kaiser and the Emperor of Austria: it matters little which goes first, they both must go, and go they will. What is more, they know that they must go. Since Bismarck saw and told them, they have perfectly understood that the three czars would stand or fall together. The impending doom was known in Berlin before the news of the Russian revolution reached this continent. Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg's speech to the Prussian Diet on Wednesday afternoon proclaimed it to the Empire. "Wo to the statesman who cannot read the signs of the times," he said. Wo, indeed, for the Chancellor has spoken too late. Whether the flame of revolution shall sweep over the Carpathians and the Vistula to the Vosges and the Rhine, or the Chancellor shall be able to keep his promise to reward the loyalty of the German people by giving them the reality of popular government, will matter little in the end. Hapsburg and Hohenzollern, as absolutist powers, have had their day.

And whether the war goes on for months or for another year, the victory of democracy over absolutism is assured. Peace without victory there never has been, there never can be. The forces that clash in war are the forces of reaction and of progress. In the titanic struggle for civilization and liberty peace is but an armistice until civilization and liberty are safe. By exertions and sufferings that have paralyzed imagination they have been saved. A necessary part of the cost has been the temporary sacrifice of much individual liberty and a temporary subordination of civil procedure to military authority in the freer nations, but the back swing of the pendulum has begun. This war, when it ends, will not have militarized the world, as the pacifist has feared. The returning tide of democratic liberty will run swift and deep, from this day on. The doom of the dynasties has fallen.

March 26, 1917

Perhaps

The Great War is over; the peace-pact signed. The grimed and wearied veterans are coming home.

The flags fly. The bands play. The Monarch stands bareheaded on the palace balcony. Below the crowds cheer. They weep for joy. Glory to the Fatherland! God save the king!

* * * * *

The tumult and the shouting dies. The armies disbanded. The soldiers return to their loved ones. Every home is a house of mourning. They try to pick up again the broken threads of peaceful industry. All is ruin.

They contemplate. Five million men killed. Ten million men crippled. Wives and daughters ravished. Children mutilated. Babies starved. Hundreds of cities burned. Thousands of farms laid waste. Thirty billion dollars of accumulated wealth consumed in smoke.

They council together. They cannot endure the desolation. They will not suffer the privation. Men fight harder to keep from sinking than to rise.

They go to the nobles and the rich. They ask for bread. They are given a stone. When in the annals of history has Privilege chosen to sacrifice itself for the common weal?

They turn to the governments. The governments listen. But what can the governments do? They have spent the substance of the living. They have spent the substance of those to come even to the third and fourth generation.

* * * * *

Then a thing epochal happens. First a murmur, then a rumble, then a roar, then—the Revolution, peaceful or bloody; and all the emperors and kings, all the autocrats and aristocrats, go.

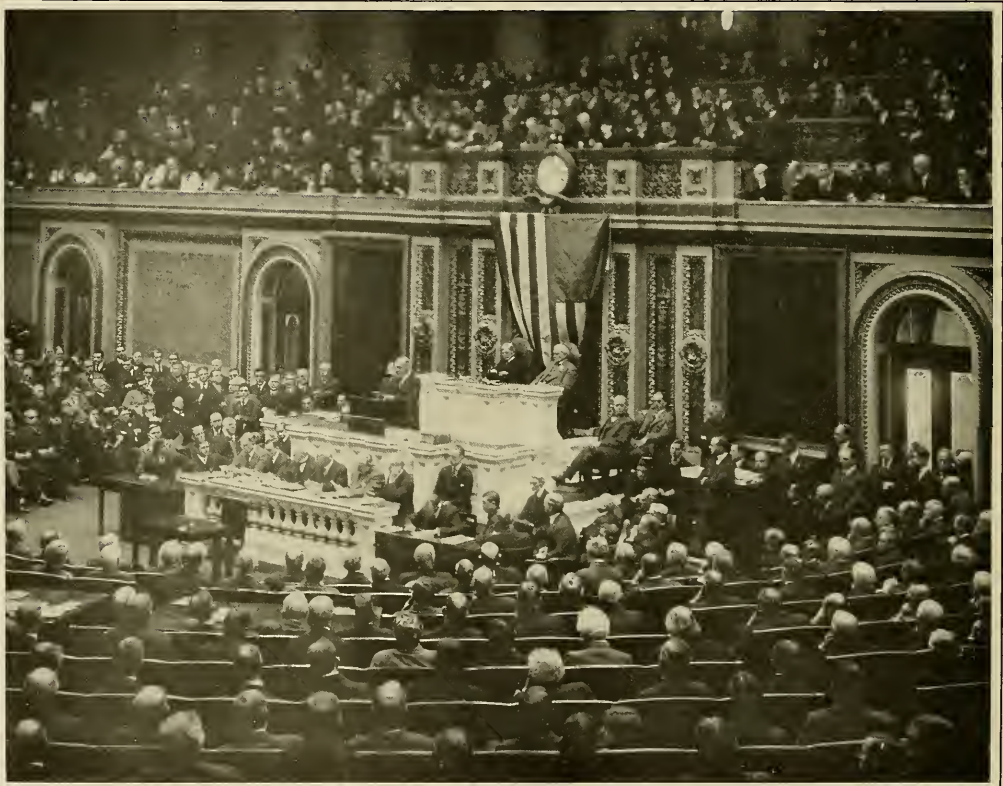


Drawn for The Independent by W. C. Morris

"THE WORLD MUST BE MADE SAFE FOR DEMOCRACY"

THE ISSUE

Two views of a submarine. When all that can be seen above water is the periscope, practically invisible at any distance, the men on the inside looking out have a comprehensive view of their surroundings. This photograph was actually taken thru a periscope; the scale gives accurate distances for torpedo range



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"The right is more precious than peace"—President Wilson's address to the Congress advising war with Germany

AT WAR WITH GERMANY

PRESIDENT WILSON'S ADDRESS TO THE CONGRESS ON APRIL 2, 1917

I HAVE called the Congress into extraordinary session because there are serious—very serious—choices of policy to be made, and made immediately, which it was neither right nor constitutionally permissible that I should assume the responsibility of making.

On the third of February last I officially laid before you the extraordinary announcement of the Imperial German Government that on and after the first day of February it was its purpose to put aside all restraints of law or of humanity and use its submarines to sink every vessel that sought to approach either the ports of Great Britain and Ireland or the western coasts of Europe, or any of the ports controlled by the enemies of Germany within the Mediterranean.

That had seemed to be the object of the German submarine warfare earlier in the war, but since April of last year the Imperial German Government had somewhat restrained the commanders of its under sea craft in conformity with its promise then given to us that passenger boats should not be sunk and that due warning would be given to all other vessels which its submarines might seek to destroy, when no resistance was offered or escape attempted, and care taken that their crews were given at least a fair chance to save their lives in their open boats.

The precautions taken were meagre and haphazard enough, as was proved in distressing instance after instance in the progress of the cruel and unmanly business, but a certain degree of restraint was observed.

The new policy has swept every restriction aside. Vessels of every kind, whatever their flag, their character, their cargo, their destination, their errand have been ruthlessly sent to the bottom without warning and without thought of help or mercy for those on board, the vessels of friendly neutrals along with those of belligerents.

Even hospital ships and ships carrying relief to the sorely bereaved and stricken people of Belgium, tho the latter were provided with safe conduct thru the proscribed areas by the German Government itself and were distinguished by unmistakable marks of identity, have been sunk with the same reckless lack of compassion or of principle.

International law had its origin in the attempt to set up some law, which would be respected and observed upon the seas, where no nation had right of dominion and where lay the free highways of the world.

By painful stage after stage has that law been built up, with meagre enough results, indeed, after all was accomplished that could be accomplished, but always with a clear view, at least, of what the heart and conscience of mankind demanded.

This minimum of right the German Government has swept aside under the plea of retaliation and necessity, and because it had no weapons which it could use at sea except these, which it is impossible to employ, as it is employing them, without throwing to the winds all scruples of humanity or of respect for the understandings that were supposed to underlie the intercourse of the world.

I am not now thinking of the loss of property involved, immense and serious as that is, but only of the wanton and wholesale destruction of the lives of non-combatants—men, women and children—engaged in pursuits which have always, even in the darkest periods of modern history, been deemed innocent and legitimate. Property can be paid for; the lives of peaceful and innocent people cannot be.

The present German warfare against commerce is a warfare against mankind. It is a war against all nations. American ships have been sunk, American lives taken, in ways which it has stirred us very deeply to learn of; but the ships and people of other neutral and friendly nations have been sunk and overwhelmed in the waters in the same way.

There has been no discrimination. The challenge is to all mankind. Each nation must decide for itself how it will meet it. The choice we make for ourselves must be made with a moderation of counsel and a temperateness of judgment befitting our character and our motives as a nation. We must put excited feeling away. Our motive will not be revenge or the victorious assertion of the physical might of the nation, but only the vindication of right, of human right, of which we are only a single champion.

When I address the Congress on the twenty-sixth of February last I thought that it would suffice to assert our neutral rights with arms, our right to use the seas against unlawful interference, our right to keep our people safe against unlawful violence.

But armed neutrality, it now appears, is impracticable. Because submarines have been used against merchant shipping it is impossible to defend ships against their attacks, as the law of nations has assumed that merchantmen would defend themselves against privateers or cruisers, visible craft, giving chase upon the open sea.

It is common prudence in such circumstances, grim necessity indeed, to destroy them before they have shown their own intention. They must be dealt with upon sight, if dealt with at all.

The German Government denies the right of neutrals to use arms at all within the areas of the sea which it has prohibited even in the defense of rights which no modern publicist has ever before questioned their right to defend.

The intimation is conveyed that the armed guards which we have placed on our merchant ships will be treated as beyond the pale of law and subject to be dealt with as pirates would be. Armed neutrality is ineffectual enough at best. In such circumstances and in the face of such pretensions it is worse than ineffectual. It is likely once to produce what it was meant to prevent. It is practically certain to draw us into the war without either the rights or the effectiveness of belligerents.

THERE is one choice we cannot make, we are incapable of making: We will not choose the path of submission and suffer the most sacred rights of our nation and our people to be ignored or violated. The wrongs against which we now array ourselves are not common wrongs; they cut to the very roots of human life.

With a profound sense of the solemn and even tragical character of the step I am taking and of the grave responsibilities which it involves, but in unhesitating obedience to what I deem my constitutional duty, I advise that the Congress declare the recent course of the Imperial German Government to be in fact nothing less than war against the Government and people of the United States; that it formally accept the status of belligerent which has thus been thrust upon it and that it take immediate steps not only to put the country in a more thoro state of defense, but also to exert all its power and employ all its resources to bring the Government of the German Empire to terms and end the war.

What this will involve is clear. It will involve the utmost practicable coöperation in counsel and action with the governments now at war with Germany, and, as incident to that, the extension to those governments of the most liberal financial credits, in order that our resources may, so far as possible, be added to theirs. It will involve the organization and mobilization of all the material resources of the country to supply the materials of war and serve the incidental needs of the nation in the most abundant, and yet the most economical and efficient, way possible.

It will involve the immediate full equipment of the navy in all respects, but particularly in supplying it with the best means of dealing with the enemy's submarines. It will involve the immediate addition to the armed forces of the United States, already provided for by law in case of war, of at least 500,000 men, who should, in my opinion, be chosen upon the principle of universal liability to service, and also the authorization of subsequent additional increments of equal force so soon as they may be needed and can be handled in training.

It will involve also, of course, the granting of adequate credits to the Government, sustained, I hope, so far as they can equitably be sustained by the present generation, by well conceived taxation. I say sustained so far as may be equitable by taxation because it seems to me that it would be most unwise to base the credits which will now be necessary entirely on money borrowed. It is our duty, I most respectfully urge, to protect our people so far as we may against the very serious hardships and evils which would be likely to arise out of the inflation which would be produced by vast loans.

In carrying out the measures by which these things are to be accomplished we should keep constantly in mind the wisdom of interfering as little as possible in our own preparation and in the equipment of our own military forces with the duty—for it will be a very practical duty—of supplying the nations already at war with Germany with the materials which they can obtain only from us or by our assistance. They are in the field and we should help them in every way to be effective there.

I shall take the liberty of suggesting, thru the several executive departments of the Government for the consideration of your committees, measures for the accomplishment of the several objects I have mentioned. I hope that it will be your pleasure to deal with them as having been framed after very careful thought by the branch of the Government upon which the responsibility of conducting the war and safeguarding the nation will most directly fall.

While we do these things, these deeply momentous things, let us be very clear, and make very clear to all the world what our motives and our objects are. My own thought has not been driven from its habitual and normal course by the unhappy events of the last two months, and I do not believe that the thought of the nation has been altered or clouded by them.

I have exactly the same thing in mind now that I had in mind when I address the Senate on the 22d of January last; the same that I had in mind when I address the Congress on the 3d of

February and on the 26th of February. Our object now, as then, is to vindicate the principles of peace and justice in the life of the world as against selfish and autocratic power and to set up amongst the really free and self-governed peoples of the world such a concert of purpose and of action as will henceforth insure the observance of those principles.

Neutrality is no longer feasible or desirable where the peace of the world is involved and the freedom of its peoples, and the menace to that peace and freedom lies in the existence of autocratic governments backed by organized force, which is controlled wholly by their will, not by the will of their people. We have seen the last of neutrality in such circumstances.

We are at the beginning of an age in which it will be insisted that the same standards of conduct and of responsibility for wrong done shall be observed among nations and their governments that are observed among the individual citizens of civilized states.

WE have no quarrel with the German people. We have no feeling toward them but one of sympathy and friendship. It was not upon their impulse that their Government acted in entering this war. It was not with their previous knowledge or approval.

It was a war determined upon as wars used to be determined upon in the old, unhappy days when peoples were nowhere consulted by their rulers and wars were provoked and waged in the interest of dynasties or of little groups of ambitious men who were accustomed to use their fellow men as pawns and tools.

Self-governed nations do not fill their neighbor states with spies or set the course of intrigue to bring about some critical posture of affairs which will give them an opportunity to strike and make conquest. Such designs can be successfully worked only under cover and where no one has the right to ask questions.

Cunningly contrived plans of deception or aggression, carried, it may be, from generation to generation, can be worked out and kept from the light only within the privacy of courts or behind the carefully guarded confidences of a narrow and privileged class. They are happily impossible where public opinion commands and insists upon full information concerning all the nation's affairs.

A steadfast concert for peace can never be maintained except by a partnership of democratic nations. No autocratic government could be trusted to keep faith within it or observe its covenants. It must be a league of honor, a partnership of opinion. Intrigue would eat its vitals away, the plottings of inner circles would be a corruption seated at its very heart. Only free peoples who could plan what they would and render account to no one can hold their purpose and their honor steady to a common end and prefer the interests of mankind to any narrow interest of their own.

Does not every American feel that assurance has been added to our hope for the future peace of the world by the wonderful and heartening things that have been happening within the last few weeks in Russia?

Russia was known by those who knew it best to have been always in fact democratic at heart, in all the vital habits of her thought, in all the intimate relationships of her people that spoke their natural instinct, their habitual attitude toward life.

Autocracy that crowned the summit of her political structure, long as it has stood and terrible as was the reality of its power, was not in fact Russian in origin, in character or purpose, and now it has been shaken and the great, generous Russian people have been added in all their native majesty and might to the forces that are fighting for freedom in the world, for justice and for peace.

Here is a fit partner for a league of honor.

One of the things that has served to convince us that the Prussian autocracy was not and could never be our friend is that from the very outset of the present war it has filled our unsuspecting communities and even our offices of government with spies and set criminal intrigues everywhere afoot against our national unity of council, our peace within and without, our industries and our commerce.

Indeed it is now evident that its spies were here even before the war began, and it is unhappily not a matter of conjecture but a fact proved in our courts of justice that the intrigues which have more than once come perilously near to disturbing the peace and dislocating the industries of the country have been carried on at the instigation, with the support, and even under the personal direction of official agents of the Imperial Government accredited to the Government of the United States.

Even in checking these things and trying to extirpate them we have sought to put the most generous interpretation possible upon them because we knew that their source lay, not in any hostile feeling or purpose of the German people toward us (who were, no doubt, as ignorant of them as we ourselves were) but only in the selfish designs of a Government that did what it pleased and told its people nothing. But they have played their part in serving to convince us at last that that Government entertains no real friendship for us and means to act against our peace and security at its convenience. That it means to stir up enemies against us at our very doors the intercepted note to the German Minister at Mexico City is eloquent evidence.

We are accepting this challenge of hostile purpose because we

know that in such a Government, following such methods, we can never have a friend; and that in the presence of its organized power, always lying in wait to accomplish we know not what purpose, there can be no assured security for the democratic governments of the world.

We are now about to accept gauge of battle with this natural foe to liberty, and shall, if necessary, spend the whole force of the nation to check and nullify its pretensions and its power. We are glad, now that we see the facts with no veil of false pretense about them, to fight thus for the ultimate peace of the world and for the liberation of its peoples—the German people included—for the rights of nations great and small and the privilege of men everywhere to choose their way of life and of obedience.

THE world must be made safe for democracy. Its peace must be planted upon the trusted foundations of political liberty.

We have no selfish ends to serve. We desire no conquest, no dominion. We seek no indemnities for ourselves, no material compensation for the sacrifices we shall freely make. We are but one of the champions of the rights of mankind. We shall be satisfied when those rights have been made as secure as the faith and the freedom of the nation can make them.

Just because we fight without rancor and without selfish objects, seeking nothing for ourselves but what we shall wish to share with all free peoples, we shall, I feel confident, conduct our operations as belligerents without passion and ourselves observe with proud punctilio the principles of right and of fair play we profess to be fighting for.

I have said nothing of the governments allied with the Imperial Government of Germany because they have not made war upon us or challenged us to defend our right and our honor.

The Austro-Hungarian Government has, indeed, avowed its unequalled indorsement and acceptance of the reckless and lawless submarine warfare adopted now without disguise by the Imperial Government, and it has therefore not been possible for this Government to receive Count Tarnowski, the Ambassador recently accredited to this Government by the Imperial and Royal Government of Austria-Hungary; but that Government has not actually engaged in warfare against citizens of the United States on the seas, and I take the liberty, for the present at least, of postponing a discussion of our relations with the authorities at Vienna.

We enter this war only where we are clearly forced into it because there are no other means of defending our rights.

It will be all the easier for us to conduct ourselves as belligerents in a high spirit of right and fairness because we act without animus, not in enmity toward a people or with the desire to bring any injury or disadvantage upon them, but only in armed opposition to an irresponsible government which has thrown aside all considerations of humanity and of right and is running amuck.

We are, let me say again, the sincere friends of the German people, and shall desire nothing so much as the early reestablishment of intimate relations of mutual advantage between us—however hard it may be for them, for the time being, to believe that this is spoken from our hearts.

We have borne with their present Government thru all these bitter months because of that friendship—exercizing a patience and forbearance which would otherwise have been impossible. We shall, happily, still have an opportunity to prove that friendship in our daily attitude and actions toward the millions of men and women of German birth and native sympathy who live amongst us and share our life, and we shall be proud to prove it toward all who are in fact loyal to their neighbors and to the Government in the hour of test. They are, most of them, as true and loyal Americans as if they had never known any other fealty or allegiance. They will be prompt to stand with us in rebuking and restraining the few who may be of a different mind and purpose.

If there should be disloyalty, it will be dealt with with a firm hand of stern repression; but, if it lifts its head at all, it will lift it only here and there and without countenance except from a lawless and malignant few.

It is a distressing and oppressive duty, gentlemen of the Congress, which I have performed in thus addressing you. There are, it may be, many months of fiery trial and sacrifice ahead of us. It is a fearful thing to lead this great peaceful people into war, into the most terrible and disastrous of all wars, civilization itself seeming to be in the balance. But the right is more precious than peace, and we shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts—for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own governments, for the rights and liberties of small nations, for a universal dominion of right by such a concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free.

To such a task we can dedicate our lives and our fortunes, everything that we are and everything that we have, with the pride of those who know that the day has come when America is privileged to spend her blood and her might for the principles that gave her birth and happiness and the peace which she has treasured. God help her, she can do no other.

AFTER WAR—WHAT?

WAR AS AN INDUSTRY

THREE years of war have educated the American people to its meaning. We know that war is no longer, if indeed it ever was, an affair of young men with uniforms and rifles going out to shoot the enemy while the rest of the nation carried on "business as usual" and applauded the soldiers on their return. It was Krupp's factories and not the Kaiser's mailed fist or "shining armor" that won the first Belgian campaign. It was the train dispatcher and the maker of railroad supplies that defeated the Russians. It was the two million men and women in the British munitions factories that compelled the German retreat in the west. Even the men actually in the war zone follow the most varied and specialized occupations. He who says "soldier" may mean by the term baker, lumberman, dentist, blacksmith, engineer, electrician, musician, chemist or mechanic. The man in the front trenches is the apex of a great industrial pyramid which includes nearly every trade and occupation known to mankind, with the exception of a few that minister to the luxuries of peace times.

The moral of this for the people of the United States is that we should never confront another war either in the state of unpreparedness which is represented by a small volunteer army or only half-prepared, with compulsory service for the army and no organization of war industry. We must make universal service a reality as well as a name. When the time comes that the other nations of the world will consent with us to a general disarmament this period of training may be devoted to some peaceful service to the community, such as was suggested by that far-sighted American philosopher, the late William James, in his "Moral Equivalent of War." We trust that the necessity for the individual nation to organize its citizenry for the common defense will become as obsolete under international federation as the sheriff's posse has become in cities whose peace is safeguarded by a good police force. But so long as there exists in the world a military menace to our national liberties every one who shares the privileges of American citizenship ought to be taught some useful part in the great industry of war.

Of course the acquirement of a war technic will take a certain amount of time and absorb a certain fraction of the productive energy of the nation. But as some counterbalance to this we must reckon the cost of economic disorganization on the eve of battle. The transition from a peace basis to a war basis at present is a frightful waste not of money only but of time and human ability as well. Thousands of men and women are thrown into the ranks of the unemployed by the failure of their businesses and yet no place has been made ready for them in the industries of war. Skilled artisans and farmers, just the men to feel first the impulse of patriotism, enlist in the army while the fields go untilled and the men at the front curse the lack of ammunition which prolongs the agony of the campaign. New fleets of merchant shipping are built and experienced sailors cannot be found to man them. Coal miners go on strike for double wages, confident that their places cannot be filled. The liquor trade and other parasitic businesses flourish, and the worst class of slackers, the wasters, keep servants and tradesmen busy ministering to their pleasures while the army is short of the most elementary necessities and the poor in the great cities are face to face with famine. All this is true even in Germany, the land which claims a monopoly of efficiency.

The needs of war time may be reduced to five; men to fight at the front; men and women to supply their immediate needs or to make the tools of war; men and women

to care for the needs of the civilian community; men and women to care for transportation, and men and women to "tide over" the enterprises of peace until the end of the war. All persons in any way capable of productive effort should be enlisted in one of these five national services from the instant war is declared and it should be the primary duty of the national Government to preserve a due balance among them. The first class consists of all the physically sound young men whose civilian work can be taken over by others during the war without economic loss. Ordinary military training should be given to all persons in this group.

The teaching of war technic to the other groups is still to be developed. So far as possible it should be in line with the chosen occupation of the individual, but it might well be given in summer camps or university extension classes and, of course, in schools and colleges, so that the feeling of comradeship and patriotic coöperation might be emphasized as strongly as in the regular military service. Large factories, manufacturing and electrical establishments in particular, would perform a great patriotic service by giving facilities for a few weeks' training each year at the plant in the application of mechanical, chemical and electrical processes to the special needs of war. All agricultural schools should give a course on the proper balance of crops with each other and with live stock when there is a large standing army to be fed according to the standard diet provided by the Government. Railroad men should be instructed in the handling and shipment of munitions of war and every merchant ship should be available as an efficient transport.

Some of the trades farthest removed from military life in the limited sense of the word can be made surprisingly useful in war time with a little special training. The baker ought to be taught the use of the army oven as a part of his business. The veterinary surgeon can specialize a little on the army mule and the cavalry charger. The photographer should be given a little practise in military observation work. The chauffeur ought not to be licensed until he has proved his knowledge of how to repair a military transport automobile or an army ambulance. The jeweler might well study the officer's field glass and chronometer. Every tailor should learn to make the standard national uniforms and every cobbler to make army boots before necessity compels him to learn in a hurry what he should have known all along. Even the painter has a field opened to his talents in the new science of camouflage.

An objection may be raised to this universal conscription that it would tend to introduce militarism into the whole of industrial life. It would be far more likely to introduce the civilian spirit into the business of war. The nation would simply turn from mere money making to the task of the common defense without any accompaniment of red tape or gold braid, of arrogant officers or "shot at sunrise" courts martial. Every man and every woman, young or old, strong or sickly, would slip into an appointed and duly prepared post of duty; at the hospital bedside, in the camp kitchen, at the telegraph key, at the engine throttle, at the plow, in the coal mine, in the lumber camp, at a clerk's desk in Washington or even the schoolhouse and the hearthside. Wherever work had to be done there would be a man or woman trained *before* the war to do it. This common basis of service would in time become as much a matter of course as going to school and since all would have the share that they were able to perform in the work of the war it would be the logical basis of a common citizenship and a universal franchise.

AS THE WORLD LIVES ON

BY H. G. WELLS

AUTHOR OF "MR. BRITLING SEES IT THROUGH"

"**N**OTHING will be the same after the war." This is one of the consoling platitudes with which people cover over voids of thought. They utter it with an air of round-eyed profundity. But to ask in reply, "Then how will things be different?" is in many cases to rouse great resentment. It is almost as rude as saying: "Was that thought of yours really a thought?"

Let us in this paper confine ourselves to the social-economic processes that are going on. So far as I am able to distinguish among the things that are being said in these matters, they may be classified out into groups that center upon several typical questions. There is the question of "How to pay for the war?" There is the question of the behavior of labor after the war, "Will there be a labor truce or a violent labor struggle?" There is the question of the reconstruction of European industry after the war in the face of an America in a state of monetary and economic repletion thru non-intervention. My present purpose in this paper is a critical one; it is not to solve problems, but to set out various currents of thought that are flowing thru the general mind. Which current is likely to seize upon and carry human affairs with it, is not for our present speculation.

There seem to be two distinct ways of answering the first of the questions I have noted. They do not necessarily contradict each other. Of course the war is being largely paid for immediately out of the accumulated private wealth of the past. We are buying off the "hold-up" of the private owner upon the material and resources we need, and paying in paper money and war loans. This is not in itself an impoverishment of the community. The wealth of individuals is not the wealth of nations; the two things may easily be contradictory when the rich man's wealth consists of land or natural resources or franchises or privileges the use of which he reluctantly yields for high prices. The conversion of held-up land and material into workable and actively used material in exchange for national debt may be indeed a positive increase in the wealth of the community. And what is happening in all the belligerent countries is the taking over of more and more of the realities of wealth from private hands and, in exchange, the contracting of great masses of debt to private people. The net tendency is toward the disappearance of a reality holding class, the destruction of realities in warfare, and the appearance of a vast *rentier* class in its place. At the end of the war, much material will be destroyed for evermore, transit, food production and industry will be everywhere enormously socialized, and the country will be liable to pay every year in interest a sum of money exceeding the entire national expenditure before the war. From the point of view of the state, and disregarding material and moral damages, that annual interest is the annual instalment of the price to be paid for the war.

Now the interesting question arises whether these great belligerent states may go bankrupt, and if so to what extent. States may go bankrupt to the private creditor without repudiating their debts or

seeming to pay less to him. They can go bankrupt either by a depreciation of their currency or—without touching the gold standard—thru a rise in prices. In the end both these things work out to the same end; the creditor gets so many loaves or pairs of boots or workman's hours of labor for his pound *less* than he would have got under the previous conditions. One may imagine this process of price (and of course wages) increase going on to a limitless extent. Many people are inclined to look to such an increase in prices as a certain outcome of the war, and just so far as it goes, just so far will the burden of the *rentier* class, their call that is for goods and services, be lightened. This expectation is very generally entertained, and I can see little reason against it. The intensely stupid or dishonest press, however, in the interests of the common enemy, which misrepresents socialism and seeks to misguide labor in Great Britain, ignores these considerations, and positively holds out this prospect of rising prices as an alarming one to the more credulous and ignorant of its readers. But now comes the second way of meeting the after-the-war obligations.

This second way is by increasing the wealth of the state and by increasing the national production to such an extent that the payment of the *rentier* class will not be an overwhelming burden. Rising prices hilk the creditor. Increased production will check the rise in prices and get him a real payment. The outlook for the national creditor seems to be that he will be partly hilked and partly paid; how far he will be hilked and how far paid depends almost entirely upon this possible increase in production; and there is consequently a very keen and quite unprecedented desire very widely diffused among intelligent and active people, holding war loan scrip and the like, in all the belligerent countries, to see bold and hopeful schemes for state enrichment pushed forward. The movement toward socialism is receiving an impulse from a new and unexpected quarter, there is now a *rentier* socialism, and it is interesting to note that while the London *Times* is full of schemes of great state enterprises, for the exploitation of Colonial state lands, for the state purchase and wholesaling of food and many natural products, and for the syndication of shipping and the great staple industries into vast trusts into which not only the British but the French and Italian governments may enter as partners, the so-called socialist press of Great Britain is chiefly busy about the draughts in the cell of Mr. Fenner Brockway and the refusal of Printer Scott Duckers to put on his khaki trousers. *The New Statesman* and the Fabian Society, however, display a wider intelligence.

There is a great variety of suggestions for this increase of public wealth and production. Many of them have an extreme reasonableness. The extent to which they will be adopted depends, no doubt, very largely upon the politician and permanent official, and both those classes are apt to panic in the presence of reality. In spite of its own interest in restraining a rise in prices, the old official "salarist" is likely to be obstructive to any such innovations.

It is the resistance of spurs and red tabs to military innovations over again. This is the resistance of quills and red tape. On the other hand the organization of Britain for war has "officialized" a number of industrial leaders and created a large body of temporary and adventurous officials. They may want to carry on into peace production the great new factories the war has created. At the end of the war, for example, every belligerent country will be in urgent need of cheap automobiles for farmers, tradesmen, and industrial purposes generally. America is now producing such automobiles at a price of four hundred dollars. But Europe will be heavily in debt to America, her industries will be disorganized, and there will, therefore, be no sort of return payment possible for these hundreds of thousands of automobiles. A country that is neither creditor nor producer cannot be an importer. Consequently, tho those cheap tin cars may be stacked as high as the Washington Monument in America, they will never come to Europe. On the other hand the great shell factories of Europe will be standing idle and ready, their staffs disciplined and available, for conversion to the new task. The imperative commonsense of the position seems to be that the European governments will set themselves straight away to out-Ford Ford, and provide their own people with cheap road transport.

BUT here comes in the question whether this commonsense course is inevitable. Suppose the mental energy left in Europe after the war is insufficient for such a constructive feat as this. There will certainly be the obstruction of official pedantry, the hold-up of this vested interest and that, the greedy desire of "private enterprise" to exploit the occasion upon rather more costly and less productive lines, the general distrust felt by ignorant and unimaginative people of a new way of doing things. The process after all may not get done in the obviously wise way. This will not mean that Europe will buy American cars. It will be quite unable to buy American cars. It will be unable to make anything that America will not be able to make more cheaply for itself. But it will mean that Europe will go on without cheap cars, that is to say it will go on more sluggishly and clumsily and wastefully at a lower economic level. Hampered transport means hampered production of other things, and increasing inability to buy abroad. And so we go down and down.

It does not follow that because a course is the manifestly right and advantageous course for the community that it will be taken. I am reminded of this by a special basket in my study here, into which I pitch letters, circulars, pamphlets and so forth as they come to hand from a gentleman named Gatti, and his friends Mr. Adrian Ross, Mr. Roy Horniman, Mr. Henry Murray and others. His particular project is the construction of a Railway Clearing House for London. It is an absolutely admirable scheme. It would cut down the heavy traffic in the streets of London to about one third; it would enable us to run the goods traffic of England with less than half the number of railway trucks we now employ, it would turn over enormous areas

of valuable land from their present use as railway goods yards and sidings; it would save time in the transit of goods and labor in their handling. It is a quite beautifully worked out scheme. For the last eight or ten years this group of devoted fanatics has been pressing this undertaking upon an indifferent country, with increasing vehemence and astonishment at that indifference. The point is that its adoption, tho it would be of enormous general benefit, would be of no particular benefit to any leading man or highly placed official. On the other hand it would upset all sorts of individuals who are in a position to obstruct it quietly—and they do so. Meaning no evil, I dip my hand in the accumulation and extract a leaflet by the all too zealous Mr. Murray. In it he denounces various public officials by name as cheats and scoundrels, and invites a prosecution for libel.

In that fashion nothing will ever get done. There is no prosecution, but for all that I do not agree with Mr. Murray about the men he names. These gentlemen are just comfortable gentlemen, own brothers to these old generals of ours who will not take off their spurs. They are probably quite charming people except that they know nothing of that Fear of God which searches the heart. Why should they bother?

So many of these after-the-war problems bring one back to the question how far the war has put the Fear of God into the hearts of responsible men. There is really no other reason in existence that I can imagine why they should ask themselves the question, "Have I done my best?" and that still more important question, "Am I doing they should ask themselves, "Am I doing my best now?" And so while I hear plenty of talk about the great reorganizations that are to come after the war, while there is the stir of doubt among the *rentiers* whether, after all, they will get paid, while the unavoidable stresses and sacrifices of the war are making many people question the rightfulness of much that they did as a matter of course, and of much that they took for granted, I perceive there is also something dull and not very articulate in this European world, something resistant and inert, that is like the obstinate rolling over of a heavy sleeper after he has been called upon to get up. "Just a little longer. Just for my time."

One thought alone seems to make these more intractable people anxious. I thrust it in as my last stimulant when everything else has failed. "There will be frightful trouble with labor after the war," I say.

They try to persuade themselves that military discipline is breaking in labor.

WHAT does British labor think of the outlook after the war? As a distinctive thing British labor does not think. "Class-conscious labor," as the Marxists put it, scarcely exists in Britain. The only convincing case I ever met was a bath-chairman of literary habits at Eastbourne. The only people who are, as a class, class conscious in the British community are the Anglican gentry and their fringe of the genteel. Everybody else is "respectable." The mass of British workers find their thinking in the ordinary halfpenny papers or in *John Bull*. The so-called labor papers are perhaps less representative of British labor than any other section of the press; *The Labor Leader*, for example, is the organ of such people as Bertrand Russell, Vernon Lee, Morel, academic *rentiers* who know about as much of the labor side of industrialism as they do of cock-fighting. All the British peoples are racially willing and good-tempered people quite ready to be led by those they imagine to be abler

than themselves. They make the most cheerful and generous soldiers in the whole world, without insisting upon that democratic respect which the Frenchman exacts. They do not criticize and they do not trouble themselves much about the general plan of operations, so long as they have confidence in the quality and good-will of their leading. But British soldiers will hiss a general when they think he is selfish, unfeeling, or a muf. And the socialist propaganda has imported ideas of public service into private employment. Labor in Britain has been growing increasingly impatient of bad or selfish industrial leadership. Labor trouble in Great Britain turns wholly upon the idea crystallized in the one word "profiteer." Legislation and regulation of hours of labor, high wages, nothing will keep labor quiet in Great Britain, if labor thinks it is being exploited for private gain.

Labor feels very suspicious of private gain. For that suspicion a certain rather common type of employer is mainly to blame. Labor believes that employers as a class cheat workmen as a class, plan to cheat them, of their full share in the common output, and drive hard bargains. It believes that private employers are equally ready to sacrifice the welfare of the nation and the welfare of the workers for mere personal advantage. It has a traditional experience to support these suspicions.

In no department of morals have ideas changed so completely during the last eighty years as in relation to "profits." Eighty years ago every one believed in the divine right of property to do what it pleased with its advantages, a doctrine more disastrous socially than the divine right of kings. There was no such sense of the immorality of "holding up" as pervades the public conscience today. The worker was expected not only to work but to be grateful for employment. The property owner held his property and handed it out for use and development or not, just as he thought fit. These ideas are not altogether extinct today. Only a few days ago I met a magnificent old lady of seventy-nine or eighty, who discoursed upon the wickedness of her gardener in demanding another shilling a week because of war prices.

She was a valiant and handsome personage. A face that had still a healthy natural pinkness looked out from under blonde curls, and an elegant and carefully tended hand tossed back some fine old lace to gesticulate more freely. She had previously charmed her hearers by sweeping aside certain invasion rumors that were drifting about.

"Germans invade Us!" she cried. "Who'd let 'em, I'd like to know. Who'd let 'em?"

And then she reverted to her grievance about the gardener.

"I told him that after the war he'd be glad enough to get anything. Grateful! They'll all be coming back after the war, all of 'em, glad enough to get anything. Asking for another shilling indeed!"

Every one who heard her looked shocked. But that was the tone of every one of importance in the dark years that followed the Napoleonic wars. That is just one survivor of the old tradition. Another is Blight the solicitor, who goes about bewailing the fact that we writers are "holding out false hopes of higher agricultural wages after the war." But these are both exceptions. They are held to be remarkable people even by their own class. The mass of property owners and influential people in Europe today no more believe in the sacred right of property to hold up development and dictate terms, than do the more intelligent workers. The ideas of collective ends and of the fiduciary nature of property had been soaking thru the European community for

years before the war. The necessity for sudden and even violent coöperations and submersions of individuality in a common purpose, which this war has produced, is rapidly crystallizing out these ideas into clear proposals.

WAR is an evil thing, but people who will not learn from reason must have an ugly teacher. This war has brought home to every one the supremacy of the public need over every sort of individual claim.

One of the most remarkable things in the British war press is the amount of space given to the discussion of labor developments after the war. This is in its completeness peculiar to the British situation. Nothing on the same scale is perceptible in the press of the Latin allies. A great movement on the part of capitalists and business organizers is manifest to assure the worker of a change of heart and a will to change method. Labor is suspicious, not foolishly but wisely suspicious. But labor is considering it.

"National industrial syndication," say the business organizers.

"Gild socialism," say the workers.

There is also a considerable amount of talking and writing about "profit-sharing" and about giving the workers a share in the business direction. Neither of these ideals appeals to the shrewder heads among the workers. So far as direction goes their disposition is to ask the captain to command the ship. So far as profits go, they think the captain has no more right than the cabin boy to speculative gains; he should do his work for his pay whether it is profitable or unprofitable work. There is little balm for labor discontent in these schemes for making the worker also an infinitesimal profiteer.

During my journey in Italy and France I met several men who were keenly interested in business organization. Just before I started my friend N, who has been the chief partner in the building up of a very big and very extensively advertised American business, came to see me on his way back to America. He is as interested in his work as a scientific specialist, and as ready to talk about it to any intelligent and interested hearer. He was particularly keen upon the question of continuity in the business, when it behooves the older generation to let in the younger to responsible management and to efface themselves. He was a man of five and forty. Incidentally he mentioned that he had never taken anything for his private life out of the great business he had built up but a salary, "a good salary," and that now he was going to grant himself a pension. "I shan't interfere any more. I shall come right away and live in Europe for a year so as not to be tempted to interfere. The boys have got to run it some day, and they had better get their experience while they're young and capable of learning by it. I did."

I like N's ideas. "Practically," I said, "you've been a public official. You've treated your business like a public service."

That was his idea.

"Would you mind if it was a public service?"

He reflected, and some disagreeable memory darkened his face. "Under the politicians?" he said.

I took the train of thought N had set going abroad with me next day. I had the good luck to meet men who were interested industrially. Captain Pirelli, my guide in Italy, has a name familiar to every motorist; his name goes wherever cars go, spelt with a big long capital P. Lieutenant de Tessin's name will recall one of the most interesting experiments in profit-sharing to the student of social science. I tried over

N's problem on both of them. I found in both their minds just the same attitude as he takes up toward his business. They think any businesses that are worthy of respect, the sorts of businesses that interest them, are public functions. Money-lenders and speculators, merchants and gambling gentle-folk, may think in terms of profit; capable business directors certainly do nothing of the sort.

I met a British officer in France who is also a landowner. I got him to talk about his administrative work upon his property. He was very keen upon new methods. He said he tried to do his duty by his land.

"How much land?" I asked.

"Just over nine thousand acres," he said. "But you could manage forty or fifty thousand with little more trouble."

"If I had it. In some ways it would be easier."

"What a waste!", I said. "Of course you ought not to own those acres, what you ought to be is the agricultural controller of just as big an estate of the public lands as you could manage—with a suitable salary."

He reflected upon that idea. He said he did not get much of a salary out of his land as it was, and made a regrettable allusion to Mr. Lloyd George. "When a man tries to do his duty by the land," he said . . .

But here running thru the thoughts of the Englishman and the Italian and the Frenchman and the American alike one finds just the same idea of a kind of officialism in ownership. It is an idea that pervades our thought and public discussion today everywhere, and it is an idea that is scarcely traceable at all in the thought of the early half of the nineteenth century. The idea of service and responsibility in property has increased and is increasing, the conception of "hold-up," the usurer's conception of his right to be bought out of the way, fades. And the process has been enormously enhanced by the various big scale experiments in temporary socialism that have been forced upon the belligerent powers. Men of the most individualistic quality are being educated up to the possibilities of concerted collective action. My friend and fellow student Y, inventor and business organizer, who used to make the best steam omnibuses in the world and who is now making all sorts of things for the army, would go pink with suspicious anger at the mere words "inspector" or "socialism" three or four years ago. He does not do so now.

A great proportion of this sort of man, this energetic directive sort of man in England, is thinking socialism today. They may not be saying socialism but they are thinking it. When labor begins to realize what is afloat it will be divided between two things, between appreciative coöperation, for which gild socialism in particular has prepared its mind, and traditional suspicion. I will not offer to guess here which will prevail.

THE impression I have of the present mental process in the European communities is that while the official class and the *rentier* class is thinking very poorly and inadequately, and with a merely obstructive disposition, while the churches are merely wasting their energies in futile self advertisement, while the labor mass is suspicious and disposed to make terms for itself rather than come into any large schemes of reconstruction that will abolish profit as a primary aim in economic life, there is still a very considerable movement toward such a reconstruction. Nothing is so misleading as a careless analogy. In the dead years that followed the Napoleonic wars, which are often quoted as a precedent for expectation now, the spirit of collective service was near its minimum; it

was never so strong and never so manifestly spreading and increasing as it is today.

But service to what?

I have my own very strong preconception here, and since my temperament is sanguine they necessarily color my view. I believe that this impulse to collective service can satisfy itself only under the formula that mankind is one state of which God is the undying king, and that the service of men's collective needs is the true worship of God. But eagerly as I would grasp at any evidence that this idea is being developed and taken up by the general consciousness, I am quite unable to persuade myself that anything of the sort is going on. I do perceive a search for large forms into which the prevalent impulse to devotion can be thrown. But the organized religious bodies, with their creeds and badges and their instinct for self preservation at any cost, stand between men and their spiritual growth in just the same way the fore-stallers stand between men and food. Their activities at present are an almost intolerable nuisance. One cannot say "God" but some tout is instantly seeking to pluck one into his particular cave of humnery and orthodoxy. What a rational man means by God is just God. The more you define and argue about God the more He remains the same simple thing. Judaism, Christianity, Islam, modern Hindu religious thought, all agree in declaring that there is one God, master and leader of all mankind, in unending conflict with cruelty, disorder, folly and waste. To my mind, it follows immediately that there can be no king, no government of any sort, which is not either a subordinate or a rebel government, a local usurpation, in the kingdom of God. But no organized religious body has ever had the courage and honesty to insist upon this. They all pander to nationalism and to powers and princes. They exist so to pander. Every organized religion in the world exists only to divert and waste the religious impulse in man.

This conviction that the world kingdom of God is the only true method of human service, is so clear and final in my own mind, it seems so inevitably the conviction to which all right thinking men must ultimately come, that I feel almost like a looker-on at a game of blindman's buff as I watch the discussion of synthetic political ideas. The blind man thrusts his seeking hands into the oddest corners, he clutches at chairs and curtains, but at last he must surely find and hold and feel over and guess the name of the plainly visible quarry.

Some of the French and Italian people I talked to said they were fighting for "Civilization." That is one name for the kingdom of God, and I have heard English people use it, too. But much of the contemporary thought of England still wanders with its back to the light. Most of it is pawing over jerry-built, secondary things. I have before me a little book, the joint work of Dr. Grey and Mr. Turner, an ex-public schoolmaster, and a manufacturer, called "Eclipse or Empire?" The title "World Might or Downfall?" had already been secured in another quarter. It is a book that has been enormously advertised; it has been almost impossible to escape its column long advertisements, it is billed upon the boardings, and it is on the whole a very able and right spirited book. It calls for more and better education, for more scientific methods, for less class suspicion and more social explicitness and understanding, for a franker and fairer treatment of labor. But why does it call for these things? Does it call for them because they are right? Because in accomplishing this, one serves God?

Not at all. But because otherwise this

strange sprawling empire of ours will drop back into a secondary place in the world. These two writers really seem to think that the slack workman, the slacker wealthy man, the negligent official, the conservative schoolmaster, the greedy usurer, the comfortable obstructive, confronted with this alternative, terrified at this idea of something or other called the Empire being "eclipsed," eager for the continuance of this undefined glory over their fellow creatures called "Empire," will perceive the error of their ways and become energetic, devoted, capable. They think an ideal of that sort is going to change the daily lives of men. . . . I sympathize with their purpose, and I deplore their conception of motives. If men will not give themselves for righteousness, they will not give themselves for a geographical score. If they will not work well for the hatred of bad work, they will not work well for the hatred of Germans. This "Empire" idea has been clogging about the British Empire, trying to collect enthusiasm and devotion, since the days of Disraeli. It is, I submit, too big for the mean spirited, and too tawdry and limited for the fine and generous. It leaves out the French and the Italians and the Belgians and all our blood brotherhood of allies. It has no compelling force in it. We British are not naturally Imperialist; we are something greater—or something less. For two years and a half now we have been fighting against Imperialism in its most extravagant form. It is a poor incentive to right living to propose to parody it.

The blind man must lunge again. For when the right answer is seized it answers not only the question why men should work for their fellow men, but also why nations should cease to arm and plan and contrive against nation. The social problem is only the international problem in retail, the international problem is only the social one in gross.

My bias rules me altogether here. I see men in social, in economic and in international affairs alike, eager to put an end to conflict, inexpressibly weary of conflict and the waste and pain and death it involves. But to end conflict one must abandon aggressive or uncordial pretensions. Labor is sick at the idea of more strikes and struggles after the war, industrialism is sick of competition and anxious for service, everybody is sick of war. But how can they end any of these clashes except by the definition and recognition of a common end which will establish a standard for the trial of every conceivable issue, to which, that is, every other issue can be subordinated; and what common end can there be in all the world except this idea of the world kingdom of God? What is the good of orienting one's devotion to a firm, or to class solidarity, or *La Republique Francaise*, or Poland, or Albania, or such love and loyalty as people profess for King George or King Albert or the Duc d'Orleans, or any such intermediate object of self abandonment? We need a standard so universal that the plate layer may say to the barrister or the duchess, or the Red Indian to the Limehouse sailor, or the Anzac soldier to the Sinn Feiner or the Chinaman, "What are we two doing for it?" And to fill the place of that "it," no other idea is great enough or commanding enough, but only the world kingdom of God.

However long he may have to hunt, the blind man seeking service and an end to bickerings will come to that at last, because of all the thousand other things he may clutch at, nothing else can satisfy his manifest need.

London, England

THE LAST GREAT WAR

BY WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT

AS I write, Germany is reported to have declared war against Russia and France, and the participation of England on the one side and of Italy on the other seems imminent. Nothing like it has occurred since the great Napoleonic wars, and with modern armaments and larger populations nothing has occurred like it since the world began.

It is a cataclysm. It is a retrograde step in Christian civilization. It will be difficult to keep the various countries of the Balkans out of the war, and Greece and Turkey may take part in it. All Europe is to be a battleground. It is reported that the neutrality of Holland has already been ignored and Belgium offers such opportunities in the campaigns certain to follow that her territory, too, will be the scene of struggle.

Private property and commercial shipping under an enemy's flag are subject to capture and appropriation by prize proceedings and with the formidable navies of England, France, Germany, Russia and Italy active the great carrying trade of the world will be in large part suspended or destroyed or will be burdened with such heavy insurance as greatly to curtail it.

The commerce of the world makes much for the prosperity of the countries with whom it is conducted and its interruption means great inconvenience and economic suffering among all people whether at peace or war. The capital which the European people have invested by the billions in the United States, Canada, Australia, South Africa and in the Orient must perforce be withdrawn to fill the war chests of the nations engaged in a death grapple, and the enterprises which that capital made possible are likely to be greatly crippled while the hope of any further expansion must be definitely given up.

This general European war will give a feverish activity in a number of branches of our industry, but on the whole we shall suffer with the rest of the world, except that we shall not be destroying or blowing up our existing wealth or sacrificing the lives of our best young men and youth.

It is hard to prophesy the scope of a war like this, because history offers no precedent. It is impossible to foresee the limits of a war of any proportions when confined only to two countries. In our own small Spanish war we began it to free Cuba and when the war closed we found ourselves ten thousand miles away with the Philippines on our hands.

The immense waste of life and treasure in a modern war makes the loss to the conqueror only less, if indeed it be less, than the loss to the conquered.

With a high patriotic spirit, people enter upon war with confidence and with the thought of martial glory and success. The sacrifices they have to make, the suffering they have to undergo are generally such that if victory does not rest upon their banners they seek a scapegoat for that which they themselves have brought on in the head of the state, and the king or emperor who begins a war or allows one to begin puts at stake not only the prestige of his nation, but also the stability and integrity of his dynasty.

In such a war as this, therefore, with the universal tendency to popular control in every country, the strain and defeat in war may lead to a state of political flux in those countries which shall suffer defeat, with all the attendant difficulties and disorder that a change of government involves.

While we can be sure that such a war as this, taking it by and large, will be a burden upon the United States

and is a great misfortune, looked at solely from the standpoint of the United States, we have every reason to be happy that we are able to preserve strict neutrality in respect to it. Within our hospitable boundaries we have living prosperous and contented emigrants in large numbers from all the countries who are to take part in the war and the sympathies of these people will of course be with their respective native lands. Were there no other reason this circumstance would tend to keep us free from any entanglement.

We may sincerely hope that Japan will not be involved. She will not be unless the war is carried on to the far Orient, to India or to China. Germany has but a small settlement in the Orient, while France and Russia and England would be allies in this war and it would seem quite unlikely that there would arise any obligation under the English-Japanese alliance for Japan to assist England.

Of the great powers of the world, therefore, the only ones left out are likely to be the United States and Japan, and perhaps only the United States, by reason of the alliance between Japan and England. Japan, if she keeps out of the war, will occupy the same advantageous position, which will be ours, of complete neutrality, of an actually judicial attitude, and therefore, of having an opportunity at some time, we may hope, to mediate between the powers and to help to mitigate this disaster to mankind.

At the time when so many friends of peace have thought that we were making real progress toward the abolition of war this sudden outbreak of the greatest war in history is most discouraging. The future looks dark indeed, but we should not despair.

"God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform." Now that the war is a settled fact, we must hope that some good may come from this dreadful scourge. The armaments of Europe had been growing heavier and heavier, bankruptcy has stared many of the nations in the face, conflict between races had begun to develop.

War seemed likely at some stage and the question which each country had to answer for itself was at what time the situation would be most favorable for its success. The immediate participants have decided that the time has come and thru their international alliances all Europe is involved.

There has been no real test of the heavy armament on land or water as developed by modern invention and this contest is to show what has been well spent for war purposes and what has been wasted. It is by no means certain that waste will not exceed in cost that which was spent to effective purpose.

One thing I think we can reasonably count on is that with the prostration of industry, with the blows to prosperity, with the state of flux that is likely to follow this titanic struggle, there will be every opportunity for common sense to resume its sway; and after the horrible expenditure of the blood of the best and the savings of the rich and the poor, the opportunity and the motive for a reduction of armament and the taking away of a temptation to further war will be greatly enhanced.

It is an awful remedy, but in the end it may be worth what it costs, if it makes this the last great war. The influence of America can be thrown most effectively for peace when peace is possible and for minimum armaments when disaster and exhaustion shall make the contending peoples and their rulers see things as they are.

THE LEAGUE TO ENFORCE PEACE

BY HAMILTON HOLT

IN his famous essay, *Perpetual Peace*, published in 1795, Emmanuel Kant, perhaps the greatest intellect the world has ever produced, declared that we never can have universal peace until the world is politically organized and it will never be possible to organize the world politically until the people, not the kings, rule. And he added that the peoples of the earth must cultivate and attain the spirit of hospitality and good will toward all races and nations.

If this be the true philosophy of peace, then when the Great War is over, and the stricken sobered people set about to rear a new civilization on the ashes of the old, they cannot hope to abolish war unless they are prepared to extend democracy everywhere, to banish hatred from their hearts, and to organize the international realm on a basis of law rather than force.

The questions of the extension of democracy and the cultivation of benevolence are domestic ones. They can hardly be brought about by joint action of the nations. World organization and disarmament, however, can be provided for in the terms of peace or by international agreement thereafter. As the United States seems destined to play an important part in the great reconstruction at the end of the war, this is perhaps the most important question now before American statesmanship.

LAW OR WAR

The only two powers that ever have governed or ever can govern human beings are reason and force—law and war. If we do not have the one we must have the other.

The peace movement is the process of substituting law for war. Peace follows justice, justice follows law, law follows political organization. The world has already achieved peace, through justice, law and political organization in hamlets, towns, cities, states and even in the forty-six sovereign civilized nations of the world. But in that international realm over and above each nation, in which each nation is equally sovereign, the only final way for a nation to secure its rights is by the use of force. Force, therefore—or war as it is called when exerted by a nation against another nation—is at present the only final method of settling international differences. In other words, the nations are in that state of civilization today where, without a qualm, they claim the right to settle their disputes in a manner which they would actually put their own subjects to death for imitating. The peace problem, then, is nothing but the problem of finding ways and means of doing between the nations what has already been done within the nations. International law follows private law. The "United Nations" follow the United States.

At present international law has reached the same state of development that private law reached in the tenth century. Professor T. J. Lawrence (in his essay *The Evolution of Peace*) distinguishes four stages in the evolution of private law:

1. Kinship is the sole bond; revenge

and retaliation are unchecked, there being no authority whatever.

2. Organization is found an advantage and tribes under a chief subdue undisciplined hordes. The right of private vengeance within the tribe is regulated but not forbidden.

3. Courts of justice exist side by side with a limited right of vengeance.

4. Private war is abolished, all disputes being settled by the courts.

It is evident that in international relations we are entering into the third stage, because the nations have already created an international tribunal which exists side by side with the right of self-redress or war.

LIKE THE AMERICAN CONFEDERATION

Furthermore, a careful study of the formation of the thirteen American colonies from separate states into our present compact Union discloses the fact that the nations today are in the same stage of development that the American colonies were about the time of their first confederation. As the United States came into existence by the establishment of the Articles of Confederation and the Continental Congress, so the "United Nations" came into existence by the establishment of The Hague Court and the recurring Hague Conferences; The Hague Court being the promise of the Supreme Court of the world and The Hague Conferences being the prophecy of the parliament of man. We may look with confidence, therefore, to a future in which the world will have an established court with jurisdiction over all questions, self-governing conferences with power to legislate on all affairs of common concern, and an executive power of some form to carry on the decrees of both. To deny this is to ignore all the analogies of private law and the whole trend of the world's political history since the Declaration of Independence. As Secretary of State Knox said not long ago:

"We have reached a point when it is evident that the future holds in store a time when war shall cease, when the nations of the world shall realize a federation as real and vital as that now subsisting between the component parts of a single state."

It would be difficult to recall a more far-visioned statement than this emanating from the chancellery of a great state. It means nothing less than that the age-long dreams of the poets, the prophets and the philosophers have at last entered the realms of practical statesmanship.

But now the Great War has come upon us. "When the storm is spent and the desolation is complete; when the flower of the manhood of Europe has passed into eternal night; when famine and pestilence have taken their title of childhood and age," will then the exhausted and beggared that live on be able to undertake the task of establishing that World Government which the historian Freeman has called "the most finished and the most artificial production of political ingenuity"?

THE HAGUE OR THE LEAGUE OF PEACE

If it can be done at all it can only be done in one of two ways.

First. By building on the foundations already laid at The Hague, the Federation of the World.

Second. By establishing a great Confederation or League of Peace, composed of those few nations who thru political evolution or the suffering of war have at last seen the light and are ready here and now to disarm.

It is obvious that the time is scarcely ripe for voluntary and universal disarmament by joint agreement. There are too many medieval-minded nations still in existence. The Federation of the World must still be a dream for many years to come.

The immediate establishment of a League of Peace, however, would in fact constitute a first step toward world federation and does not offer insuperable difficulties. The idea of a League of Peace is not novel. All federal governments and confederations of governments, both ancient and modern, are essentially leagues of peace, even tho they may have functions to perform which often lead directly to war.

The ancient Achaian League of Greece, the Confederation of Swiss Cantons, the United Provinces of The Netherlands, the United States of America, and the Commonwealth of Australia are the most nearly perfect systems of federated governments known to history. Less significant, but none the less interesting to students of government, are the Latin League of thirty cities, the Hanseatic League, the Holy Alliance, and in modern times, the German Confederation. Even the recent Concert of Europe was a more or less inchoate League of Peace. The ancient leagues, as well as the modern confederations, have generally been unions of offense and defense. They stood ready, if they did not actually propose, to use their common forces to compel outside states to obey their will. Thus they were as frequently leagues of oppression as leagues of peace.

THE PROBLEM OF FORCE

The problem of the League of Peace is therefore the problem of the use of force. Force internationally expressed is measured in armaments. The chief discussion which has been waged for the past decade between the pacifists and militarists has been over the question of armaments. The militarists claim that armaments insure national safety. The pacifists declare they inevitably lead to war. Both disputants insist that the present war furnishes irrefutable proof of their contentions.

As is usual in cases of this kind the shield has two sides. The confusion has arisen from a failure to recognize the three-fold function of force:

1. Force used for the maintenance of order—police force.
2. Force used for attack—aggression.
3. Force used to neutralize aggression—defense.

Police force is almost wholly good.

Offense is almost wholly bad.

Defense is a necessary evil, and exists simply to neutralize force employed for aggression.

The problem of the peace movement is how to abolish the use of force for aggression, and yet to maintain it for police purposes. Force for defense will of course automatically cease when force for aggression is abolished.

The chief problem then of a League of Peace is this: Shall the members of the League "not only keep the peace themselves, but prevent by force if necessary its being broken by others," as ex-President Roosevelt suggested in his Nobel Peace Address delivered at Christiania, May 5, 1910? Or shall its force be exercised only within its membership and thus be on the side of law and order and never on the side of arbitrary will or tyranny? Or shall it never be used at all? Which ever one of these conceptions finally prevails the Great War has conclusively demonstrated that as long as War Lords exist defensive force must be maintained. Hence the League must be prepared to use force against any nations which will not forswear force. Nevertheless a formula must be devised for disarmament. For unless it is a law of nature that war is to consume all the fruits of progress, disarmament some how and some way must take place. How then can the maintenance of a force for defense and police power be reconciled with the theory of disarmament?

THE CONSTITUTION OF THE LEAGUE

In this way: Let the League of Peace be formed on the following five principles:

First. The nations of the League shall mutually agree to respect and guarantee the territory and sovereignty of each other.

Second. All questions that cannot be settled by diplomacy shall be arbitrated.

Third. The nations of the League shall provide a periodical assembly to make all rules to become law unless vetoed by a nation within a stated period.

Fourth. The nations shall disarm to the point where the combined forces of the League shall be a certain per cent higher than those of the most heavily armed nation or alliance outside of the League. Detailed rules for this pro rata disarmament shall be formulated by the Assembly.

Fifth. Any member of the League shall have the right to withdraw on due notice, or may be expelled by the unanimous vote of the others.

The advantages that a nation would gain in becoming a member of such a league are manifest. The risk of war would be eliminated within the League. Obviously the only things that are vital to a nation are its land and its independence. Since each nation in the League will have pledged itself to respect and guarantee the territory and the sovereignty of every other, a refusal to do so will logically lead to compulsion by the other members of the League or expulsion from the League. Thus every vital question will be automatically reserved from both war and arbitration while good faith lasts. All other questions are of secondary importance and can readily be arbitrated.

By the establishment of a periodical assembly a method would be devised whereby the members of the League could develop their common intercourse and interests as far and as fast as they could

unanimously agree upon ways and means. As any law could be vetoed by a single nation, no nation could have any fear that it would be coerced against its will by a majority vote of the other nations. By such an assembly the League might in time agree to reduce tariffs and postal rates and in a thousand other ways promote commerce and comity among its members.

As a final safeguard against coercion by the other members of the League, each member will have the right of secession on due notice. This would prevent civil war within the League. The right of expulsion by the majority will prevent one nation by its veto power indefinitely blocking all progress of the League.

THE SCRAP OF PAPER

But it will be said that all these agreements will have no binding effect in a crisis. A covenant is a mere "scrap of paper" whose provisions will be violated by the first nation which fancies it is its interest to do so. In order to show that their faith is backed up by deeds, however, the nations on entering the League agree to disarm to a little above the danger point. This is the real proof of their conversion to the peace idea.

It will be noticed that no attempt is made to define how the force of the League shall be exerted. This is left for the decision of the Assembly of the League. The suggestion that "the nation shall disarm to the point where the combined forces of the League shall be a certain per cent higher than those of the most heavily armed nation or alliance outside the League," implies that the forces of the League shall be used for the neutralization of the aggressive force of nations outside the League—that is, for defense. But shall not the force of the League be also used as police power, that is, aggressively to maintain international law and order? A League with power to exert its will without any constitutional limitations might easily become a League of Oppression. It would have the right to be judge and sheriff in its own cause, a violation of the first principles of justice.

It would not be over-sanguine to expect that the Assembly of the League would vote that the armaments of the League should be brought into regular and concerted action for compelling obedience to the judicial decisions of the Court of the League both among members of the League and those outside who have agreed to this method of settling their disputes. It may even be anticipated that the force of the League will be used to assist one of the members of the League in a controversy with a nation outside the League that has not previously agreed to resort to arbitration and that refuses so to agree upon request. Such an agreement would tend to enshrine law and suppress arbitrary action. Entering a League with such a policy would not subject the United States to the necessity of waging war thru the erroneous action of its allies in an "entangling alliance," but only to extend the reign of law. This is the fundamental purpose of our Government and perhaps the United States is now ready to go thus far.

Thus the nations which join the League will enjoy all the economic and political advantages which come from mutual cooperation and the extension of international friendship and at the same time will be protected by an adequate force against

the aggressive force of the greatest nation or alliance outside the League. The League therefore reconciles the demand of the pacifists for the limitation of armaments and eventual disarmament and the demand of the militarists for the protection that armament affords. Above all the establishment of such a league will give the liberal parties in the nations outside the League an issue on which they can attack their governments so as sooner or later to force them to apply to the League for membership. As each one enters there will be another pro rata reduction of the military forces of the League down to the armament of the next most powerful nation or alliance outside it; until finally the whole world is federated in a brotherhood of universal peace and armies and navies are reduced to an international police force.

This is the plan for a League of Peace. Is the hour about to strike when it can be realized? If only the United States, France and England would lead in its formation, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Argentina, Brazil, Chile and others might perhaps join. Even if Russia and Germany and Japan and Italy stayed out, the League would still be powerful and large enough to begin with every auspicious hope of success.

THE DESTINY OF THE UNITED STATES

It would seem to be the manifest destiny of the United States to lead in the establishment of such a league. The United States is the world in miniature. The United States is the greatest league of peace known to history. The United States is a demonstration to the world that all the races and peoples of the earth can live in peace under one form of government, and its chief value to civilization is a demonstration of what this form of government is.

Prior to the formation "of a more perfect union" our original thirteen states were united in a confederacy strikingly similar to that now proposed on an international scale. They were obliged by the articles of this confederacy to respect each other's territory and sovereignty, to arbitrate all questions among themselves, to assist each other against any foreign foe, not to engage in war unless called upon by the confederation to do so or actually invaded by a foreign foe, and not to maintain armed forces in excess of the strength fixed for each state by all the states in Congress assembled.

It is notable that security against aggression from states inside or outside the American Union accompanied the agreement to limit armaments. Thus danger of war and size of armaments were decreased contemporaneously.

It is also notable that from the birth of the Republic to this hour every President of the United States has advocated peace thru justice. From the first great Virginian to the last great Virginian, all have abhorred what Thomas Jefferson called "the greatest scourge of mankind."

When the Great War is over and the United States is called upon to lead the nations in reconstructing a new order of civilization, why might not Woodrow Wilson do on a world scale something similar to what George Washington did on a continental scale?

Stranger things than this have happened in history. Let us add to the Declaration of Independence a Declaration of Interdependence.





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